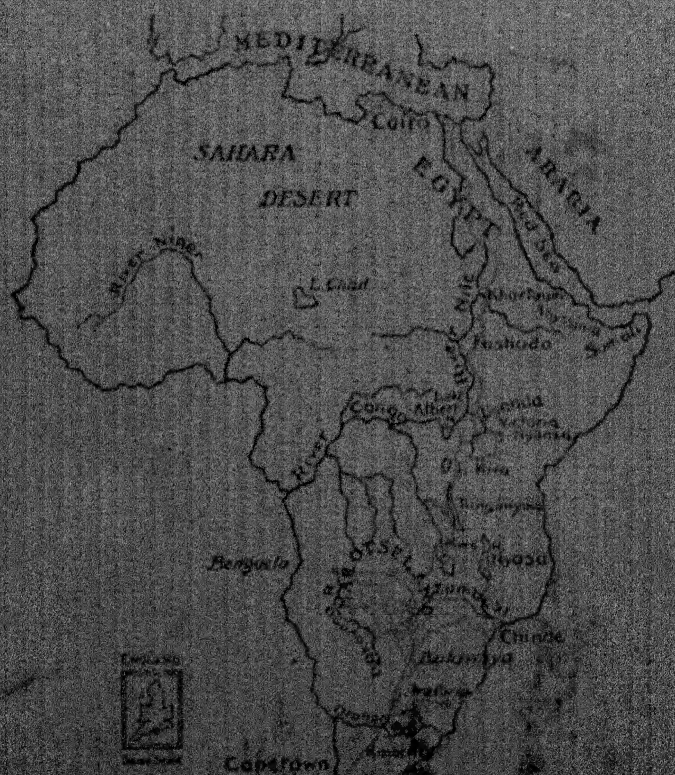


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AFRICA FROM SOUTH  
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The Late Major F. C. Quicke



# A F R I C A

## FROM SOUTH TO NORTH THROUGH MAROTSELAND

By MAJOR A. S<sup>T</sup>H. GIBBONS, F.R.G.S., R.C.I.

Author of "Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa."

With numerous Illustrations reproduced from Photographs, and Maps. In two Volumes Vol. II

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*In pocket at end of volume*





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## CHAPTER XIX

### THROUGH THE VALOVALE COUNTRY

ON September 2nd I bade farewell to Lewanika and my missionary friends, and finally to Mr. Coryndon and my two colleagues. It is with something more than mere pleasure that I record our keen appreciation of the whole-hearted sympathy and coöperation which characterised the relations between the administrator and ourselves throughout; as also of the hospitality and good-fellowship we enjoyed at his hands. Of the success of his administration there can be no doubt. I had seen much of the country both before and since he took office, and was impressed by the strong and useful influence he exercises over Lewanika and his subjects. As a return for his spontaneous aid, I can only hope, as I believe, that our work has in some respects advanced the interests over which he presides, not merely by virtue of the information and maps we have been able to place at his disposal, but by the fact that our journeys of several thousand miles through the country have been free from any incident calculated to shake the confidence of the people, or to discredit the name of an Englishman in the eyes of the native population.

To reach the river the canoes had to be taken by a circuitous route through canals connecting water-logged depressions with one another and with the main stream. I preferred a march of eight miles to a whole afternoon in a canoe.

Early next morning we took to the river, and at midday rested awhile at Libonta. From here the character of the river changes. The bed, though shallower, becomes wider and the banks higher, while the appearance of occasional bush comes

as a relief after the bare monotony of the great plain below. The colouring of the water, at one place in particular, was very striking. The banks of white sand were rendered dazzling by the sun. Near them the shallow water borrowed a pinkish hue, and this toned off to a narrow purple strip which in its turn gave place to a deep indigo bordering an expansive foreground of the richest blue. The picture appeared almost unnatural in its intensity of colouring. It was one of those instances of abnormal colouring which if faithfully put on canvas would jeopardise the artist's reputation as a true portrayer of nature.

As  $14^{\circ} 25'$  is passed, a sample of scenery without a counterpart elsewhere on the Zambezi is encountered. The river itself is about one thousand yards wide, and is broken occasionally by reed-covered islands. For some distance from the banks the flat ground is studded with palm trees, and beyond it rising undulations covered with forest supply a background. It is one of the very few views on the river which can be described as "tropical" in appearance. There is also a slight variation in animal life — two species of birds I had not seen elsewhere were particularly noticeable.

That evening my fancy was somewhat tickled by Jack, *à propos* of a large beetle attached to the woolly forelock of a native who visited my camp. This is by no means an uncommon sight in this country, but so many such like articles are worn as charms that I had hitherto surmised that the beetle was there to drive away some evil spirit or to act as an antidote for headache. According to my informant, the tethered beetle exercises much more real and practical functions. The particular species employed, it appears, relishes the animal life which finds a congenial home amidst the dense entanglement of the black man's wool. But although the native, as a matter of course, does not object to a little foreign animal life on his person—for use in this case is second nature—still he does in some measure rebel when matters become extreme. To meet this contingency he captures a beetle, ties it by the leg with a piece of very fine thread, and

tethers the hapless insect to a tuft of his wool. The beetle no doubt has a merry time up to a certain point, then he dies, and remains suspended until accident or decomposition severs all connection with his "quondam" hunting ground, — "*Les indigènes sont très drôles !*" as a Congo State officer once remarked to me.

From 14° 48' south latitude to 14° 10' the river banks are inhabited by the Mamboë, who are, I imagine, direct descendants of the original inhabitants of the plain. They are eminently a river people and handle their little canoes with great dexterity. The Mumboë, who, like the Murotse, paddles in a standing position, invariably has a fish spear in a position convenient for sudden action. He may be seen paddling leisurely along the reed-fringed banks, his sharp eyes fixed on the water in front of his little "dugout." Then without any hastened movement, he lowers his right hand, seizes the spear, and hurls it with such precision that in most instances he brings it back to the boat with a fish transfixed. The day we entered this country my flotilla of three canoes was increased by four of these little Mamboë boats, each containing two men. They were ordered by Lewanika to accompany me as an attentive little compliment — a desire on his part to enhance my dignity in the eyes of the native population.

On the 5th we camped immediately opposite the confluence of the Lungwebungu, the principal affluent of the Upper Zambezi, which has its source five hundred miles slightly to the north of west. This river Captain Quicke reported to be navigable — save for easily removable obstructions in one place — throughout the four hundred miles he traversed.

My active boatmen had quite outpaced the donkeys which were being driven along the bank, so, camping for the day, I employed my leisure by taking a short trip up the river in search of "hippo." Though I imagined I killed one of three, which disappeared while his two companions made away upstream, I failed to find the body, which should float about six hours after death.

The donkeys turned up that evening, and were crossed

to the western bank early next morning, then, proceeding, we passed the Kabompo confluence. This river is less than one hundred yards wide where it enters the Zambezi through steep, wooded banks, on which the trees extend to the water's edge.

While crossing the river prior to forming camp, an incident occurred which might have been unpleasant in its consequences. When about midstream the canoe which carried the bulk of my equipment was about four yards to my right. Suddenly, without any provocation, a hippopotamus rose in a deliberate attempt to overturn it, but fortunately the brute had not been very exact in his calculations for carrying out his ill-natured designs. His body merely struck the side of the canoe, which, after shipping a few quarts of water, regained its stability and was paddled rapidly ashore. As we stepped to the bank, one old chap expressed his conviction that the hippo had failed in his purpose because "Nyambe" had so willed it. Nyambe is the one *good* God known to the Marotse. They worship Him through the sun, though it is to be feared He is much neglected in favour of the many *bad* gods, who must needs be worshipped and appeased lest sickness, death, and other misfortunes should overwhelm them.

As a small rapid known as Namboma is reached — which must only exist as such at low water — the river suddenly narrows from five to two hundred yards. The banks we passed on this and the two following days were lined by a tree not found elsewhere on the river. It grows on the water's edge, and, like the banyan, but on a miniature scale, its overhanging boughs drop branches vertically downward. These strike root in the mud below the water, become independent of the parent tree, and in due course play their part in the process of expansion.

On the following day we entered one of the most beautiful stretches of this most magnificent of all the great African rivers. The current was so slack as to be imperceptible. Trees grow in the shallow water, on the steep bank, and cover the undulations beyond. It was now the spring of the year,

and nature was clad in its freshest and brightest robes. Beyond the glassy water and white dazzling sand a myriad of tints toned gradually down to the brilliant blue begotten by distance and atmospheric purity. There was every shade, from deep to bright green, from rich copper to yellow ochre, and on that morning a delicate azure veil was spread over the whole picture. Everything around breathed peace. Amid such surroundings life has no cares, for past and future are alike buried in the present.

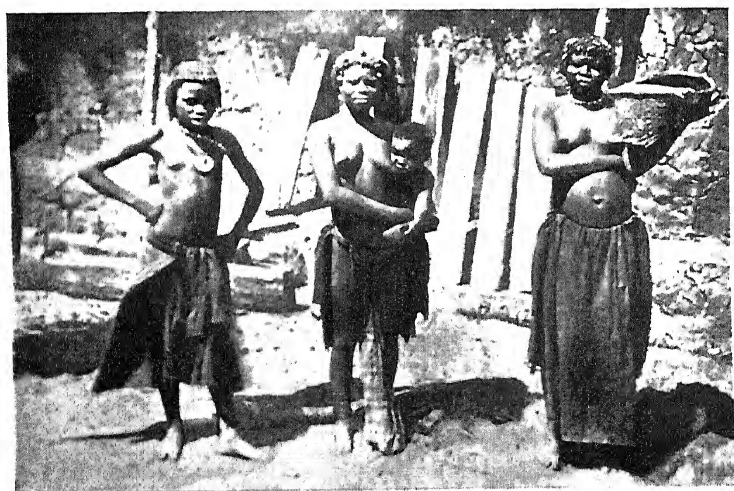
By the next day the scenery had modified, though it was still pleasing to the eye. Beyond the fringe of trees which graced the steep banks were long, narrow, open plains with a series of shallow pans extending from end to end. These are fed by watercourses from the forest which are debarred from entering the river by the rising ground beyond. A few zebra and pookoo were grazing on the succulent grass of the plain. I bagged one of each, and the flesh pots were full. The legs of the zebra, unlike *equus burchelli* of the south, were as definitely marked to the hoof as are those of the little mountain zebra. That day a thunder-storm reminded us that the dry season was drawing to a close.

We were now in Lovale. The Valovale, who are known as Malobale by the Marotse, are and have been subject to the Marotse and Aälui dynasties since they grew into existence as a separate tribe. At the beginning of last century they were but a small community, living on the Luena from which circumstance they as often as not style themselves 'Valuena. The origin of the name Lovale is subject to conjecture. Some assert that the Lovale is or was the name of a small tributary of the Luena, near which the cradle village of the tribe stood, though there seems to be some difficulty in locating this stream to-day. Others contend that the name is derived from a species of manioc known as "lovale," which is in general use by the people of the tribe. Three-quarters of a century ago their narrow country lay immediately beyond the vast dominions of Muato Yamvo, the paramount chief of Lunda. As is usually the case with colossal native states subject to the

despotism of a single man, the whole system crumbled and fell to the ground the moment a weakling succeeded to the chieftainship. At the time of the breakdown the Valovale were the northernmost tribe under the sovereignty of the Aälui. When rather later than the middle of last century the work of disintegration in Lunda had paralysed the central authority, the outlying districts were deprived of the system under which they had grown and lived in comparative security. As a consequence, the head man of each little district or cluster of villages, no longer reminded of the tie which indirectly united him with his neighbours, found himself practically an independent chief with but little territory and an insignificant following. The Valovale, having the moral force of the Marotse behind them, were not slow to take advantage of the helpless condition into which their once powerful neighbours had fallen. They first absorbed those dwelling in their immediate neighbourhood, and next expanded at the expense of the more distant. In Livingstone's days the expansion had barely reached 12° south latitude; it has now crossed the Zambezi-Congo watershed and crept along the banks of the Kasai. I myself saw the skull of Livingstone's old friend Katema, which, in company with two others, bleaches on the branches of a small tree at Posa. The place marked in existing maps as Nanakandundu (rubber mart) — so named by the west-coast traders — was subdued in or about '75, by Nyakatoro, the principal chieftainess of the tribe. She had made an earlier attack, but her force was routed and she was compelled to retire. Katema in the west fell to her general Kangombe a few years later.

The system by which the local rulers of the tribe is supplied is interesting. It is a pure gynocracy, and as such is probably unique. In most parts of Africa woman is practically a slave, a mere drudge. She tills the soil and ministers to the wants of her lord and master man, who, in many tribes, will not demean himself by taking his meals with her. Here, however, we find her in a position of power and honour surpassing even the most sanguine aspirations of the advo-



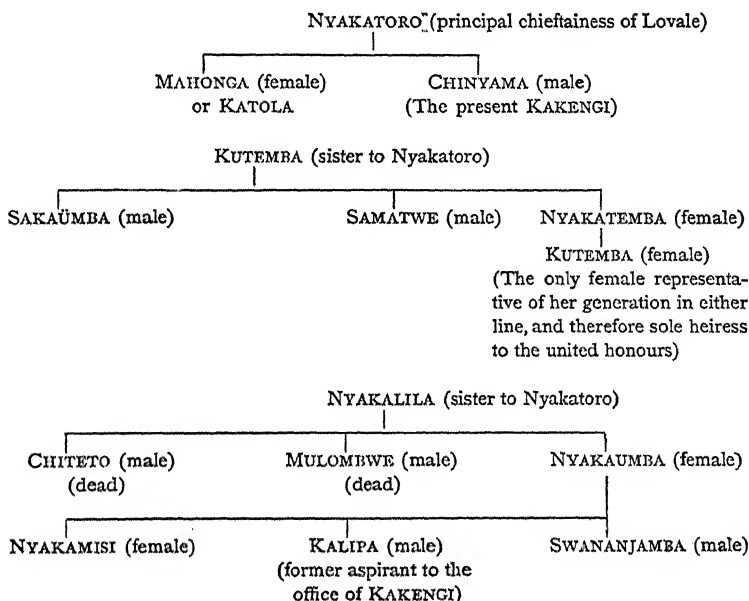


Valovale Women



cates of woman's "rights" at home. All "princesses of the blood" are chieftainesses in their own right; their female progeny inherit their rights in perpetuity so long as they owe their origin to the women of the line. The son of a chieftainess is a chief, but here the connection with the aristocracy ceases, for neither his sons nor his daughters inherit his rights—they become mere subjects. Doubtless the very depraved moral condition of these people has given birth to the system, for it is a very wise Kalovale who can point with certainty to his own father, whereas he no doubt has less difficulty in arriving at a reliable conclusion where his maternal origin is concerned.

The aristocracy is represented by the scions of two clans or families—the Mulombwe-ya-mbumba and the Somba-ya-mbumba. Of the former, Nyakatoro, as senior chieftainess of the two houses, presides, and with her sisters, Kutemba



The Somba-ya-mbumba clan is represented by KANGOMBE, CHILEMO, and KATENDE. All three being males, the honours of their house die with them.

and Nyakalila, is responsible for the younger members of the family, as traced in the table. Her sister, Chisenga, had no issue, and her brothers, Mushungwandungu and Kenia, being males, impart to their issue no hereditary rights.

The relations of this tribe to their paramount chief, Lewanika, has been the source of much trouble of late. The senior chieftainess, irrespective of the branch of the ruling family to which she belongs, is looked up to by the whole tribe as the director of tribal, as opposed to district, policy, which is in the hands of her juniors. Nyakatoro, the present head, is a very old woman, who, having experienced difficulties with the Portuguese invaders of her country, had during my visit sought security in the bush. There is, however, another dignitary whose position, so far as Europeans are concerned, is frequently confused with that of the constitutional tribal ruler. As was stated in an earlier chapter, Lewanika governs his vast dominions through deputies, or governors. The gynocratic tendencies of the Valovale placed difficulties in the way of making the natural head of the tribe directly responsible to him. The Marotse king therefore went outside their system and created a new officer, known as the Kakengi, who should alike represent his tribe and serve as the deputy of the king. Through him the king's policy is dictated, and through him the tribute is collected and forwarded to Lialui. So far is the present Kakengi chief of the Valovale, and no farther. Being a son of Nyakotoro, he is a chief in his own right, and rules a small district, in common with others of his grade.

In 1886, approximately, the Valovale made an effort to assert their independence, their first overt act being a refusal to forward the annual tribute. Lewanika, in accordance with the terms of appointment, held Kakengi responsible. An impi entered the country, the Valovale were routed, Kakengi was killed, and the chieftainesses and chiefs submitted and confirmed their allegiance. After this experience Lewanika thought fit to change the system. The office of Kakengi was abolished and tribute was collected from the heads of districts

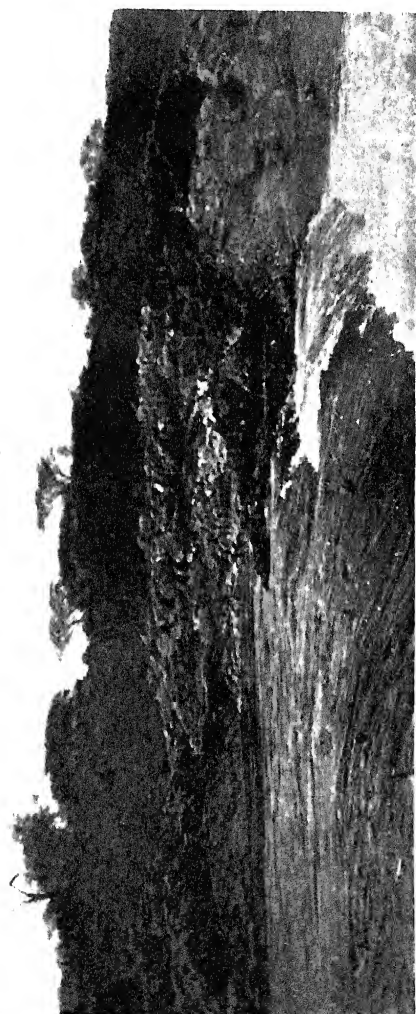
direct. In the meantime a young chief named Kalipa, grand-nephew to Nyakatoro, moved to the site of the dead Kakengi's village and proclaimed himself his successor. However, he was disappointed in his ambition, for neither Lewanika nor his own tribesmen would recognise his assumed position. Four or five years after its inauguration, it became evident that the new system did not work satisfactorily, and it was found necessary to send an armed expedition to Lovale to collect the tribute by force. Subsequently, after consulting Mushungwandungu, a Kalovale chief who, with a section of his colleagues, had remained loyal throughout, Lewanika sent orders to Nyakatoro, to the effect that he had selected her son Chinyama for the office of Kakengi, and directing her to send him to Lialui forthwith to receive his instructions in person. Chinyama, who was at that time one of the most promising sons of a very disreputable people, was at first reluctant to assume office, but ultimately conformed to the king's wishes. At Lialui Chinyama received his orders, the ivory bracelet, symbolical of Marotse chieftainship, was conferred on him, and he was given charge of a small herd of the king's cattle, the presence of which at his kraal being intended to enhance the dignity of his position in the eyes of the people. In '95 the Portuguese invaded Lovale, and early in '96 a fort was constructed at Kakengi's village. It not being convenient to the invaders that the country should remain under the sovereignty of the Marotse king, Kakengi, with presents in front of him and force behind him, was easily persuaded to declare himself independent of the paramount chief and to refuse tribute.

Lewanika promptly withdrew his cattle and sent a peremptory message in terms which can scarcely be printed, warning him that a Marotse impi would be at his gates at an early date unless the tribute was at once forthcoming. Kakengi, now that he could add to his honey beer occasional potions of the white man's fire-water, gave himself up entirely to the pleasures of Bacchus, and his condition is said to have varied between drunkenness and extreme drunkenness. His fellow-

chiefs, not wishing for further lessons at the hands of the Vangenje, as they call the Marotse, collected the tribute and forwarded it through Mushungwandungu, being careful to keep their action secret from the Portuguese, who, according to their account, had given Kakengi the direct order to refuse tribute. Thus the threatened invasion was evaded for the moment, and by the time the next annual tribute became due, Mr. Coryndon had taken up his position as British representative in Marotseland, and Lewanika was dissuaded from entering into a scheme for the invasion of Lovale on a large scale, in which he ventured to include the invaders of his northern territory. The king therefore wisely gave way, and decided to appeal unto Cæsar.

On September 11 we tarried for a couple of hours at a village of which a Murotse named Molongusekutu was chief. He had been placed there by Lewanika to watch the course of events in Lovale. At my request a messenger was despatched to Kakengi, apprising him of my approach, and conveying my greetings and the hope to see him shortly. That same evening, when the donkey contingent came into camp, they reported having passed through a village from which, according to the inhabitants, a message had gone forward informing Kakengi that a white man with a Marotse following was travelling up the river with the object of killing him and appointing another to his place!

On the 13th we reached the Sapuma cataract, which is the first barrier against navigation from the Gonye Falls three hundred miles downstream. I was surprised to see so little water falling over the cataract. It scarcely seemed commensurate with the volume supplying a stream which, although slack, had hitherto seldom been less than two hundred yards in width. A bar of basalt stretches across the bed from east to west. This rises about twelve feet above the lower water surface, except where the river rushes through a narrow cutting into a large oval pool three hundred yards from end to end. There is no perceptible current in this pool, the stream apparently passing beneath the surface till it reaches



The Sapuma Cataract





the outlet to the natural bed of the river. No doubt this cataract presents a much more imposing spectacle at high water. At the time of my visit the river was at its lowest.

The crocodiles in these higher waters seemed to me to differ from those found below, their short, blunt heads more narrowly resembling those of the American species. At Sapuma the boys found a large nest of crocodile eggs which supplied them with a hearty supper. We remained at Sapuma for three nights, as I was anxious to get a reliable observation for latitude, which, owing to the cloudy state of the heavens, I failed to do the first two nights. The delay, however, served two good purposes—it enabled me to plot my map up to date, and at the same time gave the donkeys much-needed rest after a series of long marches on short commons. On the second day Mwenemashunda—a Mam-bunda chief who had taken to Kakengi first news of my proposed visit—arrived in camp on his return journey. He stated that he did not think I should experience any difficulty at Kakengi's hands.

On the 15th the boys had a hard day's work in dragging the boats through the series of rapids which culminate in the cataract of Sapuma. There are some twenty of these, then comes a short reach of unbroken water, leading to the Gerosé Rapids, the whole break being not more than ten miles in length. Gerosé is formed by a rocky wall rising four or five feet above the lower water surface and extending most of the way across the river-bed. This supplies a natural weir by which the water is so held up as to give both depth and slackness of current above. I estimate the fall at Sapuma cataract to be ten feet in two falls, and in all, from the head of Gerosé to the foot of Sapuma, about thirty feet. There are much limestone and flint in the neighbourhood. Once past Gerosé, we entered a considerable stretch of navigable river, varying in width from two to four hundred yards. Several women were passed, pushing baskets eight feet long by four wide through the water, scraping, as they did so, the sandy bed. Occasionally they would raise these to the sur-

face and transfer to safe keeping any thoughtless fish which had allowed itself to be entrapped. My equanimity was upset that evening when Fernando informed me that the donkeys had been severely bitten by tsetse flies. The poor beasts were covered with swellings under the belly, and between the hind legs the bleeding had been profuse. On examination I was inclined to think that the fly was other than the tsetse, and my Marotse agreed with me. Later a sharp prick in the neck, and the successful capture of the pricker, gave me possession of a fly resembling the tsetse in many respects, but of different markings, and carrying its proboscis vertically downward and not horizontally, as does the tsetse. This the boys recognised as the fly which had tormented the donkeys, so I ventured to hope that my long-eared friends were not moribund after all.

On the 17th we camped at the confluence of the Luena, so being within ten miles of Kakengi, I sent a messenger to say that I should be at his village on the morrow. An answer was returned that he would be very glad to see me, that some people said he did not like seeing white men, but that if any one in his country were of that way of thinking, it was not he, but some other man! The next day, whilst *en route*, all sorts of messages came in purporting to emanate from Kakengi—he would be glad to see me; he wished me to send a messenger to announce my approach, and so forth. All this I interpreted as meaning that this unworthy person was not quite sober, so I took no notice of his messages.

## CHAPTER XX

Arrival at KAKENGI'S — A Portuguese fort — Mutual history — Portugal's decadence — The goose of the golden egg — First visit by KAKENGI — A disreputable drunkard — Visit cut short — Another visit — Only amiably drunk — Excuses and discourse — A clock and its prospects — A drunken comedy — Escorted to the door — The son of KAKENGI inquisitive — He wears his master's uniform — Journey continued — The Zambezi narrows rapidly — Character changed but beautiful still — A full larder — Rapids and weirs — A black child and his proud mother — Kalipa — His monkey tricks — A pleasant surprise — Dr. Fisher and his family — A healthy site and rosy cheeks — Too frequent negligence — Native respect for Dr. Fisher — A side journey to NANAKANDUNDU — Attempt to engage porters — Absolute failure — A Portuguese fort — Return to KAZOMBO — Pack saddles — Dr. Fisher's kind help — Continuance of river journey suggested — The paddlers demur — A threat — Ultimate assent — Mr. SHINTLER on an ox — His proposed visit to LIALUI — The canoes dismissed — Donkeys equipped for journey — Boys and difficulties — Progress slow but steady — Character of rivers — The crossing of streams — The leopard and his supper — The donkeys inspire terror — Two natives treed — Between the devil and the deep sea — A prayer for a bray



## CHAPTER XX

### MY INTERVIEW WITH KAKENGI

ON reaching Kakengi's, I went straight to the Portuguese fort — a rectangular earthwork, surrounded by a trench twelve feet deep and accessible by means of a drawbridge only. Senhor Serafim d'Alvira, the commandant, greeted me with the same cordial hospitality we had received at the hands of his fellow-countrymen on the Lower Zambezi. He speaking no English, and my Portuguese being limited to a very few words, we had of necessity to converse in French — neither of us being first-class French scholars. However, we talked away, off and on, till two o'clock in the morning; discussed the present and the future, unearthed Vasco da Gama and the gallant old Portuguese navigators, and refought many battles in the Peninsula when Napoleon's legions had perforce to retire before our respective and allied forefathers. Poor little Portugal! What a power she might have been had she taken advantage of her opportunities! First in the field, she had the chance of establishing herself in the richest parts of Africa, to say nothing of America and India. But the energy of her pioneers seems to have died with them, and for generations she has squatted on the coast and allowed the untold wealth which is now being realised by others to lie dormant at her feet.

"We are a poor nation, and have neither the means nor the surplus population necessary to open out new countries," is the general excuse. The answer comes:—

"Had you and your ancestors grasped the meaning of the word 'development,' things would be otherwise to-day. To

develop a young colony is to nurse it in its infancy, not to bleed it. So long as ivory and slaves streamed to the coast you were blinded by your easily acquired wealth — wealth taken out of the country to be squandered elsewhere. As a consequence, the unrestricted slaughter of elephants has left you without ivory; slave-raiding and slave-trading have bled the land of the most important factor in the production of wealth. You have killed the goose of the golden egg, nor has your life or your system advanced one iota during the past three centuries."

I saw Kakengi twice during my visit, both times at the fort. I was talking to Senhor d'Alvira, when my eyes fell on a drunken native seated on a stool in the doorway. This was Kakengi, and behind him were half a score of his minions. I could not bring myself to greet this loathsome object. I have never seen a more degraded parody on manhood. Every evil trait was written on his black, grimy countenance. No sooner was his presence recognised by the commandant, than he turned to my Marotse head man and poured forth a string of abuse on Lewanika's absent head. Next, he complained that I had entered his town without awaiting his invitation. All this time he was spitting about the floor and interjecting requests for brandy to the commandant, and no sooner did he consume one "tot" than he wanted another. I did not conceal my disgust, and at my request his visit was abruptly cut short. Next afternoon he came to talk with me. He was still drunk, but not so drunk as on the previous evening.

"I was not very pleased with the way in which you received me yesterday, Kakengi," I remarked, "and I hope you will behave better to-day."

"I hope," he rejoined, "the Englishman will not think much of what I did yesterday. I was very tired, and did not quite know what I was doing."

"I am glad to hear you speak so," I said, "and hope next time you hear a white man is coming to see you, you will not take so much strong drink as to make you tired."

"I certainly did drink too much yesterday," he went on, "and did not know what I was doing, but now I am all right. Another thing is, I was not pleased at Lewanika's people coming into my town, as I am not friendly with him."

"Lewanika is a friend of mine," I answered, "and has been for several years. At the same time, I do not wish to trouble myself about your quarrel, as I am now merely passing through your country. Lewanika, as my friend, has given me people and canoes for this and for no other purpose. You must, therefore, treat them as my servants till they return to Burotse. If you harm them, I shall consider that you are harming me; and if you do me an injury, I shall know how to act."

"I will treat your people well," he replied, "and what is more, I will give you a man who will go in front and tell the people that they must treat you and your people well."

"That is well, Kakengi; I am glad to see you are friendly to-day. I shall therefore forget yesterday. I do not like the people through whose country I travel to remember me as their enemy — I like all to be my friends."

Whereupon I presented him with a two-and-eleven-penny clock, with which he displayed childlike pleasure. After showing him how to wind it, I impressed on him the importance of doing so in the early morning, before he became too "tired" to do so. His reply was quaint —

"It won't last long. I shall be winding and re-winding it all day long until it bursts."

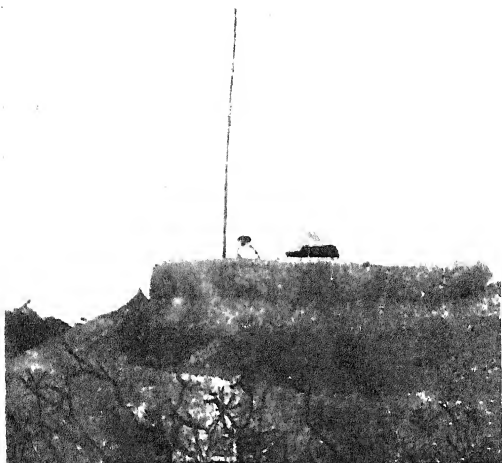
Then getting up abruptly, he wished us "Kalunga" (the verbal salute), and disappeared. But we were not quit of this pitiful savage yet, for as we sat at dinner a few hours later, the door opened and he staggered into the room. He was shadowed by two attendants, who, with grave faces, followed every footstep of their besotted chief. One held in his left hand a bottle. It was his duty to be ever ready to administer a fresh dose at the moment his thirsty master required refreshment. Senhor d'Alvira showed his disapproval of this unwarrantable intrusion, placed his unwelcome guest on a stool, and sent for his servants to show him the

door. In the meantime he insisted that he had only called to protest his friendship toward the Englishman. However, in spite of his excellent intentions, the escort arrived, and out he went.

On entering the sitting-room next morning, it was with some annoyance that I found my camera had been tampered with, and as a consequence some exposed plates been admitted to the light. The delinquent proved to be a youthful son of Kakengi, who was in the commandant's service. He was a bright-looking little fellow of fifteen, but to all appearance much younger. He was described by his master as being *très mauvais*. To bear out his contention, the Senhor related how he went out one morning *pour la chasse*, but changed his mind and returned early. There he found the young hopeful strutting about the fort, clad in his best uniform.

At eleven o'clock that day I parted from my kind host and continued the journey upstream. At Kakengi's the river is about two hundred yards wide, but so shallow at this season of the year that it is fordable on foot. There was therefore no difficulty in crossing the donkeys back to the western bank, which had now become the more convenient for purposes of travel. Seven miles upstream the river suddenly narrows to one hundred yards, and shortly becomes still narrower, never again assuming the appearance of the big river it so consistently retains for eighteen hundred miles of its course. The stream now passes through a highly tortuous bed with steep, clean-cut banks. The surrounding country is undulating and covered with bush, while many shady trees of more imposing appearance are found in the immediate vicinity of the river. In its altered character the Zambezi quite keeps up its reputation for the beauty of its course. On the following day we were winding up a stream generally about forty yards wide and seldom reaching sixty. So tortuous was its slack current that in turn the magnetic needle indicated every point of the compass, thus necessitating the minutest care in transferring the course of the river to paper. Fish abounded here, and by the time camp was made my





Kakengi Fort (Portuguese)



Fortified Malunda Village



Mamboë friends had accumulated a goodly bag and had also added one hundred crocodile eggs to their larder. During the ensuing day we passed two small rapids, each being weired from bank to bank with a strong stockade, leaving six feet open space in which fish baskets and traps could be set, or through which canoes could pass up and down stream. During the midday halt, among a few natives who came down to stare at me, was a little boy, from whose neck was suspended an antelope's horn, new to me and not unlike that of the duiker, but larger and stouter. According to the natives, the buck is a large edition of the duiker with a white stripe down the back, though unfortunately I had no opportunity of corroborating the description. The little boy did not know whether to be frightened or not when curiosity prompted me to examine the horn, but he was reassured as, while I was eating a light meal of bread and marmalade, I beckoned him toward me, holding up a morsel for his acceptance. The little chap toddled into the canoe and knelt in front of me, nor did his face disguise the pleasure two or three mouthfuls afforded him. A woman then crept into the canoe and introduced herself as the child's mother. It will be noticed that the women of Africa appreciate attention shown to their children quite as much as do those of the higher races.

Shortly after getting under way the next morning a native appeared on the bank and asked me not to pass a village half a mile in front without seeing the chief Kalipa, who was a great chief. This Kalipa is the same man referred to in the previous chapter as having attempted to arrogate to himself the office and dignity of Kakengi. He took back the message that I would wait at the river bank for a short time and thus give him an opportunity of speaking with me. Thus a shady spot beneath a large, overhanging tree was selected, and I awaited the pleasure of this would-be great man.

After the lapse of an hour I was still waiting, and not being possessed of the patience of Job, I despatched a message

to say I was angry at being delayed to no purpose, and would wait no longer. A mile farther on a messenger who had followed the canoes stated that Kalipa was on his way and hoped I would give him time to catch me up. Giving him to understand that if his master wished to see me he must lose no time, I ordered the canoes to the bank a second time. As we were again preparing to continue the journey, a man remarked that Kalipa was close by, and shortly a mild-looking person was to be seen seated on a stool near the bank, in the midst of a group of villagers. I sent my head man to inquire why he did not come down to the river if he wished to see me, and the answer was returned that he expected me to go to him. Tired of his monkey tricks, I gave the order to proceed, but before the paddles were in the water, he dropped from the high pedestal he had erected for himself in his own little mind and was sitting at my feet in the canoe. He was now very submissive and respectful, expressed his sorrow that I would not spend a day at his village, and trusted I did not look on him as other than a very great chief. I told him I was on a very long journey and could not wait anywhere, and then, after endeavouring to squeeze information of interest out of him but failing utterly, I bade him adieu and left. He was afraid to answer this question, and could not answer that.

A pleasant surprise was in store for me that evening, for as we paddled up a picturesque piece of river, where the steep, wooded banks on the right rose to well-nigh one hundred feet, I was hailed by a white man whom I soon discovered to be an English gentleman. As we greeted one another, he very kindly insisted on my spending the night with him, and the morrow being Sunday, he expressed the wish that I would not move on till Monday. Needless to say, I was delighted to fall in with his suggestion.

My host — Dr. Fisher — is a medical man who has undertaken the cure of both body and soul in this heathen land. He led me up the steep hill to a clearing on the summit, where stood the brick-built station, still in an unfinished con-

dition. Here I spent two happy days in the midst of quite a little British colony. In addition to my host and hostess, their charming little children, and the governess who tended them, there were two fellow-missionaries, one of whom was accompanied by his wife, who were spending a few days at the station preparatory to making a tour through the neighbouring districts. It was a pleasure to note the healthy appearance of these children and of their parents, the former full of life, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks. The contrast between this family, after a sojourn of many years in Africa, and my friends of the Marotse mission—men and women always pale and tired looking, children listless and lifeless, seldom surviving two years from birth—was indeed striking, and seemed to me a vindication of an opinion I have frequently expressed in public and private, that the first duty of a missionary is to select a healthy site for his station. It is true there are sometimes difficulties in the way of this all-important precaution, as in the case of Lialui and Nalolo, which Lewanika and his sister insist on retaining as their capitals, in spite of the fact that the swamps in the midst of which they spend their lives are confined by high and dry undulations. Still, where such a situation is necessary in two cases it is quite unnecessary in half a dozen, except for the advantage of being able to draw water within fifty instead of five hundred yards of the house. I actually know of one instance of a missionary who occupies a station within fifty or sixty yards of the Zambezi, and who has witnessed the death of four or five of his colleagues and the flight of others in shattered health, boldly asserting his opinion that the nearer the river the healthier the station, and that if he ever had to rebuild the station, he would do so still closer to the bed. God will help those who help themselves, but it is to be doubted if He will nullify the poisonous influence of malarial and other microbes which thrive in the nightly mists and alluvial-fed vegetation of the great tropical rivers, simply because those who serve Him elect to surround themselves with poisonous germs when there is no real

necessity to do so. It is needless to say that the views of Dr. Fisher as a practical medical man are quite in unison with mine on the importance of selecting sites for stations on dry ground, as far above the influence of river banks and swamps as practicable. It is only right to state that two years after my visit Dr. Fisher, after having lost a little girl of throat complaint in her infancy, found it necessary to send the elder children home; but this is a condition which wisdom dictates in the case of India and other tropical countries, the climatic influences of which are so different from those natural to the British constitution. And, after all, how many parents in England can boast of having reared four or five children with the loss of one only?

On the Sunday afternoon I accompanied Dr. Fisher to one or two neighbouring villages, and was deeply impressed by the manner in which he moved among his people. Even these Valovale, who always struck me as being the most hopeless tribe of which I have had experience, seemed to look on their teacher with respectful good-will. The native of Africa is a shrewd judge of character, and he always respects a *man*, especially if he is also a gentleman. I was anxious to visit Nyakatoro or Nanakandundu, as there lay my only hope of being able to organise a caravan for the journey to the source of the Zambezi and eastward. At Dr. Fisher's suggestion I left the canoes at his station and made the journey by land. Nine miles on the Monday evening and a further twenty-three the next day brought me to the mission station at four o'clock in the afternoon, after experiencing a very hot march. Mr. Shindler, an Anglicised Swiss, and his English wife received me with every kindness. The station is extremely well built and charmingly situated on high ground. I found Mr. Shindler, who had made frequent journeys through the neighbouring districts, a store of useful and interesting information. Among other things he told me that, so far as colour is concerned, the Valovale language contains words descriptive of black, white, and red only. Are they colour blind, or partially so? We spent

a quiet day at the station, in the course of which we visited the Portuguese fort, which was at the time under the charge of a white sergeant, he, poor fellow! being in the last stage of consumption. The fort was garrisoned by about a dozen black soldiers, and although it would probably be effective against a Valovale rabble, it could be easily rushed by a small impi from a more warlike tribe.

My attempt to engage carriers here was futile. Many were prepared to accompany me by the old trade-route followed by Livingstone and Cameron, but this would not suit, for it would defeat my wish to discover the source of the Zambezi. Not a boy would take that route with me, for they were under the impression that the country was dangerous. However, I had four dependable servants with me and five donkeys, and with these I determined to make the journey rather than abandon my plans.

The journey back to Dr. Fisher's station — Kazombo — was divided into two equal stages, so that I reached my destination without difficulty by noon the following day. The pack-saddles I had with me were far from satisfactory, so with Dr. Fisher's coöperation substitutes, lighter and more suitable to the purpose, were constructed of strong material similar to that used for deck chairs. These were fitted with pads stuffed with dried grass, with which to protect the withers. Often during the ensuing donkey drive had I occasion to be grateful to my kind host for helping me in this matter, and my good friends the donkeys owe him gratitude, not only for a great reduction in the weight of their loads, but also for an entire freedom from sore backs.

I learned from Dr. Fisher that the river was navigable for a further sixty miles, but my canoe boys, as is usually the case when the journey is broken by a few days' rest, hankered for home, and refused to go farther with me.

"You may go back if you wish, but you will take no pay with you," I said in my wrath, and forthwith proceeded to pay Jack and the boys who had driven the donkeys. A letter was given to Jack for delivery to Lewanika, explaining

the circumstances under which they returned. Then, wishing the donkey drivers a good journey, I turned my back on the rest and left them. A few minutes later I was informed that the recalcitrant paddlers had altered their arrangements, and were prepared to conform to Lewanika's instructions and my wishes.

On the 3d of October we were again on the move, and that same afternoon the first steady downpour of the season set in, continuing through the night and well into the next morning. Here Mr. Shindler intercepted me, having ridden over from Nyakatoro on an ox. He and his wife were anxious to visit Monsieur Coillard at Lialui, and conceived the idea of utilising my canoes. Hitherto there had been no direct "white" communication between Nanakandundu and Burotse. Livingstone and Mr. Arnot were the only Europeans who had made the journey from the south, and as yet no one had reversed the order of travel. On the 6th of October I paid off and dismissed the boat boys, and in a few minutes was alone with perhaps the smallest caravan possible for the accomplishment of a journey of seven or eight hundred miles through an unknown country.

No time was lost in arranging the packs. Although everything that could be conveniently dispensed with had been left behind at Lialui, these were much heavier than advisable, and I feared the first few days might prove the necessity of sacrificing articles I could ill afford to lose. It rained so persistently the next day that I deemed it advisable to remain encamped till the following morning. At nine o'clock a start was made. The ground was boggy and ill-adapted to the method of travelling I had been compelled to adopt, and as a consequence we camped late, after accomplishing no more than seven miles. Finding it almost impossible to keep near the main river, owing to the many bogs and small streams to be crossed, I decided to follow the course of the Mukinda, a small affluent flowing from the east. This river is a fair sample of the numerous streams encountered during the subsequent few weeks. On either side the banks are bordered



by several yards of black, spongy bog, in which the donkeys usually sank knee-deep, though frequently their legs were entirely lost to sight. The next day we managed to cross the Mukinda, and taking a northeasterly course, camped on the banks of the Mohampa, a rather more pretentious tributary. Two miles from the river I shot a sable antelope, which is the common buck of this district.

In the early morning, accompanied by Fernando, I set off in search of the Zambezi, leaving the other boys to dry meat and tend the donkeys. After travelling due north for seven miles, we reached the river, which we traced to the inflow of the Mohampa, following the course of the latter to camp, where we arrived at 3.30, after a twenty-three-mile tramp. The Zambezi here is quite a small stream, not more than twenty yards wide. It flows through a considerable grass valley, on either side of which are high undulations covered with the open forest so generally encountered in the Upper Zambezi basin. Where I first struck the river there was a small Malunda settlement, but otherwise there was no indication of a native population. A native track follows the high ground skirting the Zambezi valley, but beyond this no path had been encountered since the donkeys first donned their loads. Fortunately there was but little undergrowth, and as a rule the forest was not too dense to allow the donkeys free passage. The chief difficulty in the way of progress lay in the numerous small streams which, not content with their own beds, must needs be supported by wet, spongy ground on either side. Where I conceived the probable distance not unduly great, the rounding of the sources of these streams was considered preferable to the labour and delay of crossing, for this entailed the portage of the packs by the boys, and the corduroying of the bogs with branches and rushes, in order to give foothold to the donkeys, which would become, to all intents and purposes, inanimate if allowed to sink above the knee. By the time the donkeys had been off-loaded and repacked under these conditions four or five times in a march, I always considered that every one concerned had

earned his daily bread. However, in spite of all this, I felt I had much for which to be thankful. My four boys thoroughly understood me by this time, and were content to carry out my instructions to the best of their ability, and the donkeys likewise jogged along without any of the proverbial stupidity manifested in their ill-used brethren at home.

One evening Sabou, who had been sent to bring in the donkeys, returned to camp with the remains of a reedbuck hanging over his shoulder. He had disturbed a leopard at the commencement of his meal, and, as the animal merely snarled and slunk away, the boy annexed his supper. I was thankful the leopard had not chanced on the donkeys before the reedbuck crossed his path. That same night there was a bright moon, so in order to give them every opportunity to graze, the donkeys were allowed to remain out until turning-in time, one boy or another being sent out at intervals to see that they did not stray. In spite of this, one was missing when they were brought in, and I wondered if the leopard had taken his revenge, but two or three hours of anxious misgivings were terminated by the voluntary return of the wanderer. I could have ill afforded the loss of a donkey at this stage of the journey. On the 15th we were once more in touch with the Zambezi, but were again compelled to leave it for the same reason as before.

An amusing incident occurred that day. As I walked ahead of my small caravan, natives were to be seen in full retreat. Holding up my hands in an endeavour to reassure them, I was so far successful, in that three of the savages stopped and then advanced timidly toward me. As I approached, one of these evidently concluded that discretion was the better part of valour, and made his exit, while the two remaining were content to peer at me from behind trees, until they had satisfied themselves that the white-skinned intruder might not be very hungry after all. Then, simultaneously, their jaws dropped, their eyes well-nigh dropped from the sockets, and they sprang into the branches of the nearest tree. On looking for the cause of the sudden alarm,

I found that their attention was directed toward one of the harmless, innocent donkeys which had just emerged from the bush, and was grazing slowly toward us. Roaring with laughter, I yelled to Fernando to "hurry up" with the camera, but in doing so spoiled the picture, for my voice so far added to the embarrassment of my black friends aloft, that one of them, after glancing once or twice at the donkey with an expression of terrified apprehension, decided that, sooner than await sudden death in the tree, he would risk being caught and devoured by the strange animal with the long ears. He leaped fully twelve feet from his perch to the ground, and was soon out of sight of the awe-inspiring quadruped. The other preferred my wrath to the risk of being devoured piecemeal by the donkey. The idea that this mildest of all animals could create such a sensation of fear conduced to much merriment and cheerful chatter among the boys, and this served to allay the fears of the terror-stricken biped in the tree. How I longed and prayed that the dumb animal would prick up his ears, open his lungs, and bray! But he wouldn't.



## CHAPTER XXI

The Zambezi once more — An unknown bend of the river — Friendly Malunda — A vassal of Lewanika — Slave trade threatens extermination of natives — A stockaded village — The course of Zambezi well defined — Ever increasing altitude — Scarcity of rocks and stones — Native interest in caravan — Zambezi and YAMBESHE — Extremes meet — A probable solution — Another interesting fact — Unexpected hostility — A threatening outlook — The bubble bursts — “We thought you were Portuguese” — Advice for the future — The Englishman and the rest — The reason why — Mount MAKORA — Approaching the Zambezi source — MUKALENGI’S hospitality — Mambare traders — A pleasing country — Good grazing and a camp — In search of the Zambezi source — Undulations become steeper and higher — Fraudulent attempt to shorten journey — The tracing of the main stream — Discovery of the source of the Zambezi — A mighty river — A long and intimate association with it — Various vicissitudes — The effect of the exploration of river on the expedition — Those few gallons of water — Sketch of the Zambezi’s course in a page — Its length along the banks — On the Congo system — Camp at Kankonia — A native stronghold — A comprehensive meaning of “Portuguese” — Attempt to catch slave traders red handed — The puppy and the sheep — The luxuries of LUNDA — A palatable beverage — David in Africa — Beyond Lewanika’s border — Old quarters of “Portuguese” expedition



## CHAPTER XXI

### THE ZAMBEZI SOURCE

ON October the 16th we again struck the Zambezi, and, as the contiguous ground was now higher, I decided that, if possible, we would follow its course. For a few miles above the inflow of the Lova, a small left-bank affluent, the river flows from the north-northeast. It passes through a grassy valley, a mile wide, sloping toward the bed. This is treeless, except for a fringe along the banks of the river itself, and where occasional streams ooze into the valley from the base of the undulations confining it. We had now accounted for a hundred miles since quitting the canoes, and were entering a more populous district, though even now villages were small, and few and far between. The Malunda inhabitants proved to be friendly. Since the fall of Muato Yamvo's empire the greater part of this tribe had, as previously stated, broken up into small independent communities. Here, however, a large country extending from a few miles north of the Zambezi to the Kabompo, and from the borders of Lovale in the west to about 25° east longitude in the east, is held together under the rule of a single chief. Kanungesa, the present ruler, is one of Lewanika's most loyal vassals. He was at Lialui doing homage to his sovereign at the time of my visit in January of the same year. Owing to want of cohesion, the districts more or less remote from the centre have proved a fruitful field for the slave trade, and if this iniquitous traffic is not shortly put down with a high hand, the population will run the risk of virtual extermination. By the time this high and healthy country is ripe for colonial development, the labour question here will be found to be much more serious than in South Africa.

The villages of these people are always small but are strongly stockaded. Circular earthworks are thrown up around a score of huts, and these are surmounted by a substantial palisade, at the base of which bushes and creepers are sometimes planted in order to render their fastnesses still more impenetrable. The entrance is through a narrow opening, which is firmly bolted by wooden logs on the inside. Usually these gateways are so low as to be passable only on hands and knees. At Kanungesa's the opening is the shape of a reversed V, only three feet six inches high at the apex.

As I had anticipated, I was now able to keep in touch with the Zambezi, and was seldom more than half a mile from the borders of the valley. The left-bank affluents are all small streams, and although the boggy nature of their banks continued to supply us with more than the ordinary labours of travel, the difficulties never proved insurmountable. The one point which took me by surprise was the absolute dissimilarity between the course of the Zambezi of reality from the Zambezi of the cartographer. So long has the result of native description given to Livingstone, as he conceived it, remained unchallenged on the maps, that what should be in dotted lines has gradually given place to definite shape. In place of travelling due east as I had expected, a turn in the course of the river at Kanungesa's, which is in  $11^{\circ} 30' 30''$  south latitude, took us in an almost northerly direction until we reached  $11^{\circ} 10'$  south latitude, — a northerly trend of about twenty-four standard miles as the crow flies.

"Are you sure you did not mistake a tributary for the true bed?" asked M. Lemaire, a Belgian explorer I encountered a few weeks later.

"That would be impossible, so far as the left bank tributaries are concerned," I answered, "as no affluent I crossed could in any way compete with the parent stream in size, or be mistaken for it by virtue of the character or formation of its bed."

As regards the right bank, the wide and well-defined valley through which the Zambezi winds was seldom beyond my



view, and then only for short distances; and quite apart from native information, which coincided with the result of my own observation, I think I should have discovered the inflow of any stream which could be confused with the course described. Besides all this, the physical formation of the country and the close proximity of the Congo system dismisses this theory as highly improbable, if not impossible. Having described the position of the river on the earth's surface, I will endeavour to convey a correct impression of its character and that of the district it drains. The valley itself is, of course, alluvial, but the undulating forest land beyond has a surface of red soil in the nature of clay. From some distance to the west of this point the white sandy soil which characterises the Upper Zambezi basin gives place to the stiffer red covering, and thus continues with trifling intermission right through the Lakes district and Uganda to the Upper Nile. In character the trees remain much the same, though new species are from time to time encountered. The altitude is high, being over 4500 feet. Rocks or stones in any form are seldom seen, nor are hills, other than in the undulatory form, met with except at rare intervals. As we trudged along it was amusing to note the special interest taken by the natives in the novelties of the small caravan — the white man, the donkeys, the aluminium canteens and equipment. Men, women, and children would accompany us for a mile or so from their villages, and would contemplate the every movement of a human being so strange, and the singular beasts that usurped the functions which custom had taught them were vested in man alone. I could imagine the detail with which for days to come they would discuss the strange phenomena with those of their neighbours who had not been eye-witnesses.

It is a noteworthy fact that these people who dwell near the sources of the great river speak of it as the Yambeshe (Valovale Liambeshe), a sound almost identical with the name by which the river was known at its mouth, in the days when the Portuguese first landed there; though at the present day

that name is in abeyance among the natives of the lower river, probably owing to the partial extermination of the original inhabitants by the Portuguese system during three centuries and the importation of thousands of foreign slaves from north, south, and west. There is no intermediate section of the river which is locally known by any name approaching in sound that which is in general use among Europeans. The Marotse call the river Liambai, — big river, — and from the Victoria Falls eastward the various tribes have a rendering of similar implication, according to the language they speak.

Another fact I noted was that my Lower Zambezi boys could make themselves understood in conversation with the Malunda, while the intermediate languages spoken between this country and their homes were quite foreign to them. This seems to point to the fact that two sections of the same tribe have at one time been separated, either by the migration of one of them, or by the wedgelike insertion of a great migratory move driving them to right and left.

As on the 20th of October we were moving eastward parallel with the river, an incident occurred, which might have been, at least, unpleasant in its consequences. It was my invariable custom, whenever opportunity offered, to engage local boys to accompany us through the district known to them. That morning we had passed villages, the inhabitants of which received us with every show of friendship, and two boys had been engaged to travel with us. Late in the afternoon the path led us into a clearing surrounding a stockaded village. On approach it seemed evident, from the clatter and chatter inside the palisade, that great excitement reigned within the village, though at first I had no suspicion that my harmless self was the object of a hostile demonstration. Occasional natives rushed past and went hurriedly to earth through the cavelike entrance to their stronghold. As we neared the stockade I became sensible of the uncomfortable fact that I was the mark at which two or three dozen muzzle-loaders were levelled. My local boys came to the conclusion

that they had an engagement elsewhere, and left in a hurry. For myself, there seemed but one course open—to assume absolute indifference toward the excited savages, while telling Inchanga to be ready to hand me the Mauser at a moment's notice. I glanced at the faces of my four followers, and to my relief they bore no outward sign of excitement. As luck would have it, just as we reached the point nearest to the stockade, one of the donkeys took the opportunity of slipping his pack. There was nothing for it but to replace and readjust the load, and in doing so I took care to place the cause of the delay between myself and the point of danger. At this moment the turmoil increased; probably the bolder spirits were urging that the psychological moment had arrived, but my chief fear was lest the more timid should pull the trigger in their nervous excitement, when there is little doubt but that the remainder would have emptied their barrels. Whether any of their bullets would have found their mark is another question, but anything under fifty yards is not a long range. Once more the donkeys were set in motion, and we moved slowly forward. Still the savages yelled and shouted, but still they held fire, and at last the clearing was traversed and we found ourselves once more under cover of the bush. I glanced at the boys who had behaved so well in what to them must have been trying circumstances. They responded with a sickly smile of relief. Half a mile farther we crossed a small stream, and beyond this the ground rose considerably. As it was late, and I did not know how far we might have to travel to the next water, I decided to make camp, for, since the natives had allowed us to pass when we were in their power, I no longer anticipated active hostility. Nor was I wrong in my surmise, for the tent had scarcely been pitched when a line of some twenty natives were to be seen following the path down the opposite slope from the direction of the village. It was a mission of peace, for many of them carried baskets and calabashes. The chief who headed the procession advanced, sat down opposite me, and delivered himself of his greetings, while his people laid fowl, meal, eggs, and

honey at my feet. After expressing his regrets at the manner in which I had been received while passing his village, he added by way of excuse: "It was all a mistake. We did not know you were an Englishman, but thought you were a Portuguese, and we hear from over there [pointing westward] that the Portuguese soldiers rob the people of their goats and fowls and whatever comes in their way, but never give anything in return."

"You certainly behaved like children," I answered, "and I am glad you have come to explain matters. In future, if a white man comes to your village, first find out if he is an Englishman, and, if he is, you will know that if you treat him well, he will do you no harm."

How these people discovered my nationality I can only surmise. Probably the runaway guides fell in with some villagers on their way home, and, so to speak, went bail for me.

It is an interesting fact that the Malunda, although the vast majority know the white man from hearsay only, have one name for Englishmen — Chindele — and another for all other white nationalities: these latter are all known to them as Portuguese. This is not to be wondered at when it is considered that the methods of continental Europeans in Africa are, to the superficial observer, very similar, irrespective of the country to which they belong, while those of the Englishman are entirely his own — militarism, the application of the principle of *force majeure*, and the rare existence of sporting instincts, or even the habit of travelling on foot on the one hand, and on the other something quite different.

The next evening, after a steady ascent during the afternoon, we camped on the lower slopes of a hill known as Makora, which I calculated rose eight hundred or one thousand feet above my camping ground. This was the first hill encountered since I had turned donkey driver. The natives of a village at its base told me we were within a day's march of the Zambezi source, which I construed to mean something between twenty and twenty-five miles.

Mukalengi, the chief of the village, called on me next

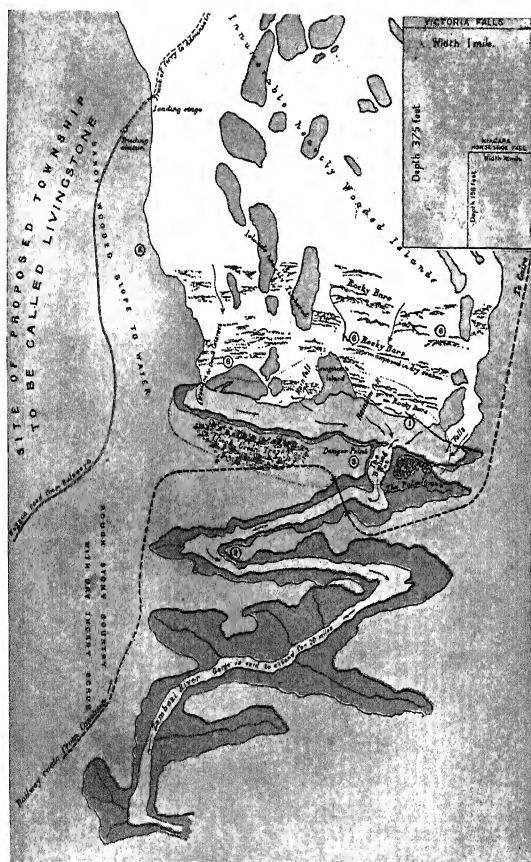


Diagram of the Victoria Falls



morning, bringing with him quite a handsome present—three large baskets of manioc meal, some eggs, a young pig, and a calabash of honey beer. A few minutes later ten Mambare traders visited my camp. They told me they had come to purchase rubber. I asked them if they were buying slaves also. They protested that they were not, and Mukalengi endorsed their statement, saying he had known these particular people for many years.

I entertained the hospitable Mukalengi by showing him the wonders of my equipment—compass, chronometer, revolver, and rifles. He was much impressed, as were the Mambare, with the rapidity with which I pumped four Mauser bullets into a tree.

“This is the gun,” I remarked, “which I use for Mambare when I catch them dealing in slaves.”

The start was delayed till late in the morning, in order to give the boys an opportunity to enjoy their pig and other luxuries, which were not forthcoming daily. Thus we travelled only twelve miles that day.

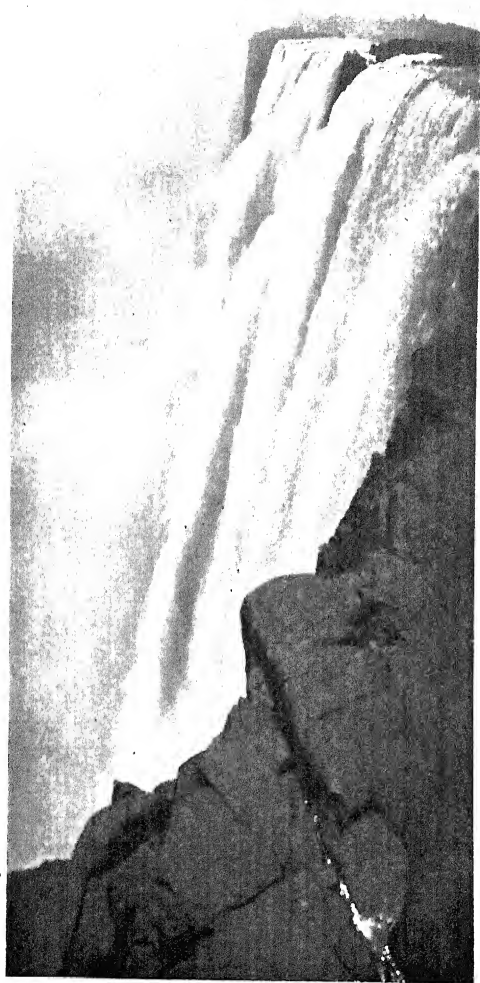
The country was really very pleasant, and the streams no longer had to be approached over spongy bogs, but flowed through firm, stony beds. The air had a bracing taste about it, for we were rapidly approaching an altitude of five thousand feet.

Mukalengi had given me two boys, with instructions to show me the Zambezi source. On the second day they led us across a drift where the river is but twenty-five feet wide, and shallow. A short distance above we reached a steep, grassy slope, growing excellent pasture. Here the guides suggested the formation of a camp, from which we could make a journey to the source, and, if I preferred to do so, could return on the same day. I fell in with the proposition, and next morning set off with Fernando and the two Malunda, taking with me two days' provisions and my instruments. I intended to sleep the night where the great river has its origin, and hoped to fix its position. For these first few miles the Zambezi flows in a northerly direction, but is

turned abruptly to the west two or three miles to the north of our camp. As we progressed, the undulations became steeper and higher, the surface being covered for the most part with small deciduous trees, fifteen to twenty feet high. Here and there the slopes leading to the river are covered with high bracken, to all appearance similar to our British variety. Seven or eight miles brought us to a small pool which the guides asserted to be the "beginning of the Yambeshe." To make certain that this was the true source, I traced the stream back along the eastern bank until it entered another stream eight hundred yards farther down. Here it became obvious that the Malunda were fraudulently attempting to shorten the journey, as this stream is quite subsidiary to the one it enters. Then following the course of the latter for rather more than a couple of miles, and crossing three or four small tributary streams on the way, I at length found myself standing over the first drops of water which go to make up the mighty river of which I had seen so much. The river has its origin in a deep depression at the base of steep, wooded undulations rising very abruptly for the first thirty feet, and then with decreasing steepness for another twenty. The water oozes from black, spongy bog, and quickly collects into a definite stream of clear, cool water. Tall trees, thickly interwoven with an entanglement of vinelike creepers and undergrowth, spring from this basin and enclose the bed for the first few hundred yards of its course. Such is the character of the Zambezi source, and such is the character of the sources of nearly all, if not all, the streams having their origin in the district; though the basin from which the main stream of the Zambezi springs is steeper, narrower, and deeper than any other of the many I visited.

As I lay that night beneath the bivouac of branches the boys had put together for me, it was perhaps natural that my mind should linger on the many and varied scenes I had witnessed between the boggy springs below me, and the mighty river with its four-mile wide bed, up which we steamed fifteen months before. The expedition was then a large one ;





The Victoria Falls from the North Bank



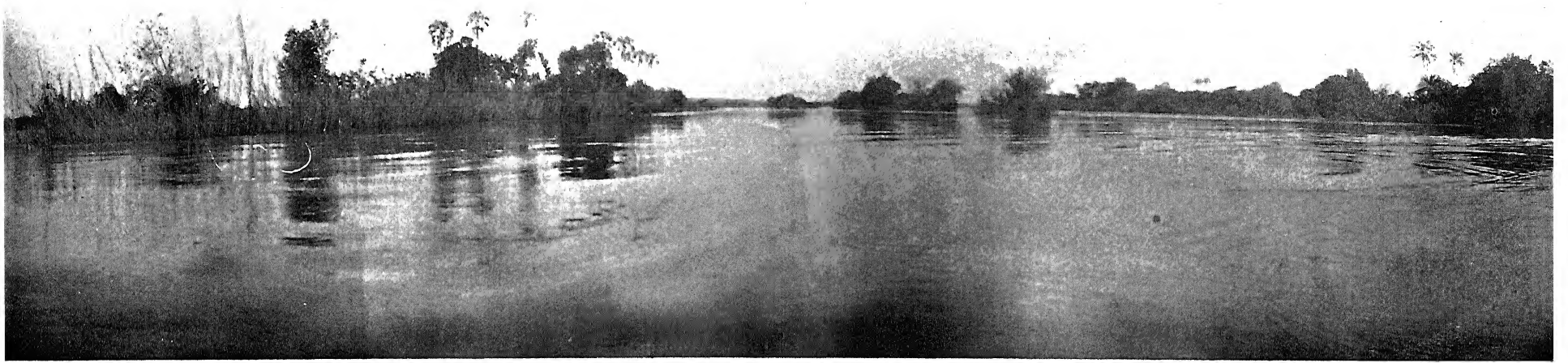
five hundred porters barely sufficed to move our equipment overland. I was now worming my way over what was probably the most remote region of the continent, and in very reduced circumstances — four boys and five donkeys ! One of my companions, from whom I had parted in the firm belief that we should meet again within six months, had fallen a victim to the African climate ; another, when last heard of, was returning home in shattered health ; two more had many hundred miles to travel before they could reënter civilisation. How I hoped and prayed that no harm would come to them ! Then I thought of the river itself. What a journey lay before those few gallons of water which were everlastingly springing to light within a few yards of where I lay. What perfect peace ! What fierce turmoil ! They would trickle through the pleasant uplands of Lunda and Lovale with scarce an obstructive rock to ruffle them. At Sapuma they would be hustled and strangled past the hard, narrow gates which seem to begrudge the right of way. For another twenty days, joined by countless streams and springs, they would travel lazily over the white sand bed of Bumboë and through the clean-cut banks of the rich, flat plain of Burotse. After those three hundred miles of unbroken calm, there would come a rude awakening as they are plunged over the fascinating horseshoe of Gonye—a prelude to troubles in the near future at Kali, Bombui, Bushu, Ngambwe, Katima Molilo, and other rapids. Then, with but a short respite, they would be hurled down four hundred feet into the awful abyss of Mosioatunya, the Victoria Falls, which in its unique grandeur and massive proportions banishes world-famed Niagara from her pedestal *par excellence*. Another 150 miles of cataract and torrent, and through the cold, hellish walls of the Devil's Gorge, they would reflect the magnificently impressive scenery of the middle river: Pasoma, Lutala, the Karibas, and Lupatas would greet them. One more angry, wrestling torrent, and Kebrabasa is passed, and the end is at hand, for the yellow sands in that huge expanse of shallows, banks, and islands, known as the Lower Zambezi,

itself savours of the sea. According to my reckoning, the Zambezi source is in  $11^{\circ} 21'$  south latitude,  $24^{\circ} 24'$  east longitude, and stands five thousand feet above the sea level.

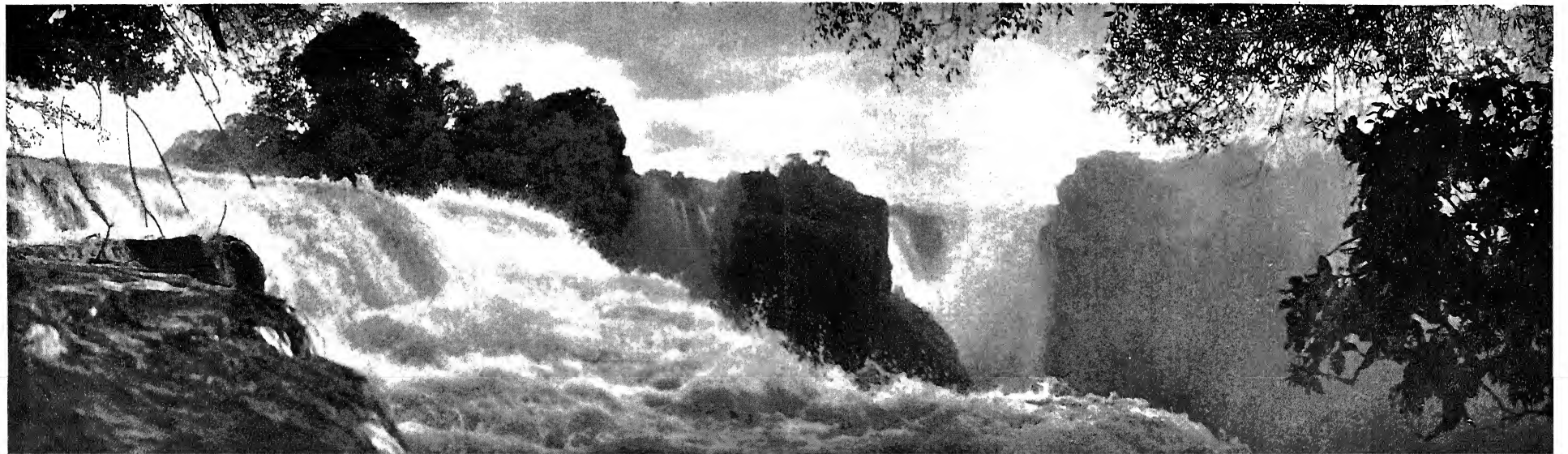
I arrived back in camp at eleven the following morning, and as the weather was clear, and the usual afternoon thunderstorm did not threaten, camp was struck after a three hours' rest, and I turned my back for the last time on the grandest, though not the largest, of the great African waterways. I should perhaps state that the course of the Zambezi reckoned by the banks, is rather over two thousand miles and not under, as hitherto assumed.

Six miles in an easterly direction led us to the Lumpemba, a tributary of the Mukoleshe or Lokoleshe, the Congo affluent. On the banks of this river there was a stockaded village, the chief of which brought me fowls, eggs, and meal, and placed two guides at my disposal for the immediate journey. It took two hours to get the donkeys across the Lumpemba; then, after crossing two minor tributaries, we reached the deep valley of the Mukoleshe. From the high ground the well-defined valley can be traced for some miles south, where it curves away toward the west. My guides informed me that this curve continues and, so to speak, wraps round the source of the Zambezi, where it terminates within a short walk of the Zambezi springs. Later, I found this information to be strictly accurate, for M. Lemaire, the Belgian explorer, had followed the Mukoleshe to its source, and had then returned, quite unconscious of the fact that the undiscovered source of the Zambezi lay within three miles of him. In fact, I found him looking for this interesting spot 150 miles away. The two rivers run north on parallel lines, and it would almost appear that the original intention of both was to supplement the waters of the Congo; but on meeting the high, undulating ridge running east and west across its course, the Zambezi had been forced into a westerly course at a very sharp angle, and itself has become a parent river inferior to its rival in the extent of the country it drains, but in some respects its superior.





The River Immediately Above the Falls





Camp was made that night at a place called Kankonia, where are three villages well fortified by a small trench, and four feet of earthwork surmounted by a strong stockade. On my approach the inhabitants ran for their guns, but being told by the guides that I was a "Chindele," they came out and greeted me in a friendly manner. They told me they had strengthened their villages in case the "Portuguese" should come that way, and that at first they took me for a "Portuguese." It is by no means certain that these natives had the Portuguese in their mind's eye, for a long distance separates them from the nearest Portuguese outpost; but, as stated above, Portugal gives a name to all Europeans who are not "Chindele,"—that is, Englishmen. It ultimately came to my knowledge that a native sergeant and one or two men of M. Lemaire's expedition had been guilty of robbery with violence, on their own account, not very far from here, and in the native mind the acts of the "askaris" and those of their European leaders are scarcely distinguishable. Fortunately M. Lemaire discovered the offence, and the delinquents were made prisoners. On reaching Lukafu station, the sergeant was courtmartialled and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Before resuming the journey next morning, the chief, Kankonia, a nice-looking native with good manners, brought me a present of honey-beer, sweet potatoes, fowls, and eggs. He was so pleased with his return present that he was moved to addressing the assembled multitude on the subject of the "Chindele," on whom he lavished the most extravagant compliments.

Whilst adjusting the packs, information was brought in that a Mambare caravan was approaching from the east. As it was more than probable that they had slaves with them, I advanced three hundred yards up the track and concealed myself, with the intention of setting free any slaves I might find. As the head of the caravan approached my hiding-place, I advanced in the open. The bulk of them threw down their loads and bolted, but one—probably their leader—stood his ground. I asked him if he was taking slaves to

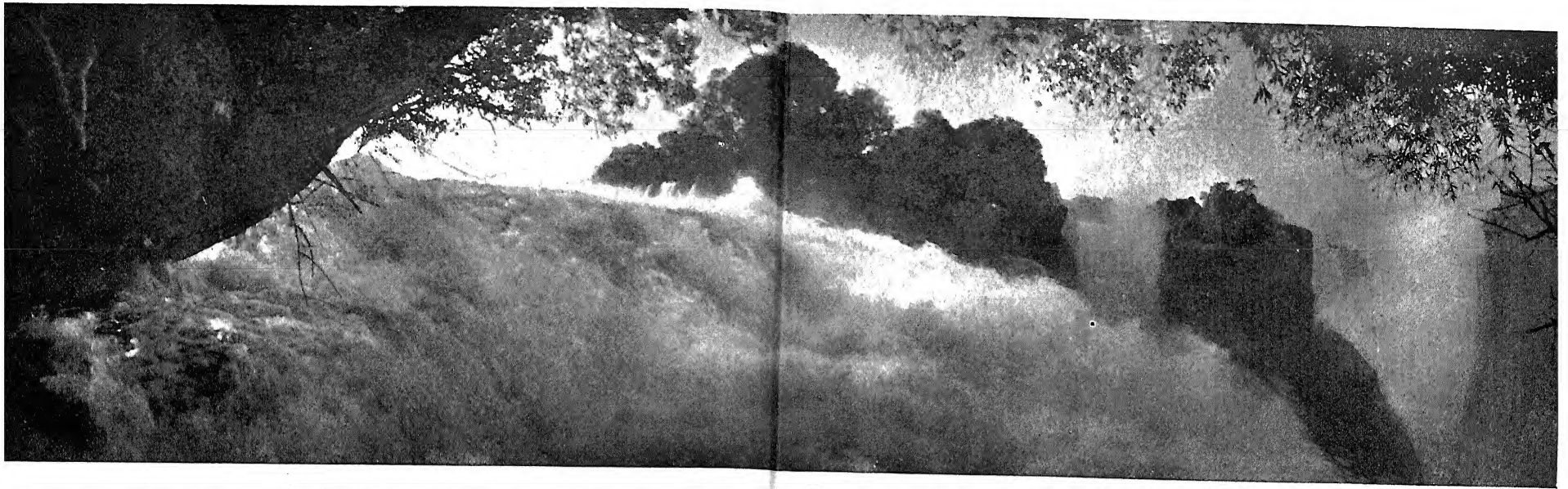


the coast, to which he replied in the negative. I told him that if his statement were true, I had no wish to interfere with him. "Englishmen," I remarked, "encourage legitimate trade and respect people's property, but when they find men treating their fellow-men like cattle, they free the slaves and punish the traders."

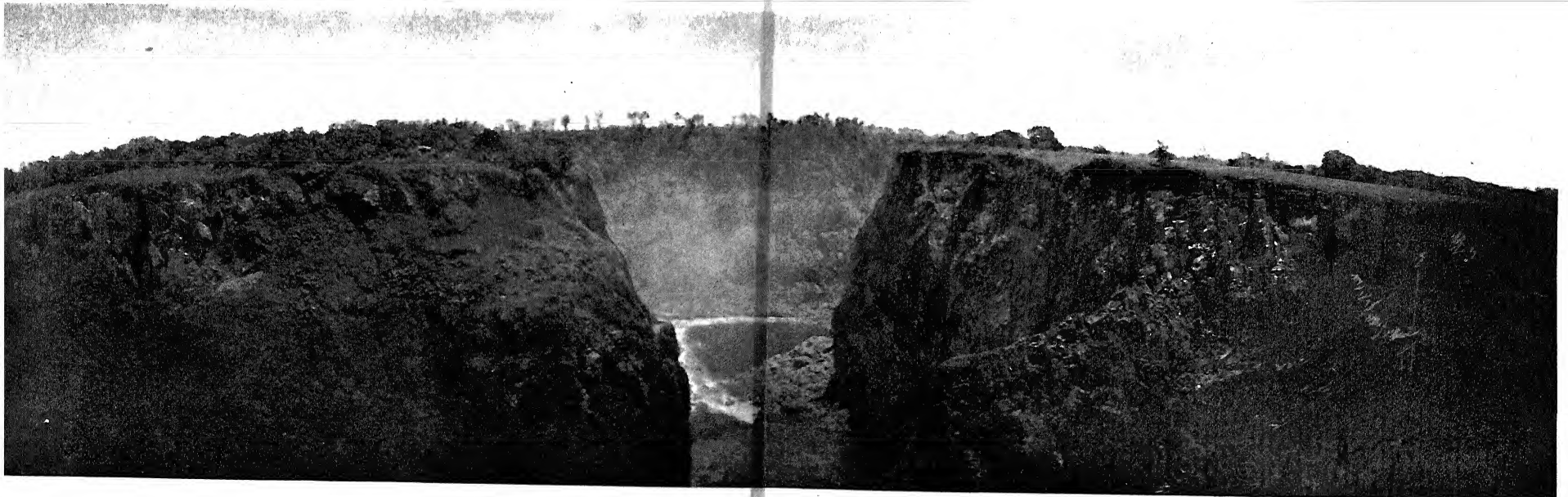
I then led him to camp, with the intention of proving his disclaimer, when I noticed that Inchanga was missing. I called, but no answer came back, and then I surmised that, like the puppy which has just discovered that the sheep retreat before him, he had taken advantage of the Mambare panic and pursued a score of men, any one of whom could probably have turned the tables against him. Corroborative evidence was forthcoming when he walked into camp with as much plunder as he could carry. He received a good rating for his conduct, and was made to return the goods to their rightful owner. I requested Kankonia to send people to ascertain if any slaves were stowed away in the bush; but he insisted that the head of the caravan was well known to him, and that he traded in rubber only. I was inclined to believe him, as each member of the caravan carried a load of rubber. Had it been otherwise, an axe, a sjambok, and in some cases a muzzle-loader would have been their portion.

We had hard work that day, as the streams crossed were very boggy. Two of these had to be corduroyed for a distance of forty or fifty yards on either bank, and to cross a third it was found necessary to fell trees and construct a bridge. By 4.30 we had progressed only nine miles, and as thunder threatened, we camped there and then, being only a short distance from a village called Kambaruru. In the evening eggs and honey were brought by the chief. In a minor way the most fortunate condition under which I travelled through this part of Africa was the facility with which these two luxuries — honey and eggs — could be procured. The Malunda cultivate honey more than any other tribe I have met. In addition to wild honey, they procure a very plentiful supply from bark hives, which they attach to the





The Victoria Falls from the South Bank





branches of trees. It is principally used for the manufacture of beer, by means of fermentation. This, if not over fermented, is a very refreshing and palatable beverage. Every evening I consumed a bottle of beer of my own brewing. The brew was commenced by adding honey and water to a little native beer. Then each night a little would be left in the bottle, and fresh honey and water added. After the heat and shaking of the daily march, as much fermentation as I desired was effected, and the bottle, after cooling for an hour in some neighbouring stream, supplied a pint of refreshing aerated drink. Then again, with the eggs I would make an omelette, which could be converted into a sweet one by the addition of honey, and usually this would be preceded by a roast chicken with sweet potatoes. Thus, I was able to live almost entirely on the country, and not so badly either.

Before starting next morning, Kambururu sent me another present—a fowl, more eggs, meal, and sweet potatoes. As we passed he came out to greet me, and I told him I should like to look round the village. He took me within the stockade, which, as usual, was built on strictly defensive lines, with the huts huddled together in the centre. The old man confided in Fernando that he was not pleased with his present, as I had given him no cap. I expect he had heard of the fez I had given his neighbour, Kankonia, and coveted it. This omission on my part probably accounted for the second present he sent me; and it must have been a disappointment that I sent back cloth instead of the object of his desire. Unfortunately the goods were packed on the donkeys, and this I explained to him. However, the old fellow had acted up to his lights, and I wished to leave him in a contented frame of mind, so directed Fernando to hand over his fez, under promise of a new one that evening. The Malunda chief clapped it on his head with every appearance of satisfaction. He then explained how that the chief who lived on the Lunga River, a short march in front, was a very bad man, for he had shot another man in order to possess

himself of his wife. So David is not without a modern counterpart in this land of Ham!

After another unsatisfactory day's progress, we camped on a small tributary of the Lunga, and here Kambaruru's guides left us and returned to their village; so the following day I took a straight course in the direction I wished to travel, — in this case due east, — as I always did when left to myself. This took us to the village of one Chinambo, whose people, unlike the Malunda passed hitherto, were armed with bows and poisoned arrows. Chinambo was the first Malunda chief I had met who was not subject to Lewanika. His paramount chief was a man named Musungwantandu, who dwelt in the north, and not Kanungesa. Thus, for the first time during the last three thousand miles of the journey, I had overstepped the boundary of Lewanika's dominions. At first these people gave me a wide berth, but shortly got over their shyness. We had arrived at midday, and the tent was only just pitched when a heavy and lasting shower of rain fell. This compelled me to remain quiet, and the rest was not altogether unacceptable.

A few hundred yards from my camp was a large collection of temporary bivouacs, which I calculated must have given shelter to about three hundred souls. These, Chinambo informed me, had been put up and occupied for some days by a "Portuguese" expedition, with whom, he said, was a force of soldiers, who had depleted his village of everything. They had visited the sources of the Mukoleshe, the Lunga, and the Kabompo. This seemed to indicate that the expedition was engaged in frontier work, as the Congo-Zambezi water parting is the treaty limit of the Congo State. If this were really a Portuguese expedition, the puzzle to me was how it had passed from Portuguese West Africa without my obtaining earlier knowledge of its existence, and although Portugal's claims have ever been extravagant in comparison with her power of giving them effect, this activity so far from the base made me marvel.

## CHAPTER XXII

A few remarks about tribes under Lewanika's sovereignty — Only one more to pass — Some already discussed — The Masubia — A fine physique — Unsurpassed as a paddler — Probable kinship with Marotse — Also an expert fisherman and hunter — The Matoka, formerly Batonga — Name changed on loss of freedom — Their miniature cattle and diminutive sheep and goats — The Matotela — The iron workers of the country — The MAKWENGA — An insignificant tribe — The MANKOYA — Hunters of game and persecuted by lions — The MASHIKOLUMBWE — Turbulent, incohesive, depraved, and indolent — Physically good — No clothes — Pride in hair dressing — A splendid country — The BAMASHASHA — Hunters and hospitable — The BAMAKOMA — Old dependents of MAROTSE — The MAMBUNDA — Basket and mat makers — Views of their relationship with Marotse by SERPA PINTO — The Maiye and MAKWENGARI — The rites of matrimony — The MAMPUKUSHU select their brides early — The MAIYE and their game of hide-and-seek — Unceremonious MAKWENGO — MATOKA avarice — The MANKOYA and their infant brides — The MASHIKOLUMBWE do a deal in cattle — Fancy and parental consent prelude marriages of Marotse and MASUBIA — The son-in-law's obligations





## CHAPTER XXII

### TRIBAL MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

HAVING now quitted the whole of the vast dominions under Lewanika's sovereignty, with the exception of the far north-eastern province occupied by the Bakaündi, whose country is discussed in the next chapter, I purpose giving a short account of the principal characteristics of the many tribes which contribute integral parts toward this vast black sovereignty. The travels described in this volume and in "Hunting and Exploration in Central Africa" describe experience relative to every tribe discussed. I have already, with some detail, spoken of the Marotse, the Mampukushu, and Valovale, as in each case matters of more than ordinary importance and interest are involved. I will therefore omit these tribes from the discussion in this chapter, as to include them would entail much repetition. For the same reason one or two of the smaller tribes to whom reference has been made will be left out of account here.

The Masubia are mainly spread over the province to the south of the Zambezi, though Sesheke, their principal town, stands on the north bank of the river. The high-class Musubia is a remarkably fine type of physical manhood, and bears close resemblance to his Marotse brethren. Every free-born Masubia I have seen has been above the average height, frequently a six-footer. He is clean of limb, deep-chested, and athletically proportioned. He is essentially a river man, and in a canoe owns no superior and few equals. In the forest a lower type native of fairly good physique is frequently encountered. A similar being is to be found in every district occupied by the Marotse and Masubia, and I

imagine him to be descended from the earliest extant sons of the soil, with a free admixture of imported slave blood. Besides canoeing, fishing, and the manufacture of pottery, the Masubia is only inferior as a hunter to the wandering Bushman of the forest.

The Matoka, known as Batonga before their subjection by Sebitwane, cover the eastern section of the southern province governed from Sesheke. Prior to the Makololo invasion, they were an independent tribe, ruled by a chief of their own; but on the extermination of their conquerors by the Marotse, the latter assumed sovereignty over them. In Sepopa's reign they tried to throw off the yoke, but were subdued, and since then an unwillingness to send in their tribute has led to frequent punitive expeditions, which have resulted in a very considerable transfer of cattle to the possession of the ruling tribe. The cattle of Butoka, as well as their sheep and goats, are a miniature variety of their counterparts in South Africa. The former often do not exceed thirty-six inches at the shoulder, and the latter carries no more meat than is to be found on the hind leg of a good-sized Hampshire or Leicestershire wether.

The Matotela occupy a large district between Butoka and Burotse on the east and west respectively, and from the fifteenth parallel (roughly) to the Masubia borders in the south. They are the great iron workers of the country, and their traders are to be found long distances from home exchanging the heads of axes, spears, and arrows for skins, grain, and other products.

The Makwenga are a small and insignificant tribe living beyond the northwestern border of the last-named tribe. They are a remnant of the original inhabitants of a larger district.

The Mankoya, who occupy the country north of the fifteenth parallel as far as the southern boundary of Lokwakwa, and to within a short distance of the Kafukwe and Zambezi on the east and west, are a primitive people of quiet disposition. Hunting is their specialty. Lions have been particularly aggressive in this country, and to protect themselves from a

too close contact with the king of beasts, the people surround their villages with palisades.

The Mashikolumbwe line the Kafukwe on both banks from 40 miles above the cataracts to as far north as  $15^{\circ}$  south latitude. They are a turbulent people, split up into many small chieftainships, independent one of the other, but each, excepting the more remote, owing allegiance to Lewanika. While I was in Lialui a deputation from one tribe came in to complain that a neighbouring chieftainship had attacked their village, and invoking their lord's displeasure on the heads of their enemies. Physically speaking, these rascals are above the average, but morally, they are depraved and indolent. When in '96 I found these savages living on wild roots as a result of the failure of a second year's crops, owing to the depredations of locusts, I also found them dwelling in a country teeming with game which they were too lazy to hunt; and when on my little hunting excursions I relied on them to find and spoor my game, I also found myself for the first and only time in my experience superior to the native inhabitants in both these arts. In the matter of clothes the Mashikolumbwe cannot be said to err on the side of profusion — something in the nature of a bootlace with a bead or two, or an antelope's horn slung round the neck, is all they wear. On their hair they lavish more attention. With the exception of a round patch on the upper back part of the head, the hair is shaved off. The wool thus left to grow is intermingled with grease, gum, and the hair of their wives, whose heads are clean-shaven, and worked into a hard, semi-spherical chignon. This remains until it has become the resort of more life than the wearer feels disposed to countenance. Then the whole fabric is discarded, and a new one is grown in its place. The four central upper teeth and all the back ones of the lower jaw are removed during childhood. Their dentistry is crude in character. The pointed end of an axe-head is placed against the tooth, a stone is applied to the farther extremity, and the teeth are one by one broken off at the root. Living in one of the finest countries within my experience,

these wretched savages strike the traveller, as he wanders over the high, well-watered plateau on which they are a blemish, as being the most undesirable people with whom chance has brought him in contact. Their cattle are similar to those of the Matoka.

The Bamashasha is a small tribe occupying the Kafukwe districts to the north, and, like the Mankoya, are a hunting tribe. To the traveller they are well-disposed and hospitable.

The Bamakoma occupy the country immediately to the west of Burotse, their theoretical boundary in the west being the Kuti River. Mambunda, Vachibokwe, and Valuchasi immigrants have, however, settled in the western districts, and among them, few, if any, of the people of the country are to be found. My chief recollection of the Bamakoma lies in the fact that I was always able to procure as many eggs as my appetite could appreciate. In their country I largely subsisted on omelettes and fried eggs—I never risked a boiled one—and my bread was tempered with eggs. They are probably ranked with the oldest dependents of the Marotse chieftains.

Of the scattered Mambunda tribe much has already been said. Basket and mat making is their specialty. The southern section of the tribe is divided into small chieftainships, which individually owe allegiance to Lewanika. The northerners are rather more cohesive than those of the south, being held together by their chief, Katonga-tonga, who is frequently to be found doing homage to his sovereign at Lialui. Their connection with the Marotse dates back several generations, and is in the nature of an amalgamation, not a conquest. The Portuguese explorer, Serpa Pinto, fully recognises the political relationship, when he refers to what in this book is spoken of as Marotseland, as the Marotse-Mambunda empire.

The Maiye, who are great mat and basket workers, and the Makwengari, who have little to their credit, are not in themselves under the Marotse, though many of the former are to be found within the border in the Linyante district, and a small section of the latter have in recent years settled on the left bank of the Kwito.

I was able to collect information on a few of the preliminaries to the matrimonial state as they obtain in different tribes. They go to prove that the popular notion that wives are merely bought and sold in Africa, is not altogether in accordance with fact. I very much doubt whether, having a view to many of the considerations which characterise matrimonial alliances in civilised communities, the principle of barter is more common among black people than among white.

The Mampukushu youth has his eye on his future consort long before she enters on her domestic duties. When she is but two or three years of age, the aspirant to her hand settles matters with the girl's parents. If accepted, he repairs, with axe and hoe, to his prospective father-in-law's gardens, and performs a term of labour to seal the contract. When the young lady attains the age of puberty, the lengthy betrothal is carried into effect.

The Marýe takes beads to the mother of the girl. Acceptance of the present means assent to the match, but a loophole for escape is left open to the young lady when the day of matrimony arrives. Her accepted suitor furnishes himself with three days' provisions for two, and repairs to the girl's home. She then wanders into the bush, and time sufficient to allow of her getting well away is given, before her young man is sent off in search. A game of hide-and-seek now takes place, and if the young lady evades capture and reënters her father's home alone, after a stated period has elapsed, there is no marriage. If, on the other hand, the seeker discovers the hiding-place of the hider, the two remain alone for three days, amid the sanctity of nature, and effect is given to matrimony. I imagine, in spite of the vast extent of the African forest, and its many nooks and hiding-places, the young lady is discovered much oftener than some might consider possible. After matrimony the father-in-law gives a hoe and an axe to his son-in-law, who settles at the village of the former, and becomes a member of his family—a reversal of the European condition.

On inquiring of Litsolo what forms the Makwengo go

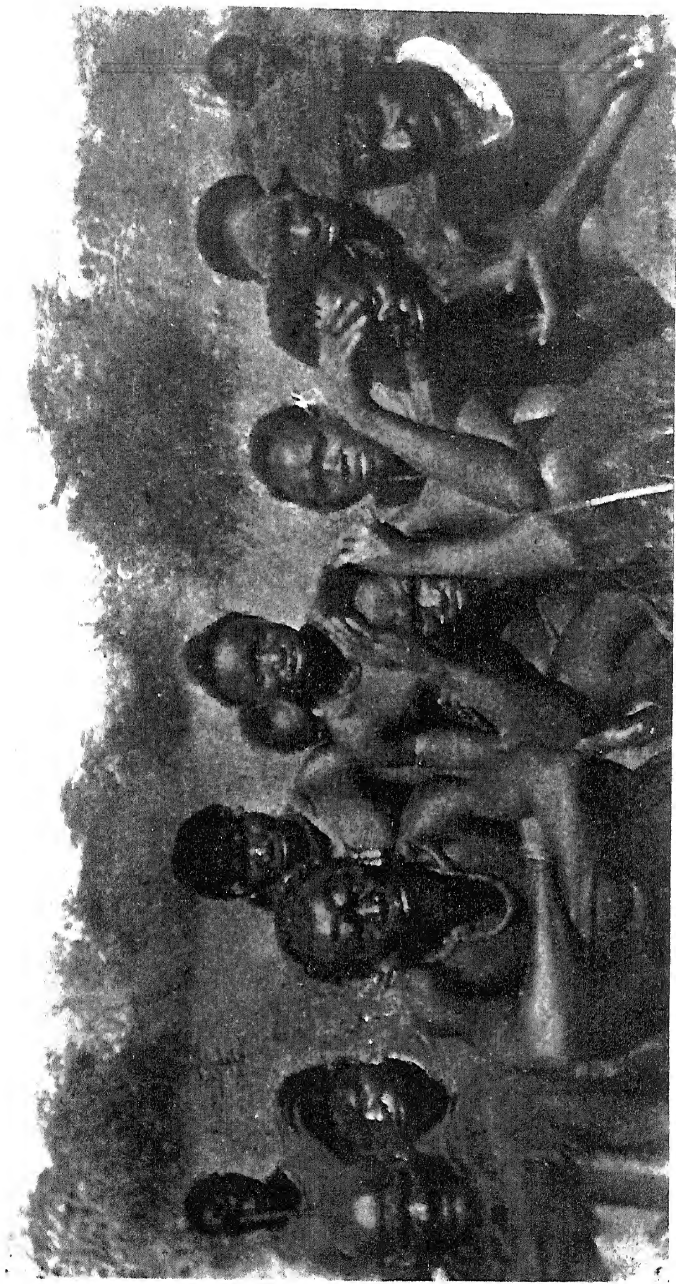
through in the matter of betrothal and matrimony, he put the question to a group of these people. All the ladies of the party immediately rose and left. They evidently surmised that the motive which prompted my question was personal, and it is to be assumed from the way it was received, that the white man did not offer sufficient attraction. Litsolo then went on to explain that these were not trammelled with ceremony. If a man wants a wife, the consent of those interested is alone consulted. Nothing material passes between son-in-law and father-in-law, because they have nothing to give or take, unless it be an odd snake or a basket of nuts. The Matoka wants everything he can get before he gives his daughter away. The day before a young man aspires to a woman's hand, he brings hoes to his would-be mother-in-law. The young woman then goes a short distance away in the direction of the aspirant's home, and there she stands. The man's relations then bring beads or other treasures, and lay them at the woman's feet. Her father picks them up. The daughter advances a few steps farther, and more presents for the father are laid before her, and so on until the bridegroom's house is reached. A last present is then given and the wedding is binding.

The Mankoya, like the Mampukushu, becomes betrothed during the infancy of his wife, and, like him, works in her father's gardens. Between the days of betrothal and matrimony he constantly brings meat earned in the hunting-field, as well as other little luxuries, to the girl's family, claiming her hand when she reaches a marriageable age.

The Mashikolumbwe are great cattle-dealers.

With the Marotse marriage is simply a question of attachment, though usually on the day the bridegroom takes his bride to his home he gives a present to her father. Since the Makololo days they have adopted the custom of their quondam conquerors in killing an ox and feasting their fellow-villagers. The son-in-law is expected to carry his father-in-law's blankets when the old gentleman goes on a journey.

The Masubia and Marotse are identical in this respect.



Group of Mampukushu





## CHAPTER XXIII

Three weeks and two hundred miles as a donkey driver — Improvement of donkeys — A circuitous path — The LUNGA in darkness — Parent stream or tributary — A heavy downpour — Camp on the MASHILA River — Elephants in neighbourhood — Myriads of bats — The Mashila crossed — First of successive troubles — Determined attack on donkeys by bees — Dismal prospects — All the donkeys break away — Search — Old buffalo bull shot — Four donkeys recovered — The fifth recovered next day — Five unhappy, swollen-headed quadrupeds — Compensation in honey — A day's tailoring — Fine open downs — Zebra, buffalo, and oribi — SABOU loses himself — Brought in by natives next day — A bad cold — The donkeys wander into the darkness — A death bray — Killed by lions — Vengeance fails — Five loads packed into four — A beautiful rivulet — Rudely awakened — Bluff outbluffed — The death of donkey number two — The lion followed up — His subsequent boldness — Missed — We lie in wait — He comes again — Noisy boys — He waits till dark — A noble animal — In defence of Landseer — An awkward shot — Another chance — "Shueli" — An ill-deserved trophy — Battles of the past — Skin and head measurements



## CHAPTER XXIII

### BAGGING A LION

It was now the 30th of October. The three weeks which had elapsed since the ease of canoe travelling had been exchanged for the slow, tedious progress of the "donkey driver" had seemed double that time; still, by dint of long marches and hard work, about two hundred miles had been covered, which under the circumstances was not unsatisfactory. Furthermore, the donkeys, in spite of their heavy loads, had improved in condition and tractability.

The local guides engaged for the day from Chinambo were taking us in an almost southwesterly direction, which did not seem to me a desirable course for the accomplishment of a northeasterly journey. In answer to my protest that we wished to travel in the opposite direction, they assured me that the path we were taking was correct. I deemed it advisable to acquiesce, though frequently it occurs that the journey is materially protracted through some deep-hidden motive, such as the desire to parade the white men before a friendly chief, or to deprive a rival of the opportunity of receiving presents from the coveted goods of Europe.

It was already dark when the guides suggested a halt near what appeared to be a considerable stream. This proved to be the Lunga, and on examination the following morning we found a river twenty yards wide, waist deep, and swift in current. This river, according to native report, takes a semi-circular course, and rises almost within stone-throw of the Kabompo source. Judging from its size and estimating its length by comparison with other rivers of the district, we were probably twenty-five or thirty miles below its source—

about the distance required to give colour to the native description. Though the Lunga, in accordance with native nomenclature, is tributary to the Kabompo, in my judgment the order should be reversed. It is not only the longer, but is also a larger river, and Major Quicke's observation nearer the confluence led him to regard this as the parent stream.

The crossing being effected without difficulty, the journey was continued eastwards, but no longer under native guidance. In four or five miles we were checked by a heavy downpour of rain, which continued throughout the day. To keep things dry the tent was pitched on the banks of the Mashila, where an easterly course had placed us. This river is an affluent of the Lunga, and of about equal volume, though the steep, deep-cut banks rendered its crossing by donkeys impracticable. There was much elephant spoor here, and I longed to treat myself to a week's sport, but in the absence of means to carry ivory, to kill would have been wanton and unsportsmanlike.

After sunset next evening, as we were tracing the course of the river, I witnessed a most striking sight. Before the light waned the upper branches of the tall trees along the river were seen to be blackened by hanging objects bearing the appearance of huge dried leaves. As the sun sank below the horizon, the air above was filled with many thousands of bats having a wing measurement of about eighteen inches from tip to tip. I endeavoured to secure a specimen by a long shot, but they would not give me a fair chance, and continued to flit about immediately out of range. Next evening, when six miles farther up the river, myriads of these mammals passed overhead once more, but this time on "trek." One can imagine that the food supply of a district would soon be exhausted under the demand of such countless foragers, so probably these were the congregated hosts of the previous evening quitting their old haunts in search of pastures new.

Next morning we effected a crossing of the Mashila, and had trekked some two hours when a serious occurrence overtook us. We were within two hundred yards of rounding the

impenetrable strip of tree, undergrowth, and creeper which characterises the sources of all rivers in this district, when the sudden crackling of underwood and splashing of water told us that an elephant had been rudely disturbed by our approach, and had made his way across the rivulet. The donkeys were hurried round the obstructing bush, and preparations were made to follow the ponderous brute that had roused the hunter's instincts within me by his near presence.

One donkey was a habitual wanderer and seemed to take a pleasure in leading his fellows astray, so he was secured to a sapling by a long "reim." In his anxiety to be at his old tricks, he gave a succession of determined tugs at his tether, shaking the tree in his efforts to be free. The result was not as he desired, for suddenly a loud buzzing was heard, and the boys were seen bolting as for dear life. Myriads of enraged bees were on the war-path, and in a moment the head of the hapless donkey was almost obscured in a living cloud. In an agony of fear and pain the unhappy brute plunged forward, the "reim," softened by rain, snapped, and away he galloped. His mad career led him past the other donkeys, and relieved him of many of his tormentors at their expense. Simultaneously they all dashed off in different directions, and in vain did the boys and myself exert ourselves to keep them within bounds. I had not deemed it possible for donkeys to move so swiftly and so freely before witnessing this unfortunate occurrence. Now one of the maddened animals would dash through a bush in an effort to baffle his tormentors, next he would throw himself on the ground and seek relief by rolling, but do what he would, the bees were always with him. One by one the persecuted beasts broke away, until the last had disappeared from view. The serious dilemma all this might lead to now fully dawned on me. A few moments earlier it had been a question as to whether I could find room for a couple of elephant tusks; now it seemed possible, almost probable, that I was to be deprived of the whole of my transport, and that, too, in a country where it would be impossible to find substitutes — human and otherwise. The nearest

place where porters were procurable was Nanakandundu, two hundred miles away, and from there experience had shown me not a boy would enter this country. Even if I were fortunate enough to recover my donkeys, I was well aware that these persistent little insects had frequently done to death both man and animal. Thus the chase of the elephant had degenerated into a donkey hunt. Fernando accompanied me in one direction, while the other three boys were sent out independently. The tracks twisted and turned at all angles, and it was with great difficulty that we kept the spoor for some distance, when on reaching hard ground we lost it altogether and returned unsuccessful. However, one animal had been brought in by the other boys, and a fire was lighted to stupefy the few bees that still haunted the poor brute. On examining the broken "reim," which in its softened condition was easily penetrable, it was found to be studded with stings as closely as thorns on a brier. Leaving one boy in charge, we again separated, Fernando remaining with me as before. My idea was to trace the main stream some little distance, and then take a circular route round the camp, with a view to cutting the spoor.

After the first mile something was to be seen moving beyond a clump of bush.

"Bongola," ejaculated Fernando; but instead of a donkey, an old buffalo bull broke cover and lumbered across our front. I placed a bullet behind the shoulder he so rashly exposed, and down he came. At least we now had meat enough to keep five bodies and souls together for some days. It being easier to move camp to the meat than *vice versa*, we retraced our steps to set the goods in motion, expecting that four or five journeys backward and forward would suffice. As luck would have it, the whole affair was settled in one, for to my relief four of the donkeys had been recovered. The animal whose passion for liberty had caused the trouble was still absent, but on the following afternoon he also was brought in, and five unhappy, swollen-headed quadrupeds moped around the camp. The poor

beasts were literally covered with stings, and their appearance augured ill for the remaining six hundred miles to be travelled before we could reach the first Belgian station in the southeast of the Congo State. That evening I despatched the boys to bring in the honey which presumably existed in the tree the unfortunate ass had shaken with such unpleasant consequences to all concerned. The result was nearly a bucketful of good honey—inadequate compensation, but better than nothing at all!

As I had lately been in daily dread lest what remained of my only pair of travelling breeches should fall away altogether, I utilised the delay by encasing the remains in a layer of limbo. Though the result would scarcely have been a becoming costume for Piccadilly or the Park, it served its purpose admirably.

On the 5th of November, after two days' rest, the donkeys were once more set in motion. The country was good for travelling, and an excellent day's work of nearly twenty miles was accomplished. The latter part of the march was over grassy downs, studded here and there with clumps of trees, lining the first few hundred yards of many streams which have their origin on this high ridge. Two small troops of zebra and about a score of buffalo, as well as the elegant little oribi which rose from time to time from the long grass and bounded lightly away, gave evidence that this open grass veldt was a favourite resort of game. The air was bracing, as would be expected at an altitude of five thousand feet above the sea-level, and this fact, coupled with the excellent quality of the pasturage, seems to mark out this district as one which will be much sought after when the ever-advancing colonising wave from the south breaks over these northern limits of Rhodesia.

Sabou, who during the march had lagged behind for some reason best known to himself, did not put in an appearance that night. It is a poor native—or white man for the matter of that—who cannot track five donkeys through such a country; but I do not believe this boy could follow the

spoor of a traction engine for a couple of miles without losing his way. Next morning he was still absent, so, sending two of his fellows to look for him, I took a solitary walk over the downs to examine the adjacent country. On my return to camp, the missing one and two strange natives were there. The boy had wandered about all night and until after day-break, when he fell in with the two natives, who consented to bring him into camp, under promise of a present from his master on delivery.

From the natives I gleaned that the river in which the numerous small streams within eyesight combined was the Mafunda, a tributary of the Kabompo, which was only a day's march in front. Not getting off till noon, and being compelled to camp after three hours' marching with the alternative of getting wet through, we did only seven miles that day.

I have had many wettings in Africa during my wanderings of the past ten years, yet such are the conditions of the healthy, open-air life the traveller leads, that until now I never recollect suffering from even so much as a slight cold in consequence. Now, however, I developed a regular English cold in the head and throat, with something of a temperature thrown in. To the consequent physical depression there was to be added a bitter pill, which combined to press on me the possibilities—or impossibilities—of the future. We had scored off another dozen miles, and were encamped near a small tributary of the Kabompo on the succeeding night. Corn being unprocurable, it was essential to give the donkeys as much opportunity for grazing as possible, and consequently they were never tied till the last rays of daylight were disappearing. On this occasion, one boy or the other had been sent out constantly to see that the animals had not wandered, yet when I gave the order for them to be tied, they were searched for in vain. The night being dark and cloudy, the only course left open was to leave them to their own devices till the return of daylight. A couple of hours later, as I lay speculating on the possibility of their



escaping the vigilance of some prowling beast of prey, an agonised bray from a distance rent the still night air.

"Pandora" (lion), I ejaculated.

"Eh, pandora," responded Fernando, gloomily.

This excellent boy was out looking for the lost donkeys some time before I awoke, and, crawling out of my tent at sunrise, I saw him approaching with four of them. He brought the information that one had been killed by lions.

The boy guided me to the carcase, where the ground showed the spoor of a lion, a lioness, and two or three half-grown cubs. The belly of the donkey was entirely missing, and both hind legs had been torn away and removed. Since there was no sign even of a chip of bone, it is probable that the adult animals had taken the legs with them for the general sustenance and amusement of their young family. We followed the spoor some distance, but as the ground became hard and gravelly it was entirely lost. There being no tree in which I could conceal myself for a night or early morning shot, my first intention was to erect a "schirm" of boughs in which to await the return of the troop; but when later in the day a steady rain set in, I abandoned the project as not being conducive to the cure of a bad cold, and compromised matters by sitting behind a bush from four o'clock till dark. Under ordinary circumstances this should have been the hour of the visit, which usually is paid to the "kill" about sundown, when the game has been done to death in the early part of the previous night, though in this instance I rather expected the meat that had been carried away would keep them in their lair till morning. Before the sun rose a further attempt was made, but this time I was apparently just too late. They had been at the carcase again, and more than likely had detected my approach and decamped.

The five loads had now to be packed into four, which made each about as heavy as it had been originally, and consequently heavier than was desirable; yet we managed to do a fair day's march. Toward evening a man with a woman and child appeared on the path in front of us, but

fled at sight. The man, however, on being reassured, returned and led us to his village, Chifweka, which stands near the Kaseka, a small tributary of the Kabompo. Here we remained for the night. The natives told me of a white man who with five boys had passed through a village lower down the Kabompo. This I concluded must be Captain Quicke, and although I very much regretted that the unavoidable protraction of my journey had prevented our meeting, I was relieved to know that he had passed this point in safety. For the rest, my own experience showed that he would meet with no hostility at the hands of the natives between here and Nyakatoro, from which place to the coast the route is as safe as that from London to York. I subsequently learned that Captain Quicke had left Muyanga, eighty miles to the south, a couple of weeks earlier. The Kabompo was said to have its source a day's journey to the north of the village, and would be crossed by an easterly route after a short march. This latter statement proved to be true, and judging from the size of the river where we crossed it, the distance assigned to its source by the natives must be substantially correct; and thus colour is given to the statement of the people of Chinambe that the Lunga and Kabompo are separated at their sources by only a single undulation. The banks being clean-cut, and five or six feet high, the packs were carried across an impromptu bridge made from a fallen tree, and the donkeys, after being pushed down the one bank, very much against their inclinations, were hauled up the other by means of a rope.

That evening camp was made near a beautiful rivulet, replete in vegetation, which separates two steep grassy undulations interspersed here and there with trees and huge ant-heaps. The tent was pitched beneath the shade of a large forest tree, the boys made their "schirm" ten yards away, and the donkeys were tied between these two points. Before turning in I satisfied myself that a good fire burned in the entrance to the "schirm" and that all was secure. A couple of hours later, however, I was rudely awakened by a great

hubbub and scuffling immediately outside my tent, which brought me to my feet, rifle in hand.

"Hey! what's there?"

"Skelem."

"Damn!" — and the conversation ended.

Firing a couple of shots in the hope of scaring the marauder, I lighted the lamp and examined the situation. One donkey had broken away and was missing, — the remaining three, donkey-like, stood in their places, showing no visible signs of excitement. Apparently the brute knew what he was about, and had no intention of killing his animal till space separated his victim from its human protectors.

The deed had not yet been done. Could the donkey be saved?

It was a dark, drizzling night, and not at all favourable for night shooting, and we were further handicapped by undergrowth rising to the knees. But I hoped bluff would succeed in this instance, as it so often does in all lines of action. Giving the Mauser to Fernando and the lamp to Inchanga, who was instructed to hold it above my right shoulder, I moved slowly forward, with lowered rifle, in the direction from which there came a sound of movement. I had not proceeded ten yards when a threatening growl rose from the undergrowth at my very feet, yet so well was the lion concealed that nothing could be seen of him in the dim candle-light. To advance in face of that protest would have been an act of madness. Some one had to retire, and in the circumstances I felt called upon to take the initiative. My bluff had been outbluffed. Keeping my two barrels ready for an emergency and my face toward the hidden enemy, I moved slowly backward until under cover of the tent. Then firing both barrels in the direction of the growl, on the chance of hitting the growler, with the sole result that he growled once more, I awaited further developments which I felt powerless to avert. Presently the heavy thuds of a charging lion were immediately followed by the death bray of the unfortunate donkey,

and I knew that the number had been reduced to three. And this was my birthday! the day on which, in the years of childhood, I had been accustomed to pleasant surprises. How times had altered with the progress of years!

Rolling myself in my blankets, I soon fell asleep, after giving the boys instructions to call me at grey dawn. But they did not. They overslept themselves and so did I. However, on examining the carcase, which had been dragged a hundred yards from camp, it was plain that the lion had not visited the "kill" that morning, and had only indulged in a mere *souppçon* on the previous night.

Everything that had occurred the night before could now be distinctly read on the veldt. The deep impress of the brute's paws, as he made his fatal charge, and the vegetation crushed down under the weight of slayer and victim, were to be seen within thirty yards of the tent, and from here was the track left by the carcase to where it had been dragged. The *coup de grâce* had been delivered in the usual way—springing on the donkey's back, the marauder had closed his powerful jaws on the nape of the neck, and death had been instantaneous. The habits of lions in districts far beyond the range of white hunters vary in some degree from those of their less fortunate fellows. In such countries they assume the air and movements of animals accustomed to consider themselves masters of the situation. The elephant and the rhinoceros may be said to be the only animals exempt from his tyranny, although the latter has been known to be robbed of her young by this voracious beast. No one can look on the massive, stolid bulk of the wild elephant without feeling that he has some claim to the title of "king of beasts," but his supremacy is but passive in character; and after all, the African native, who seldom can muster up courage enough to attack the lion, will spend days on the trail of a herd of elephants. No; though the worried lion of the more trampled districts may sometimes act as though discretion were the better part of valour, and seek by flight to increase the interval between himself and the white

man's rifle, or may prefer to hunt and eat under cover of darkness, yet his ancestor of the days when he earned his title, and those that to-day roam through the wide unvandalised forests of the far interior, are not misnamed when spoken of as "kings of beasts."

Having a view to the fact that this lion had probably never been hunted before, and certainly not by white men, I expected he would return to his meat at about five o'clock in the afternoon. More in order to ascertain the direction from which he might be expected to approach the carcass than from any hope of being able to bring him to book at this hour for the wrong he had done me, I followed the tracks left by him on the previous night. In about half a mile the spoor led us to a collection of boulders, overgrown with stunted scrub, which continued down a steep slope leading to the stream. I have no doubt it was in this fastness that the enemy spent his leisure moments. After a close examination of the many recesses and hiding-places among the rocks, without any other result than that in one place we smelt a strong smell of the lion we could not see, we returned to camp, there to await an opportunity for a personal interview in the cool of the evening. Our friend, however, was even more confiding than I had expected, for an hour and a half later—9 o'clock A.M.—Fernando crept toward me with the information that the "skelem" was eating the donkey. I could scarcely credit the news, but on looking round, one of the dead donkey's hind legs could be seen swaying to and fro as the lion gnawed the flesh at its base—and this within sight of camp, and only one hundred yards from my chattering boys! I moved a little to the left, from where the point of the lion's shoulder could just be seen above the grass. Instead of crawling nearer and reducing the chance of success to something near a certainty, I very foolishly lowered my aim a little and fired. The disturbed animal, quite unhurt, stood up for a moment, then turned and cantered slowly away—nor did a shot I sent after him do him more harm than the previous one.

Angry with myself, and annoyed at my bad shooting, I felt that I had thrown away a chance and probably given the lion a hint that he had better not attempt another meal till after dark.

During the day the reduction of the loads was seriously taken into consideration—everything eatable excepting tea, condensed milk, meal, and the barest necessities was given to the boys for immediate consumption. Something under one hundred rounds of the heavy cartridges were put aside for future use, with a greater quantity of the light Mauser ammunition, while the remainder was collected into a heap, with a few books, etc., which had perforce to be left behind.

At five o'clock, after admonishing the boys in camp to remain perfectly quiet until my return, I took cover with Fernando behind a huge ant-heap which stood within fifty yards of the dead donkey. The top of the ant-heap was crowned with low scrub, through which we could see without being seen. Whilst I kept a lookout in the direction from which the lion should approach, Fernando watched the country to the left, the camp being on the right. Barely twenty minutes had elapsed when a gentle touch from Fernando attracted my attention. Following the direction indicated by his eyes, I saw a large, well-developed, maneless lion standing about 150 yards away, as, all on the *qui vive*, he scanned the space in front of him. Fernando, who, having a view of the position of the lion, was only partially obscured, pressed himself to the ground and remained motionless whilst I watched his movements through my screen of scrub. No wonder lions are rarely seen, even where plentiful, if we may judge from this representative of their race. He was to be tempted into no rash haste, and did not intend undergoing any risk if he could help it. There he stood, sniffing the air, and searching every quarter with his keen, well-trained eyes. Fortunately the wind was right, and he had not as yet given minute attention to the ant-heap, or he might have noticed Fernando's black back. For a moment he turned his head over his far shoulder, and in that moment my touch gave the hint for the boy to conceal himself effectively.

Having at last satisfied himself that the road was clear, he walked slowly forward, halting occasionally still further to examine the situation. At length he stood sixty yards to my left front, and his long, massive body and dignified bearing invested him with a most imposing presence. The next advance should bring him within thirty yards of my front, and as he moved forward, I congratulated myself on the success of my plan of campaign. But lo! the rattling of cooking-pots in camp brought him to an abrupt standstill. Those wretched boys! how I anathematised them!—and Fernando literally shook with suppressed rage. After giving himself a few moments to grasp the situation, the lion lazily sat himself down, and what was specially exasperating was that he had been checked in a place to which I could only direct my aim in a most constrained position. Evidently he had decided that after all there was no great hurry, since it would be dark in half an hour. I had a long opportunity of studying his noble bearing, and the position he had assumed recalled to my mind Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square, and a criticism on them which I had seen in print a few years earlier. The critic, for some reason best known to himself, first took exception to the lions holding their heads erect, and then contended that, being cats, they do not rest with their fore legs apart, but throw the one paw over the other. Why in his attempt to prove that the great artist, in place of representing, had idealised his subject, he should have thus dogmatically restricted the lion's freedom of movement is difficult to understand; but one thing is certain, had the gentleman been in my place on this occasion, he would have seen a lion which in position supplied an exact counterpart of those magnificent designs by our greatest animal artist, while his facial expression betrayed the same air of conscious dignity.

I watched and admired this noble brute for fully half an hour, hoping against hope that the thoughts of his prospective meal—and of all flesh the lion loves the donkey's best—would tempt him on before daylight was gone.

As the light waned under the fleeting African twilight, I

saw I must make the best of my opportunity ; so, screwing my shoulders round, and taking aim as best I could, I fired. Up sprang the lion and bounded away, still unscathed. Knowing that not having seen me he would not go far before standing to solve the mystery of this sudden interference with his meditations, I stood up and prepared if possible to redeem the errors of the past. At a hundred yards he gave me my chance, and I fired at the elbow he exposed. As he examined his wounded side he growled, and then retreated. His hind quarters swayed from side to side, and showed that they could not carry him far. "Shueli" (dead), muttered Fernando complacently, as the stricken animal disappeared in the bush. We followed to another ant-heap near, the base of which he had passed, but as it was now all but dark, it was impossible to take the spoor. Still, while straining our eyes for some sign of the fallen foe, a gurgling groan rose from the undergrowth not many yards away, and some sixty or seventy yards from where he had received the ball, so I returned to camp, conscious of two things—first, that the marauder had paid for his depredations with his skin, and secondly, that I had never deserved a trophy less.

In the early morning he was measured and skinned. His right flank bore evidence of a desperate struggle which must have been with another of his kind, and had probably taken place more than a year before. Deep claw and teeth marks on the black, hairless skin which extended over the shoulder and half the flank on the right side, told how severely he must have suffered.

His length was one-eighth of an inch under 9 feet, and the forehead measurement was 2 feet  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches.





Dead Lion



## CHAPTER XXIV

Insufficient transport — The discarding of supplies incumbent — Strength of donkeys failing — Effect of the bee-stings — MUALABA crossed — First BAKAÜNDI village — A twofold correction — Fly belt entered — Aspect of country alters — A donkey becomes blind — A gloomy outlook and a frugal meal — Unexpected appearance of a white man — "Mission Scientifique du KATANGA" — Lonzago expected — Congolese Governour-general's courtesy — Monsieur Lemaire's call — His kind invitation — We move to the Congolese camp — Loyal toasts — A complete change of circumstances — Personnel of expedition — Lunar observations — A highly satisfactory result — Author's method of working — We move along the watershed — The LUALABA springs — Cloudy nights — A rapid descent — Antelopes as engineers — The Muemuashe River — The dividing line between spheres — Friendly rivalry — Great Britain's advantage — Wild raspberries — The KAFUKWE system — Mortality amongst porters — Funeral of native soldier — His past record — The Lufira River — Katanga copper — Portuguese and Arab slave traders — More lunar observations — Our work agrees — An explorer's latitude — Fraudulent map-making



## CHAPTER XXIV

### A FORTUNATE MEETING

WHILE the lion skin was drying, my time was occupied in collecting everything that was not indispensable to subsistence and geographical research. All but about seventy rounds of the heavy sixteen-bore ammunition was put on one side to be discarded, a fair supply of the lighter Mauser cartridges being retained. All tinned provisions which the boys were unable to consume at a sitting, one or two books, and other odds and ends, were added to the condemned ammunition and buried in the ground. Everything else was made up into three packs, and the next morning, 12th of November, the surviving donkeys were driven slowly forward. The three days' rest seemed to have done them no good, for ever since the unfortunate bee incident they had lost flesh and spirit day by day. The animal which had been most severely punished especially showed signs of giving out. He had scarce a hair left on head, neck, or back, and the countless pustules resulting from the stings showed no signs of subsiding.

Two days of tedious marching brought us to a river with deep-cut, wooded banks about forty feet apart. This was crossed with some difficulty, and the tent was pitched on the opposite bank near a Bakaüнди village—the first encountered since leaving the Malunda village Chifweka. The river, according to the natives, was a "child" of the Lualaba, and is known by them as the Mualaba. This is evidently the river which, by reason of the similarity of its name to that of the main river of which it is an affluent, was taken to be the Lualaba by Capello and Ivens. These explorers also added about sixty miles to its course, making

it rise near  $13^{\circ}$  south latitude, whereas in reality it has its source a short distance to the north of the twelfth parallel. This error is responsible for the great tongue of yellow penetrating far into British red on the maps, an incongruity which will be expunged from future maps.

We now entered a tsetse fly belt; the donkeys were severely bitten, and I was set speculating as to how much longer their services would be at my disposal. Of one thing I was certain — that they would give out long before we could reach the Belgian station in Katanga, which, so far as I could judge, must be four hundred miles away.

The country immediately to the east of the Mualaba is very different in character from that left behind. Traversing a valley eight miles wide, and wooded by a few scattered saplings only, but with thick under-vegetation growing on the rich red soil, we ascended the opposite incline to where a small circular lake, six hundred yards in diameter, lies at the base of a depression in high ground. Near this lake — Pembele, — the “Portuguese” expedition had been encamped. We now passed through an open, slightly undulating country, in which white limestone cropped up extensively above the red earth surface. It was here that my attention was attracted to the donkey most severely bitten by the bees, by the fact that he continually left the track and constantly collided with trees and stones. On examination I discovered that the poor brute had lost the use of both eyes, and for the remainder of the march a boy was told off to lead him. It is not surprising that as a frugal meal of soup thickened with rice was being prepared that evening, the extremity of my position caused me more thought than usual. Things looked their gloomiest, and I was already contemplating a four-hundred-mile march with two boys in order to procure porters to bring on the remaining two boys, whom I proposed leaving in a permanent camp to take charge of my equipment. The ink with which I had transferred my gloomy forebodings to the pages of my diary was not yet dry when my attention was attracted by the sound of footsteps from

behind. Looking round, my surprise may be imagined on beholding a white man within five yards of where I sat. The newcomer — a man of about forty-five, with grizzly beard and under the average height — was just rounding the corner of my tent as I turned my head. The whole circumstance of his appearance seemed to savour of an incident common indeed in the world of fiction, but proportionately rare in real life. Evidently my good fortune had not deserted me, for this is by no means the first time I have had occasion to be grateful for unexpected and unaccountable relief when I have judged my affairs to be *in extremis*.

Evidently my visitor was a member of the expedition which I imagined had passed through weeks before me. The greeting was cordial, and I placed him in my little folding chair — one of the two luxuries I carried with me, the other being a bottle of whiskey which had remained inviolate throughout the journey, but whose day for use had arrived; so out came the cork, and we drank one another's health without waste of time.

"My name is Michel," said my friend in broken English. "I am a member of the 'Mission Scientifique du Katanga.' A boy who passed you just now told our commandant, M. Lemaire, of the presence here of a white man, and being himself laid up with a sore foot, he has sent me to greet you."

I returned thanks, and he continued: "Where is your camp? Is it far from here?"

I smiled, and answered that he was already at my camp.

"Is this all? But where are your boys?" and I pointed to my four faithfuls.

I could see he was puzzled at what must have appeared to any one unacquainted with the ways and methods of Englishmen, a very quaint expedition — for it is only Englishmen who wander through remote regions without armed escort and a substantial following. When we were no longer strangers to one another, M. Michel informed me that my "get up" appealed to him almost more than the rest of my surroundings, and well it might — a trade shirt, home-

made "shorts" cut well above the knee, with arms and legs bare and bronzed, are very unusual to the foreigner's "kit." I have never seen the Belgian, the Frenchman, the German, or the Portuguese who did not adopt the more luxurious methods of travel. They walk not, if they have bearer or beast to carry them. The firearm to them is merely a weapon of defence and offence. Headgear and clothes are specially designed to defeat the most modest of the sun's rays. One seldom sees the foreigner in Africa with a bronzed face or the Englishman with a pale, pasty complexion. Far be it from me to sneer at the more comfortable ways of others. It would be mere affectation on my part to assert that I prefer discomfort to comfort, and until cut off from supplies, my own expedition was equipped with an eye to reasonable comfort; but I do think that too luxurious a caravan, a large armed following, and excessive coddling are not conducive to much work, good work, desirable relations with the native inhabitants, or the full vigour of health. M. Michel proceeded to invite me in the name of his chief to make myself at home at his camp, which was two miles away. I thanked him for his courtesy, and replied that I would move on first thing in the morning. It then occurred to me that I had not given my name to my visitor, so I handed him a card from my writing-case.

M. Michel sprang to his feet, and exclaimed with some show of surprise: "It is the Major Gibbons!" (the surname and rank, with a French pronunciation). "Why, they have been expecting you in Katanga for months. But how do you come to be travelling like this? What has become of the rest of your expedition?"

I explained to my friend the circumstances which led to what must have appeared to him a sad come-down in the world, and inquired of him how the authorities at Katanga came to be expecting a visit from a humble donkey driver. He laughed and told me that the Governor-general of the State had sent instructions to the headquarters station to the effect that if my expedition should pass through the district,



its interests were to be furthered in every possible manner. It can be readily understood how deeply I appreciated this graceful act of courtesy on the part of the Governor-general, and it will be seen how thoroughly his Excellency's wishes were complied with during the ensuing few weeks. As the packs were being adjusted next morning, M. Lemaire was brought in, and introduced himself as a lieutenant in the Belgian Artillery, and commandant of the expedition referred to above. It transpired that he was also defining the watershed, and that his immediate destination was the headquarters station of Katanga, which was being moved from Lufoi to Lukafu. He very kindly insisted on my joining forces with him, and assured me he had porters whose loads had been consumed, and who could profitably be employed in carrying my effects. I thanked him profusely, and finally accepted his kind offer. I was most honourably welcomed at his camp, and after being photographed at the head of my donkeys, and inspecting the detachment of native troops which had been drawn up to receive me, we adjourned to the mess, where we drank the health of our respective sovereigns—it happened to be the anniversary of King Leopold's coronation.

I was soon at home among my new companions. How little did I dream twenty-four hours back of so complete an alteration in my surroundings!

The white members of the expedition present were five in number. In addition to M. Lemaire and M. Michel, his second in command, there were M. Leon Dardennes, an accomplished artist, well known in his own country; M. Questieux, assistant geologist, who had spent some years at Johannesburg, spoke English fluently, and had acquired the Englishman's love of sport; and a non-commissioned officer who acted as transport officer, and was in charge of the native detachment. The senior geologist, a Cape Colonist named Voss, was engaged in geological research on the Luapula. Two members had been drowned in Lake Tanganyika, and another had returned to Europe.

The expedition had been encamped for two days, and was

not moving on for a further two days, as M. Lemaire was taking a series of lunar observations for the determination of longitude. So far his mean left only five thousand yards between his fixing of the position and mine, and by the time his observations were complete, this discrepancy was reduced still further to one thousand yards only. This gave me cause for considerable satisfaction with the result of my work. My chronometer had long since become hopelessly unreliable, so I had resorted to a system of dead reckoning. Having careful regard to direction and the distance covered, my daily route map was kept on a large scale—two miles to the inch. As each latitudinal observation was determined,—and I never lost an opportunity of taking my latitude—the extremity of the route resting on the last fixture was treated as a pivot and, if the other extremity lay a little too far to the north or south, the daily route was moved up or down on its pivot, without in any way interfering with the intermediate detail, until both ends were latitudinally correct. Of course to attain accurate results the hours of travel must be absolutely given up to the work, and a single hundred yards' deviation must not be treated as insignificant. In this way, though there may be errors, they should be inconsiderable on a reduced map, and it is remarkable how such errors appear to be worked off, as it were, by opposing errors. Every night on which I was able to take a latitude the corrected daily route map was reduced and added to the work already accomplished on a scale of five miles to the inch. Whenever a day's delay gave opportunity, arrears were still farther reduced to a scale of one in the million. As each section thus plotted is longitudinally dependent on previous sections, if the last point is proved to be correctly placed, it is reasonable to assume that the intermediate route is not far out of position. I was fortunate enough to attain this result in my journey from Lialui to Kampala in Uganda—the only two fixed points I touched. My longitudes and latitudes, therefore, have not been corrected to, or meaned with, the results

what they are worth in the maps published with this volume, which are in fact true tracings of the original map made as described during the journey, with the courses of rivers and places beyond my ken added from the work of others.

On the 17th of November we marched twelve miles to the source of the Mumbeshe, a Kabompo affluent, and during the ensuing four days travelled along the water-parting of Kafukwe and Lualaba tributaries. Being more open, and studded here and there with hills, this country is more interesting to the explorer, as points of observation are not confined to the narrow limit of the wooded undulation he may be traversing. Much of my leisure time was spent in climbing one hill or another when they lay within reasonable distance of the route. From these a comprehensive view of the surrounding country was obtained, and many observations were taken on distant points.

On the 22d we camped on the edge of a small, vley-like plain from which the Lualaba springs. We remained here two nights for the purpose of taking the latitude, but clouds defeated our object. Eleven degrees forty-five minutes south is the appropriate latitude of the source of this important river. We now changed direction to the northeast. Hitherto the altitude had varied within two or three hundred feet of five thousand, but the ground now falls away rapidly, on one occasion the decadence amounting to five hundred feet in two miles. Twice we chanced on remarkable engineering feats by antelopes. In each instance high ant mounds had literally been excavated, leaving a cave eight feet high and in shape a quarter sphere. The whole of this had been hollowed out by antelopes, as was shown by the pick-like impressions of their horns on the hard red clay. Undoubtedly the eland, whose spoor was there, and which alone of all antelopes could have reached the upper surface, had played the leading part here; but there was also evidence that the hartebeest had had a finger in the pie.

Next day, after a fourteen-mile march, we crossed the Muemuashe River. Its bed here is thirty-five feet wide,

with precipitous banks rising about twelve feet above the water, and growing trees closely interwoven with undergrowth and creepers. So far as we could make out, this is the river marked Lufira in Capello and Ivens's route. The Lufira-Muemuashe confluence was passed by us at a later period in  $11^{\circ} 28'$  south, and it seemed to me the latter is rightly considered by the natives to be the tributary stream, so far as can be judged from the volume of the two rivers, though the difference in this respect is not great. However, if we glance at the map, the Muemuashe would seem to have a claim to the position, both by virtue of its length and the direction of its course, which is in direct continuation of the Lufira below the confluence.

The reader must be aware that the Congo-Zambezi watershed is the dividing line between British and Congolese territory. M. Lemaire was travelling in the interests of his government to define the exact limits of the State, while my object in taking this route was to achieve the same object from a British point of view. Wherever comparison was made, our work agreed in all essential points; and in the friendly rivalry between us my country had so far been the gainer all along the line, as the watershed in the mean is farther north than hitherto supposed, never once falling south of the twelfth parallel, and in some instances it crosses the eleventh.

"Even nature seems to be on the side of you English," he said to me one day; but when we saw the strength and size of the Muemuashe in  $11^{\circ} 34'$ , he remarked:—

"Now I am going to have my revenge; this river must run far south of the twelfth parallel. I will drive a wedge right into the heart of your territory."

In order to do so, it was decided to form a base camp where we were, and trace the Muemuashe to its source with a reduced following.

After remaining stationary for two days,—and it is perhaps well for our skins and our comfort we did so, for the heaviest of rains deluged us for hours,—we started up the

river on the 28th, marching thirteen miles. It was one of those close oppressive days on which, though the thermometers only registered 88° maximum temperature, one might have guessed the temperature to be 20° higher. By the time we had made a similar march the next day the river had narrowed to about twenty-five feet, and as we were now within ten miles of the twelfth parallel, there seemed every likelihood that we should have to use the yellow paint-brush for some miles south of that line. During the day it was with interest that we plucked wild raspberries from a plant identical with the one to which we are accustomed at home. The fruit, however, was smaller and comparatively flavourless. The third day rather altered the aspect of affairs, for the rapid falling off in the size of the river showed us that appearances had misled us and that we could not now be any great distance from the source. On the ensuing day we found the watershed marked by a narrow ridge running east and west only a few hundred yards north of the twelfth parallel. Quite a short distance to the south of the ridge were the springs of another river, which I followed for a short distance in a southerly direction. This is without doubt part of the Kafukwe, or, as it is named in this district, the Kafue, system.

Misfortune had overtaken M. Lemaire's following. One carrier had been missing since the 1st of December, and it was supposed he had lost his way in the bush. However, during our return march on the 4th, his corpse was found lying near the track. The body was in good condition, but the stomach much distended. The next morning, as we were sitting down to breakfast, the native soldiery burst into a dismal chorus. They were wailing their death lamentations over the body of a dead comrade. He was wrapped in calico and buried an hour later. His comrades lined the grave, and arms were "presented" as he was lowered to his last resting-place. At the end of the day's march news was brought in by the late comers that a second porter had succumbed and was buried, while three others were so sick that they had to be carried into camp. The porters and

soldiers had been consuming large quantities of a fungus which grows profusely in the district. M. Lemaire put the epidemic down to starvation, but, although food was scarce, they had started with quite enough to keep them going, and while natives can consume an abnormal quantity of food in a short time, they can also go empty for an extraordinarily long period. Besides this, none of the stricken boys were other than well fleshed. I put down the trouble entirely to the fungus.

The dead soldier, I fear, had not been of exemplary character, and on one occasion had been guilty of conduct such as has too often brought those who consider it necessary to travel with armed native escorts into active conflict with the local population. While robbing a village, the inhabitants, in their endeavours to recover their property, tore his loin-cloth. He promptly arrested the first porter who crossed his path, and brought him before the commandant.

"I found this man," said the accuser, "robbing the people of the village, so I arrested him, and in doing so he has torn my loin-cloth."

The case was not concluded when I walked the village head man. In lodging his complaint he identified the soldier as the actual thief. These rascally askaris are the source of far more trouble than they save. Personally I have never used them, and this is no doubt one reason why I have not been called upon to defend myself by force.

On the 6th we reëntered the base camp, and next morning passed the Lufira-Muemuashe confluence and camped at Ntenke.

We were now well within the province of Katanga. This name, which simply means "copper," of which ore very rich deposits are to be found in the district, has, as a name for the province, entirely originated among white men. Iron is the predominating metal to be found along the line separating the Congo from the Zambezi from 27° east, westward, though I understand that still farther to the east there are excellent indications of gold. Basing my statement on the

careful prospecting of M. Questieux, there would appear to be but little ground for expecting to find the precious metal in the district contiguous to our route.

We were now travelling the dividing line between the Portuguese and Arab trading spheres in the days before the influx of Europeans curtailed the limits within which slaves could be bought and sold with impunity. Both the long white garments of the natives and the spacious oblong huts with protecting verandahs spoke of Arab influence. Leaving the Lufira at Ntenke, we travelled first east and then north for a couple of days, when we camped at a place called Muimbe ; and as the moon was again ripe for lunar observation, we settled down here for four days. M. Lemaire's expedition had been lavishly equipped with the latest scientific instruments, and these were most carefully and persistently used by the indefatigable explorer. Latitudes, longitudes, magnetic influence, terrestrial altitude and temperature — none was neglected. On the march one member of the expedition or another was provided with a pedometer, an excellent instrument over the hard roads of Europe, but one in which I have little faith on the soft sandy soil of Africa. I was less fortunate in the matter of instruments than my Belgian friend, for I was compelled to travel light, though I am not certain that equally good results cannot be obtained by the careful use of a more modest equipment. My theodolite and plane table were of necessity left behind at Lialui, and with me I carried an eight-inch sextant, hypsometer, aneroid, thermometers, prismatic compass, and a half-watch chronometer. At first M. Lemaire affected to despise the sextant, which certainly looked an insignificant little instrument beside his own ponderous travelling observatory ; but I soon discovered that he had no knowledge of the instrument, and imagined that it was incapable of giving a definite result within a margin of a mile or two, whereas an indifferent observer should be well within four hundred yards of his position after observing a north and south star. When he saw the results, however, his prejudices modified. Our work

was done absolutely independently, and my map was always plotted up to date before his observations were either completed or computed, and yet I was always able to give him the longitudinal position within fifteen hundred yards of where the mean result of his lunars placed us, though his pedometer seldom spoke the truth within a limit of five miles.

At Muimbe it was just beginning to dawn on him that the old-fashioned instrument is not so bad after all, and it occurred to him to test the relative value of the very different methods by which we appeared to attain a similar result. "I have worked out our longitude by my daily route maps and time observations of last night. Tell me first what you make it." After consulting my map, I told him I placed our camp in  $27^{\circ} 12'$  east of Greenwich. "We do not agree this time," he said; "mine falls between  $27^{\circ} 6'$  and  $27^{\circ} 7'$ . I will write it down, and we will see what the lunars tell us."

Three days later he gave me the result of his lunars as  $27^{\circ} 11' 59''$ , so that there was only one second between us, or 33.3 yards!

The modest little instrument, which a child can handle, had proved its case.

Before closing this subject, which, although it probably bores the general reader, may be of interest to those of my geographical friends who strongly recommend the old-fashioned sextant for general latitudinal purposes in particular, I will mention another point on which M. Lemaire and myself never could agree. It reads a lesson to the more irresponsible class of cartographers. M. Lemaire never would enter on his map anything he could not see with his own eyes. An excellent principle which, as I endeavoured to prove, he practised to a fault. On the other hand, I would produce rivers beyond the limit of my personal ken, giving them the direction which native information and the lay of the country led me to suppose to be approximately correct; but I have always been careful to enter only what I have seen in definite lines—the rest in dotted lines. My contention is



that such a map gives at sight a more correct impression of the hydrography and main features of the country explored, than can be gleaned without the exercise of imaginative faculties by those who have not had the advantages of such local observation and second-hand information. The reader, by consulting the map of Marotseland, will see at once what is meant. The sources and confluences of some rivers have been fixed definitely, some have been followed throughout, others have been crossed at one point or another, and these fixed points have been connected by dotted lines. This information is intended to be taken for what it is worth, and is there to enable future travellers to add to their own judgment the experience of another. I give a case in point. The natives told me that the Chafukuma flows into the Lualaba, the Musofe into the Chafukuma, and the Matote into the Musofe. I have seen all these rivers at or near their sources, and to what I have seen I add in dotted lines what I have heard—that is, for what it is worth. M. Lemaire's answer to this argument was the production of two maps, one the original work of the explorer, in which the principle I adopt had been strictly observed, the other an "amended" map sent to the Paris Exhibition to show the public what strides had been made in the exploration of the State. In this disgraceful fraud, definite lines had been substituted for most of the explorer's dotted ones, and to make matters worse, these latter had in a few instances been uninterfered with, thereby strongly emphasising the intent to deceive.

My answer to this was that abuse of right by others does not make right wrong.



## CHAPTER XXV

Continuance of journey — Despatch from commandant of Lukafu — Probable war in South Africa — A message of welcome — A striking village — The germs of disease — A bout of dysentery — Kindness at Garenganze mission station — We leave for Lukafu — An ideal site for station — European flowers and burnt brick houses — Successful agriculture — Letter to the Governour-general — Rest, milk diet, and cartography — Christmas dinner — A relapse — New Year's gifts — Captain Verdick supplies twelve porters — A good home for the donkeys — The journey resumed — Nearly 4000 miles in port — A race with the sun — 5500 feet above the sea — A day of misfortune — Left for dead — Lack of sympathy in native — A little game — The first glimpse of Lake MWERU — MOLENGA station — Thoughtful preparation — A day in a "dugout" — Hippopotami numerous — MUBANGA village — First news of Transvaal War — The LUSALALA — An ideal picture — Mr. Wetherley's station — LUANZA mission station — What a station should be — Example better than precept — Three climates available — An iron boat — Its history — The story of MSIDI — His ultimate fate



## CHAPTER XXV

### MUIMBE TO LUANZA

ON the 15th of December we left Muimbe and traversed a large plain, where the alluvial soil, mingled with the clay of the district and soaked by recent rains, was worked up into a greasy slippery state by the long line of porters. That evening native-grown rice was brought into camp for the first time. Travelling was not pleasant during the ensuing two days, as the ground was low-lying and wet. On the 17th a despatch came in from Captain Verdick, the commandant at Lukafu. It stated that the relations between Great Britain and the Transvaal were very strained, and that it was expected the former would declare war immediately after the meeting of Parliament. So that storm which, since my earliest experience in South Africa, had loomed large in my mind's eye, was about to burst. In fact, though the news had not penetrated these remote regions, war had been raging for nearly two months. That incomprehensible policy which had gratuitously germinated a festering sore in the heart of our South African dominions was about to bear fruit. Egypt and the Transvaal! What a text would they not supply for a sermon on the cost of inconsistency!

In addition to this important news Captain Verdick sent a courteous message welcoming me to his district.

We slept that night at a small village called Fuembe, which stands on damp, stinking ground, and in the morning I awoke feeling far from well. Having a slight temperature, and thinking at first I was sickening for fever, I took twenty grains of quinine, which relieved me for a few hours. After being altogether out of sorts for three days, I discovered that I was

suffering from dysentery. Fortunately we were near the end of the journey, for, after a long day's march, we arrived at the Garenganze Mission Station, which is under the same auspices (Plymouth Brethren) as that of Dr. Fisher. The missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. George, received me with every kindness. I had been carried on a stretcher throughout the march, and yet, so active is this disease, that after a three-hundred yards' walk to the mission house, my legs, for the first time in my life, refused to support me, and everything grew dim. A chair, a few minutes' rest, and a cup of milk to some extent revived me. Four years before, that very month, it was not quite certain whether this same disease was not going to banish me to the happy hunting-grounds. Mrs. George, who, before marriage, was a hospital matron, took quite a maternal interest in me, and insisted on my spending the night in a comfortable bed at the station. This, with the addition of milk diet and Dover's powders, pulled me together marvellously. It was within a week of eighteen months since I had last seen a bed, and although I have slept comfortably many a hundred nights on Mother Earth, I must say that a good firm mattress and white sheets were to me an indescribable luxury that night.

The next morning we left the mission station and its flat alluvial surroundings, and for a couple of miles made a gradual ascent, and then, to the music of a three-gun salute, we entered the best-built and most beautifully situated station I have seen in Africa. Facing northwest, abrupt red cliffs, fifteen hundred feet in height, form the border of the great Kunde-Lungu plateau a mile away. The light and shade on this broken red precipice at sunset produces a most gorgeous background, of which my eyes never tired. Down from the heights above dashes the little Lukafu River, bringing the purest mountain water past the doors of the station, while a small affluent, entering from the southeast, forms a second side to the triangular clearing in which the buildings stand. Unusually high trees in heavy foliage do much to enhance the beauty and colouring of the landscape. Parallel with the

river is a broad, well-kept path, bordered by a line of European annuals, within an avenue of pwa-pwas. This leads from a bridge across the stream to two well-built brick houses—the one occupied by the commandant, the other by M. Delvoux, his lieutenant. Opposite is a triangular parade-ground, and beyond, the mess house, orderly room, and storehouse—all substantially built with burnt brick—enclose the station on the second side, the soldiers' quarters being divided from these by the subsidiary stream mentioned above. But this is not all. Captain Verdick has proved himself an expert and capable agriculturist. Acres of well-kept fields lay under the cultivation of rice, wheat, potatoes, etc. These were approaching their second annual return, and the result of the first harvest, added to the promise of the second, seemed to give the lie to those who contend that insects, locusts, and drought swallow the profits of African agriculture. A soil so fertile, and yielding crops in such rapid rotation, will yield a handsome profit, even if one curse or another falls on the land every other year.

I availed myself of the first opportunity to send to the Governor-general a letter thanking his Excellency for the kindly interest he had shown in the welfare of the expedition, and acknowledging the many kindnesses with which I had been received by M. Lemaire and the officials of Katanga.

Rest and milk diet had so far pulled me together that I was able to devote the whole of my time to cartography, and in the course of a week had reduced my work up to date to the scale of one in a million, and from this the maps appended to this volume have been traced.

By Christmas Day I felt so well in general health that I quite persuaded myself that the disease had been nipped in the bud, and treated myself to a modest helping of chicken and vegetables. Events proved that I had been premature, for a relapse ensued, in which the disease proved more stubborn than hitherto, and refused to be influenced by the remedies before which it had all but succumbed in the first instance. Thus for days I was compelled to watch my

friends revelling in dinners served by an excellent "chef," while I perforce consoled myself with milk and arrowroot.

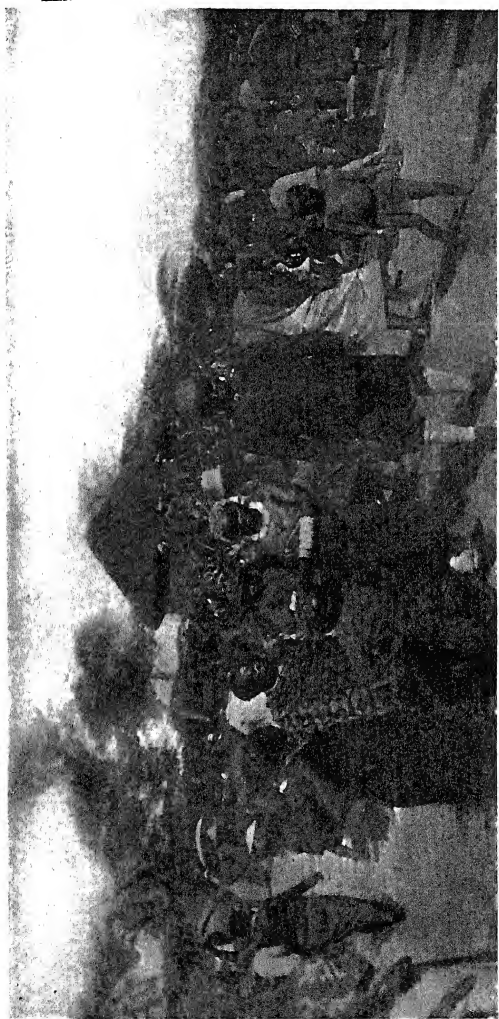
On New Year's Day M. Lemaire walked into my room with half a dozen pint bottles of champagne and another half-dozen of claret. In vain did I protest that he had still a long journey in front of him, and that weak tea had always been good enough for me while on the march. He insisted that the wine would help me through the convalescent stage. Much as I appreciated the gift, I still more deeply appreciated the kind thoughtfulness of the donor. The same morning another box arrived, with Captain Verdick's New Year's greetings. It contained a plentiful supply of arrowroot and condensed milk, as well as a few little luxuries. Nothing could have been more acceptable, and I was indeed grateful.

On the following morning the Lemaire expedition left, and we bade one another a cordial farewell. I shall always remember the eight weeks of kind consideration and good fellowship bestowed on me by the commandant and his officers.

Captain Verdick kindly arranged with Mukandu-Bantu, the local chief, for the supply of twelve porters to accompany me as far as Lado. The wise precaution was taken of writing a contract, setting forth the conditions of engagement and terms of payment. One copy went into my despatch box, the other was retained by Captain Verdick. Having no further use for the three donkeys, I asked my host to give them a good home and as long as he remained in the country to keep them for his own use, and in no case to allow them to fall into harsh hands. I am instinctively fond of animals, but these donkeys seemed to deserve special consideration at my hands.

By the 6th of January I felt well enough to continue the journey. The boys were packed off at midday, with instructions to await me on the edge of the Kunde-Lungu plateau. Later Captain Verdick and M. Delvoux accompanied me to the base of the great red cliffs, and, after a cordial farewell, I was once more reduced to my own company and the artless fascination of unvandalised nature. During the last eighteen months I had travelled 5609 miles, but I still had between





Mokandubantu and Family at the Lukafu Sunday Market



3000 and 4000 more to do before I could enter Khartum. The journey, inclusive of delays—one of which had been two and one-half months—gave a daily average of ten and a half miles, but now that I had a small and mobile caravan, and no work to take me away from the direct route, I hoped very nearly to double the rate of progress. My Belgian friends were incredulous when I told them I meant to beat the sun in his journey to the equator,—which, after all, would only entail a daily average of fourteen miles. The path up the face of the precipice was necessarily very steep, but the exertion in climbing was more than compensated by the change to a brisk, fresh atmosphere. In three miles we had ascended to a height of two thousand feet above the level of the station. So invigorating was the climate, that, in spite of my reduced condition, I felt as though I could march for hours, but a sudden rain pulled us up for the night. Next day we made a seventeen-mile march through a well-watered open country, dotted here and there with small clumps of bush. While encamped in the evening, boys bearing despatches from Captain Verdick to his branch station on Lake Mweru left fowls and eggs, with the compliments of their kind-hearted master.

Heavy rains kept us in camp till eleven o'clock the next morning, but lost time was redeemed in a twenty-mile march before nightfall. That day we passed over what is probably the highest point of the plateau, where I calculated the altitude to be quite 5500 feet above the sea. The country is open, grassy, and well-watered, and has the appearance of being eminently adapted to cattle rearing. In the early afternoon a gradual descent was commenced, and later the ground fell away so rapidly, that we spent the night one thousand feet nearer the sea level.

This was not a very auspicious day among my new following. The head man, of whom Captain Verdick spoke in the highest terms, had strained himself, and had to be carried in the hammock which the commandant had insisted on my taking in case of emergency. Inchanga's leg was again giving

way, and another boy, who during the previous night had suffered from a severe stomach ache—as I imagined from eating too much undercooked rice—had, so I was informed at the *end* of the day!—remained behind, and was nearly dead! What curious creatures these natives are! It had never occurred to them that the life or death of a comrade was a matter of any moment, or a subject likely to be of interest to myself. It would have been futile to send back at that hour of the night, and even had I done so, the boys deputed to return would probably have lighted a fire behind the first undulation, and reported death and burial the next day. A village was said to be only a short distance in front, so I decided to arrange matters with the head man. However, I might have saved myself all worry and anxiety, for about an hour later in walked the boy so prematurely relegated to the dead. He appeared to be in excellent health. This is by no means the only instance within my experience of the unsympathetic inhumanity so evident in the character of our so-called “black brethren.”

In the early morning we descended a further fifteen hundred feet into the plain which stretches northward to Lake Mweru. During the three next days we travelled sixty-six miles through a flat country, inclined to be swampy, and growing rank grass and a fair supply of trees. Where the soil is not charged with alluvial, it is lighter in character than that of the plateau, though still red in colour. More than one tsetse fly was encountered, though I do not think the little pest is to be found in great numbers. Excepting a small herd of pookoo, out of which I secured a ram, no four-legged animals were seen. Several rivers were crossed, and at this season there bring no inconsiderable flow of water from the plateau above, for twenty-four hours seldom elapse without a heavy shower of rain, which usually falls in the evening. After a five-mile march, on the morning of the 13th I got a first and unexpected view of Lake Mweru from its very shores. A thick fringe of reeds had hitherto obscured the water from view. This corner of the lake cannot be

described as picturesque by the most extravagant admirer of nature; but here, as everywhere, especially in a hot climate, the vast, bright sheet of water is refreshing and attractive to the eye. For many miles, as I tramped through the contiguous plain, evidence that it had at one time formed part of the lake's bottom was from time to time forthcoming in the form of shells and pebbles, worn by the action of water. It seems more than probable that the base of the Kunde-Lungu plateau was at one time washed by the waters of the lake, which must have extended far toward Lake Bengweulu in the south.

Following the shore northward for three miles, the ground suddenly rises about thirty feet, and the swampy confines of the southern coast are left behind. That night we slept at Molenga, a Congo station under the control of the commandant of Lukafu. The station commandant was on leave at the time, but Captain Verdick's kind thoughtfulness had forewarned the native sergeant in charge of my approach, and I found arrangements already made for my comfort. The station is directly opposite to, and within three miles of, Kilwa Island, which for some unaccountable reason appears on the standard maps close to the east coast. Just as the sun dipped below the horizon I took a photograph from the door of my temporary residence, which shows the island beyond the intervening channel; though of course, as is the way with photographs, it has the appearance of being at a greater distance than in reality.

As the streams entering the lake, for some fifteen miles to the north, do so through swamp-bound estuaries, arrangements were made to travel for the day in a large "dugout" with a four-foot beam. A few of the goods were put in the boat, the remainder being carried along the shore, as there was not room for the whole caravan. Hippopotami were very plentiful, as is usually the case where reeds skirt shallow water. In the early afternoon we landed at Mubanga, a native village situated at the base of a huge platform rising about two hundred feet above the lake level, and extending

as far as the borders of the Kunde-Lungu plateau, which rises many hundred feet higher. That evening a messenger from the north passed through the village. He carried letters and papers to Mr. George. On the cover of one paper—which proved to be the *Blantyre Times*—there was written permission for any white man to open and read. I took advantage of this act of grace by an unknown hand, and in doing so read of the outbreak of war in South Africa nearly three months earlier. The printed telegrams from the front told of three great British victories, and implied that the whole affair would probably be short and decisive. In such circumstances it would have been futile on my part to hurry through Nyasaland to Durban, for the war which I had anticipated for years, and in which I always intended to take part, would be at an end before I could arrive. Before mounting to the high ground, we had to pass, next morning, through wet grass ten feet high. Everything was drenched, and so far as my skin was concerned, I might just as well have walked through the lake itself. The country now became pleasant in general and beautiful in places. The midday halt was spent amidst surroundings which, for faultless symmetry and delicacy of colouring, seemed to equal anything I had seen in nature. The Lusuala, a little rivulet, sped lazily onward, its steep, sloping banks covered with small trees clothed in various tints of green. These, meeting overhead, allowed occasional glimpses of the purest blue to contrast with their own soft green, and at the same time gave space to the rays of a brilliant sun to play on the herbage beneath, and to throw their sparkling light on the surface of the water. This, though lovely in itself, is not my picture,—it is merely the frameless mounting that grows around it,—for in its midst horizontal strata of red sandstone stretch from bank to bank, arresting for a while the freedom of the stream. In face irregular and broken, these present the appearance of a number of huge slabs, in the fissures of which ferns and moss have found a sanctuary. As the water trickles over these slabs, innumerable miniature cascades are created,

some reaching the lower level direct, others broken by jutting rocks, or in their downward course sporting from one step-like ledge to another. The divided waters once more collect in a single stream and plunge from view over a twelve-foot precipice into a narrow, tortuous defile.

On the 16th we passed Mr. Wetherley's model station, which stands in a high position near the lake. Mr. Wetherley is an English gentleman of independent means, who has become so enamoured of the free, natural life of the far interior that he seems to have taken up his permanent residence in this region. For many years he has spent his time in exploring the districts contiguous to Mweru and Bengweulu, cruising on these lakes, and making short hunting excursions. He has a large native following, armed, and subjected to semi-military discipline. He so far studies respectability in appearance among his people as to forbid the use of European rags. To my regret, he was absent on one of his short trips when we passed his station.

Three miles beyond we entered Luanza, a large mission station under the same auspices as those under which Dr. Fisher and Mr. George work. Mr. Crawford—formerly a Scotch advocate—presides over the destinies of what has now become a large village. With his wife he dwells in a well-built brick house, neat and clean outside, closely resembling an English home inside, and surrounded by a well-kept garden—such a pleasing contrast to the mud hovels with their slovenly surroundings which so many missionaries are content to call their home. In my humble judgment the very first duty of him who aspires to work out the regeneration of barbarous tribes is the construction of a neat, comfortable home. The taste for a systematic, well-ordered life may be acquired under the influence of example, but never by that of mere precept. I have in my mind's eye a few instances where an ostensibly high standard of comfort—a word which must not be confounded with luxury—adopted by the European head of a native community, has, to a great extent, been reflected, not merely in the exterior and interior condition of

the people's huts, but in the general cleanliness of their persons. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and probably cleanliness in person is as often the indicator of a clean, self-respecting mind, as is a slovenly and dirty appearance the outward and visible sign of a character no more lofty. In intellectual capacity the African is many generations nearer the white races than he is in point of character and the higher sentiments. He learns from books or word of mouth with creditable aptitude; but the hereditary influence of thousands of generations of sensuality and abject selfishness more than neutralises the benefit he would otherwise derive from precept; for too often his newly acquired intellectual knowledge has taught him to sin by design, where he had previously merely done wrong in error. Pure intellectual capacity, untempered with a loftier conception of higher obligations, is more likely to degrade still farther a degraded people than to raise them to the level of European civilisation, with all its blessings, faults, and shortcomings. Great responsibility falls on those who would regenerate the African. Good intentions are always praiseworthy; but to attempt to foster the spiritual while neglecting the temporal interests of the natives, is to court disaster to both.

The situation of the Luanza station leaves nothing to be desired. It stands on the edge of the platform over which I had travelled for fifty miles, and to the east commands a comprehensive view of the lake 250 feet below. A little over a mile to the west a thousand feet of cliff lead to the great, far-reaching plateau, which two miles farther north converges with the shore line of the lake, so that three very different climates, ranging from the tropical heat of the lake to the brisk mountain air of Kunde-Lungu, are at the disposal of the people of Luanza. When I arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were not yet back from a day's visit to a small shanty they had erected on the heights above. On their return they kindly offered me the hospitality of their roof, and expressed the wish that I would rest a day. As both my inclination and conscience favoured the suggestion,



I gladly accepted. My new boys had pleased me in every respect. Their conduct had been quiet and exemplary, and their work was well and cheerfully done. During the eleven days we had been on the road, no less than 205 miles had been covered. The mission owned a small iron sailing boat which had been carried in sections from Lake Nyasa by M. Girouel, a French naval officer, who some years ago conceived the idea of making his way northward along the great line of lakes. He put his plan in action as far as Mweru, where difficulties seem to have arisen. He therefore left his boat in charge of a native chief, under promise of a present, on condition that the craft was carefully tended. Mr. Crawford discovered the boat, which was in need of only partial repair, made arrangements for its acquisition, and rewarded the old chief for its safe custody. This boat was kindly placed at my disposal for the journey to the north end of the lake.

I had much interesting conversation with my host during my short visit. He had spent many years in the country, and had seen great changes in the conditions under which the natives had lived. On his arrival the whole of Katanga from beyond Mweru in the east, for several hundred miles westward, was under the rule of a powerful native potentate named Msidi or Msiri. This man had in his earlier days emigrated from the eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika. Making his headquarters in the Lufira valley near to where Lukafu now stands, he easily subjected the small incohesive tribes in the neighbourhood, who, like the Malunda, had formed an integral but outlying section of Muato Yamvo's black empire, and like them, when, on the death of their last powerful ruler, his dominions crumbled, they had drifted into the condition of numerous petty independent communities. Msidi was a slave-raider and a slave-trader, and his town soon became a huge *dépôt* at which the Arab traders from the east purchased hundreds of his captives. A sickening incident in his career is that in which a Portuguese trader so far demeaned himself as to trade away his own niece to be a



## CHAPTER XXVI

### MPWETU, LAKE TANGANYIKA

ON the 18th of January I spent an enjoyable day on the lake, in passing from Luanza to Mpwetu station, which stands immediately beyond the Lualaba outflow, at the extreme north of the lake. From the precincts of the station the river can be seen escaping through a barren, hilly pass at the northern and much lower end of the Kunde-Lungu plateau. I was cordially welcomed to the station by M. Chargois, a young Belgian officer. The runners announcing my departure from Lukafu had arrived only a day before me, and I was not expected for a week or ten days, at the earliest.

"So you see," said M. Chargois, "you have taken me by surprise, and must excuse my not receiving you as I should have wished."

I assured him, as I felt, that I rejoiced that my early arrival should have prevented his going to any unnecessary trouble on my behalf. The ensuing day was passed restfully and comfortably in M. Chargois's well-built house. He had built it with his own hands of kiln-burnt bricks, leaving to the natives only the work of handling the clay and carrying the material. It is a charming house, raised on a platform to four feet above the ground. The front door opens from a spacious verandah, in which one could lounge for hours amid comparatively cool surroundings, and feast one's eye on the great sheet of water stretching like a sea to far beyond the horizon. The boys brought their loads in twenty-four hours after the arrival of the boat.

There being a store of the African Lakes Corporation at the northeast corner of the lake, twenty-two miles away, I

decided to sail there for the purpose of replenishing my stock of provisions and trading stuff, and also to arrange for the payment of the boys' wages in calico on their return, as it seemed so unnecessary to carry it to Lado, and give them the risk of being robbed when they left me. Accordingly, accompanied by a young Danish officer, who was there to relieve M. Chargois of his duties, while that officer visited Europe on leave, we sailed thither on the 20th. In addition to Fernando, who always attended me, I took with me Inchanga, who had now fallen a hopeless victim to elephantiasis of the leg, which had swollen to proportions double those of its fellow, making further hard marching impossible for him. As there is direct communication between Chiengi and the Zambezi, *via* the Shire, I conceived that I could not do better than to place the boy under the protection of the A.L.C. agent, to be sent down with some caravan returning south. We found a sturdy representative of Scotland in charge of the store, which, although it did not hold many of the articles required, still furnished me with a stock of calico, tea, sugar, oatmeal, and dried apples. After arranging everything and writing my mail, we returned to the boat at eleven the next morning. When the boys were first engaged, I had promised liberal treatment to those who served us well; so in handing Inchanga his wages, before we left him, I said:—

“I promised you all that those who behaved well should be paid well, and as you always did your best when servant to Captain Quicke, and have given me no trouble, I give you double wages.”

The boy was more than pleased, and I cautioned him to hide his money and not speak about it, lest he should be robbed before he reached home. I also gave him a card, specifying his services, and requesting the agents of Sherer's Zambezi Traffic Company, and other white men to whom the card might be shown, to befriend him if necessary.

Two of my boys, Fernando and Sabou, had travelled from the Zambezi to Katanga before, and were conversant with

the country. After six thousand miles of wandering and plenty of work, I had half expected a suggestion that they should be paid off and given permission to return home, in place of continuing to travel with me in a diametrically opposite direction. On telling Inchanga of the arrangement I had made for him, I asked the others if they would like to return with him—not that I could have allowed them to do so! Fernando, acting as spokesman, said:—

“First, we will see the master to the end of his journey, then we will return to our homes.”

And these were the boys who had deserted in a body more than a year before. It will be seen that the African can be a good servant, and is even capable of devotion to his master.

We did not reach the station till two hours after dark, as the wind, such as it was, did not help us, so the boat was necessarily paddled throughout.

Like the southern, the northern shore of the lake is flat and low-lying, though not swampy. On both east and west, the shores are skirted by hills. Both these ranges continue their line northward until they converge half a degree from the lake, thus forming with the northern shore a triangular plain which, like the more extensive flats lying to the south, must at one time have formed part of the lake-bed.

On entering the house I found that Mr. Wetherley, on hearing of my arrival, had kindly come in to welcome me. The long succession of years he had spent in Africa, and his intimate knowledge of the surrounding district, opened an ample field for interesting discussion. Since entering Katanga, I had been able to add a certain amount of definite knowledge to a hitherto somewhat vague idea of what my journey north would be. So far as I could judge, except for one doubtful stretch of one hundred miles, all the difficulties and most of the risks of my journey were behind me. Henceforth I would travel along cleared roadways, six to ten feet wide, and would continually pass military outposts and mission stations. In consequence, I was led to anticipate a free and easy walking tour through an interesting country,

relieved occasionally by a boat journey along the coast of one colossal lake or another. The one district in which I might expect trouble was that lying round Lake Kivu, especially to the north, where a reign of terror was said to exist among the inhabitants, many of whom were cannibals. The direct cause of the trouble was the excesses and looting excursions of a large body of revolted Congolese troops, who had mutinied two or three years previously, owing to certain admitted grievances, and were still at large. The mutineers had been enlisted from the Batetla tribe, which is one of the most warlike in the State. When they rose against their officers, they killed some twenty of them, possessed themselves of all the arms and ammunition of the expedition, of which they formed the military escort, and sought refuge amid the mountain fastnesses of Kivu, where they have effectively defied all subsequent attempts to crush them on the part of the State, to which they had previously owed a reluctant allegiance. One heard from time to time sundry tales of their doings, which led me to suppose that their vengeance was mainly, if not entirely, directed against the officers of the Congo State.

A Belgian officer, on hearing of the outbreak, had crossed the border and taken refuge at Fort George, a small British outpost, held by a native sergeant and about a score of Sou-danese soldiers, which stands to the north of Lake Albert Edward. A messenger was sent to the fort demanding the person of the Belgian. A refusal to comply led to a second message, in which the mutineers protested that they bore no enmity toward the English soldiers, but that if they persisted in their refusal to deliver up the refugee, they would storm the fort and take possession of him by force. The gallant sergeant, in face of what would appear to be crushing odds, bade them come and take what he refused to give them. A determined rush was met by a more determined resistance, and the storming party was compelled to retreat with heavy loss. On another occasion the rebels captured a Roman Catholic missionary bishop, and "went through" his goods.

"How does this white man treat you?" they asked of his retainers. "Does he flog you?"

"No," was the reply, "he always treats us kindly." And so, after relieving the reverend gentleman of all they fancied, they permitted him to go in peace.

On the other hand, one heard that those Belgian officers whom they had not put to death were stripped stark naked and unmercifully flogged with the very sjamboks which had been used by their former masters for corrective purposes.

After a five days' sojourn at Mpwetu, I terminated an extremely pleasant visit. My hospitable host insisted on adding to my food supplies, and my protest that I had all I required, and that my boys carried full loads, was only answered by the loan of extra boys to accompany me as far as Tanganyika. Mr. Wetherley likewise insisted that a little alcohol was desirable, in case of emergency, and thus I carried away with me fresh evidence of the bonds of brotherhood, which in spite of political rivalry and discord, seem to unite all white men in Africa, irrespective of nationality.

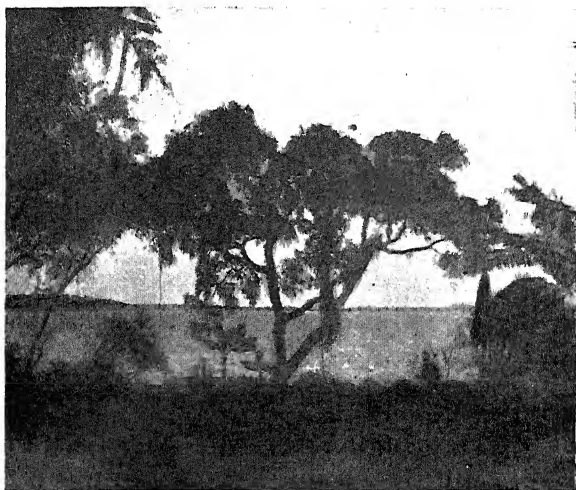
In two days we had covered forty-six miles, and were camped for the night at the edge of a swamp three miles wide, which borders on the bed of the Luvungu, an affluent of the Lualaba. The last eight miles were over higher ground, which commences at the point where the eastern and western Mweru hills meet. In crossing the black alluvial morass on the following morning the disturbed vegetable filth emitted a most disagreeable stench. Captain Verdick's stretcher came in very useful here in doing away with the necessity of painting my legs black up to the knee with filthy mud. The crossing occupied an hour and a half, though the river itself was only one hundred feet wide, and shallow. From the opposite bank the country rises rapidly, the first ascent being effected through a steep mountain valley. Here I had an interesting and satisfactory experience in rain showers. While crossing the morass, a heavy thunder-storm raged within a mile to my right. In making the ascent, we

marched between two storms, travelling on lines parallel to the path, and one on either side. The storm to the left fell with great violence on the slopes of the mountain only three hundred yards from us, yet we did not get so much as a drop; the other was rather farther away — probably twelve hundred yards. The ensuing few days we travelled hard through a grand, mountainous country, never doing less than twenty miles in the day. Much of the journey was performed at an altitude exceeding five thousand feet, and great mountains rose here and there high above us.

On the 29th a few hours were spent at St. Jacques de Lusaka, a Jesuit mission station, pleasantly situated, as are all the Roman Catholic missions I have visited. The buildings stand a few hundred yards from the banks of the Lufuko, which I had traced from its source, and was now quite a considerable stream one hundred feet wide and five feet deep. The "Fathers" sent me away with what to the African traveller is the greatest of luxuries — a basket of European vegetables. In the afternoon we wound round the base of huge mountains and through ever ascending passes, and camped in the evening amid glorious scenery at an altitude narrowly approaching six thousand feet.

The next day, the 30th of January, the country retained much of its beauty, but gradually fell away to a lower level, until after a long march of twenty-nine miles, we found ourselves on the shores of Tanganyika. In eight days we had travelled 173 miles, and every boy was sound and in good spirits. As we mounted the crest of the last undulation at 4 P.M., a magnificent view was unfolded in front. There lay, four hundred feet below us, the greatest inland sea of Africa, its silvery surface brightened by the rays of a sun shining through a pure atmosphere. Bay succeeding bay could be traced on its western shore, blue precipitous mountains loomed large in the distant east, and an interminable body of water stretched to north and south. Beneath, on the crest of a jutting promontory, the large red brick church and monastery of the White Fathers bear witness to the praiseworthy





From the Eastern Shore of Lake Mweru — Kilwa Island on the Left



Jesuit Mission Station at Mpala on Lake Tanganyika



energy and resource of the most practical religious sect in the mission field.

The "Fathers" were good enough to offer me a room for the night. There I retired at once to enjoy a good wash and a change into the one respectable set of clothes which I carried for such occasions as the present. When clean and clothed, one of the "brothers" showed me round the extensive and fertile gardens of the station. Fruit trees of many kinds flourished, coffee bushes were heavy with beans, wheat and European vegetables were looking their best, and the ground was as clean and well-worked as the chastest garden in England. What interested me much was a palm tree to which the "brother" called my attention. It stands high up in the garden to-day, but when Livingstone halted at Mpala on his way up the lake, it was to this tree that his boat was tied; it was then at the water's edge, but now stands nearly four hundred yards from the lake and several feet above its level. The "White Fathers" founded this station in '78, and as lately as fifteen years before my visit, the garden I have described—or rather the land on which it has been made—was under water. I estimate that the lake level has been lowering at the average rate of eight inches per annum.

I succeeded in getting my latitude that evening. In this respect I had been particularly fortunate since leaving Mpwetu, for, in spite of showers and clouds in the daytime, the nights had been so clear as to permit of my observing each night.

Next day the "Fathers" very kindly placed at my disposal a boat, with paddlers to take me and mine as far as Mtowa, the Congo State headquarters station of the lake district. This was indeed good fortune, for not only would the boys have a few days' rest, and be fresh to renew the journey later on, but we should be saved a particularly trying journey of upward of a hundred miles along the rough, mountainous coast.

As the result of the journey from Mpwetu, I was convinced

of one of two things—either that Lake Mweru was placed on the maps about twenty miles too far west, or that Tanganyika is twenty miles too far east, and Mweru in its correct position. I had every reason to be satisfied with my intermediate route map, for the many available points on which to take compass bearings gave no excuse for errors in direction, and nightly observations for latitude supplied a definite check on the distances travelled, as well as giving a partial control over the longitudinal position of my camps. The shifting of Mweru would throw the whole of my work from Lialui to that lake into a state of chaos, instead of leaving it, as it was made, in good order, and without the necessity of correction; also, as after events proved, if Tanganyika were left in its hitherto accepted position, the section of my work to Kampala in Uganda would be thrown out of gear; whereas, by moving this part of Tanganyika about twenty miles to the west, the result is everything I could wish. In these circumstances I prefer to think that Tanganyika should make a day's march to the west, and that Mweru should be left in peaceful quiet.

Whilst preparing for the boat journey, Fernando approached me with his face all aglow with satisfaction. He informed me that the Mokandu-bantu boys were "goody boys," and supported his opinion with the statement that they not only wished to take "Chimba-un-gundu" to "Egypte," but would like to go with him all the way to "Ingiland." So it appeared my little caravan had not germinated any grumblers as yet, in spite of successive long marches over a mountainous country.

We cast off at 3.15 in the afternoon. The boat was a large "dugout" with a foot of planking added to increase its free-board. The crew commenced their journey with a well-rendered chant to the Almighty, praying for a safe and prosperous voyage. This over, they burst into a harsh, tuneless dirge, one boy especially distinguishing himself by pumping discordant notes in a loud, cracked voice right into my ear. It was difficult to conceive how the previous soft, well-

sung melody could have been discharged from the same lungs as the savage boat-song to which it gave place. We made about eight miles that afternoon, and continued the voyage along the coast early next morning. From Mpala to within a short distance of Mtowa, the ground bordering the lake is broken by small hills and undulations of red soil, with a covering of trees attaining to no great size. White limestone crops up occasionally along the shore, where the rocks have been laid bare of their red covering in the days when the lake level was higher than at present. A few miles inland a great mountain range is to be seen stretching as far as the eye can reach to north and south. On Tanganyika, during six or seven weeks in January and February, there is a short dry season sandwiched, as it were, into the midst of the rains, and broken only by a very occasional thunder-storm. I had arrived on the lake at the opportune moment, and this part of the journey, undertaken as it was through one of nature's most favoured sanctuaries, was rendered still more pleasurable by the bright and comparatively temperate weather we enjoyed. The freshness of the vegetation left by the preceding three months' rains still remained to enliven the grand panorama.

The water of Tanganyika is fresh and clear. In places it is streaked, as it were, with a white deposit, seemingly calcareous. In Mweru the water is not so clear, and is of a yellow tinge. In this respect each of the lakes through which we passed differs from the remainder.

At midday on the 2d of February we rested at a native fishing settlement, where various species of fish lay on the bank. One specimen seemed to me to be of special interest. It was a black, scaleless fish two feet long, with square jaw, and eyeless. There was a rudimentary indication of these organs in the skull, which caused a slight depression in the surface of the unbroken black skin. Evidently this fish has its habitat many fathoms beneath the surface, and is only occasionally transported to shallower water by accident or the action of undercurrents.

Next day we reached the Lukugu River, the only outlet from the lake. The cause of the subsidence of the lake, already referred to, and the probability of a continuance of the gradual lowering of its level, became very apparent on examination of this outflow. A two-foot depth of water passes over a bar of sand about one hundred feet in length, and within a few yards falls away in the proportion of about one in ten. This fall gradually increases until, in two or three hundred yards, the river disappears from view in a chasm between two great precipices. Not many years ago, it is said that this outlet was blocked by a collection of vegetable refuse and drift, which, in forming a natural dam, materially raised the whole surface of the lake. All trace of this has now ceased to exist, and it would seem obvious that the continual action of the outflowing water must gradually lower the soft sandy surface of the bar until the rock-bed beneath is laid bare, when, no doubt, the conditions of the lake will remain more stable than hitherto. In wading across the Lukugu bar the water barely reached the knees. Afterward I walked along the shore for about a couple of miles. Sand, shells, and pebbles washed by small breakers might well persuade an absent-minded traveller that he was strolling along the seashore. To the west a low-lying plain extends for three miles to the base of a hilly range, which takes a curve westward from where the Lukugu has forced a passage. Like the gardens at Mpala, the greater part of this plain must have been under water fifteen years before. What appeared to be about five miles in front was a rocky promontory jutting out into the lake. Mtowa, my black coxswain informed me, was just round the corner. He was evidently speaking in a comparative sense, as after events proved, with what might have been disastrous consequences. As the sun went down the coxswain pointed to a small, round, black cloud, and counselled camping where we were. It was obvious we were in for one of those storms with which the name of Tanganyika is so intimately associated; but as Mtowa was so close, I decided to proceed, thinking that if the storm

developed before we could reach our destination, we could always make for the shore and camp. On we went, hour after hour, but Mtowa was ever in front. The lake was calm, and a bright moon shone on a rock-bound coast which seemed to stretch for miles to the north. I now realised that I should have camped, as suggested, for the water-washed cliffs offered no opportunity of landing in an emergency. It was a case of that shepherd and his wolf once more. So often had my African followers endeavoured to camp early, under false pretences, that I had become accustomed to discounting their information in such circumstances. Rough black clouds now spread over the southern half of the sky. The boys worked with vigour almost amounting to desperation, and the shore was given a wide berth, for, if the storm were to break over us, the only possible loophole for escape would be to fight it out in deep water. It was now nearly four hours since we turned the promontory, and the faint outline of the point on which Mtowa stands could be faintly made out in the distance. Suddenly a fresh breeze passed over us, bringing with it short, choppy waves which were quite as much as our little craft could stand. The crew grunted their disapprobation, and spurted. There was not a moment to be lost, and they knew it better than I did. Luckily we were near our goal, and in a few minutes the boat was turned into a small sandy nook at the base of a steep incline leading to the station. We had not been ashore three minutes when the terrific hurricane burst with almost incredible force and suddenness. The surface of the lake was instantly churned into seething, agitated confusion. The wind hissed and roared as it whipped the white-crested waves and dashed against the stubborn, resistless cliff above our heads. I made the best of an uncomfortable night, and was not a little thankful that we had not been a quarter of an hour later.

As it was after ten o'clock, I felt it would be inconsiderate to present myself to the commandant at so late an hour, so remained on the sand till the following morning.





## CHAPTER XXVII

A view of the rock-bound coast—Commandant HENNEBERT, his staff and a cosmopolitan community—The *Good News*—Mr. RABINEK, an Austrian trader domiciled in British Central Africa—He kindly suggests taking caravan aboard *Good News* en route for the north—Mr. Milne agrees—515 miles travelled in four weeks—Steam up—A tube accident—Delay for repairs—The voyage up the lake—A mountainous coast—At the north of the lake—The RUSIZI valley—Its extension to Lake Albert Edward—Farewell to Mr. Rabinek—His monster trading scheme—Purchase of trading rights in KATANGA—Extraordinary action of the State—Arrested—Congolese “justice”—Appeal to BOMA—He dies a prisoner—Unpleasant necessity for speaking plainly—Reference to first experience of State officials—Belgian temperament—Its non-adaptability to administration in Africa—Brilliant exceptions—The power of junior officials—The “judicial” murderer of Mr. Stokes—His punishment and reward—On the march once more—Changed character of country—Cattle on the RUSIZI—The river crossed—A Congolese station and a German camp—German method—Disorganised soldiery—Bad news from South Africa—Its reliability doubted—Speculations and opinions—Two points of view—Disquieting news from the north—Anglo-German sympathies and antipathies—A convivial evening—Captain Bethe's assistance—Boys wish to return home—Hatred or envy—Journey to KIVO—African Highlands—Advanced cultivation—Sound German logic



## CHAPTER XXVII

### MTOWA

IN the morning, as I climbed the steep incline to the station and cast my eyes along the coast, I realised how close to a full stop eagerness to move forward had brought my earthly wanderings. The hill proved to be the temporary home of representatives of many European nations. Besides Commandant Hennebert, a Belgian in command of the district, and his staff, there were members of an expedition for the delimitation of the boundary between the territory affected by the Katanga concessions and the rest of the State; there were also members of Mr. Mohun's expedition, which was engaged in the construction of telegraphic communication connecting this eastern station with the seat of government, and anchored in a small bay was the old *Good News*, once a mission steamer, but now the property of the African Lakes Corporation, and many years past her prime. Till that year she had enjoyed the distinction of being not only the pioneer, but also the only steamer to vandalise the waters of the great inland sea with the throb of western civilisation; but in 1900 the Germans launched a rival, and since then, I understand, a third competitor has appeared in the wake of British progress. She was commanded by Mr. Milne, a Scotsman, who embodied in his person the principle of the recent admiralty reforms, for he was at once captain and engineer-in-chief. Both above and below deck he was surrounded by an assortment of native satellites. At the time the *Good News* was under charter by Mr. Rabinek, the Austrian trader, whose harsh and unfair treatment, followed by untimely death, has recently scandalised the civilised world, and added another

unsavoury record to the disgraceful murder of Mr. Stokes. There were fifteen white men at the station in all — Belgian, Italian, French, Dane, Austrian, and British (Scotch and English). Mr. Mohun, an American, and an Australian employee were absent at the time in connection with their work.

Mr. Rabinek very kindly offered to convey me and my caravan as far as 5° south latitude, and expressed the hope that he would find it possible to continue to Uvira, at the head of the lake, the only difficulty in the way being the risk of delaying the steamer beyond the date on which she was required for a subsequent charter; but on this question he could say nothing until he had consulted Mr. Milne.

The *Good News* was to sail that morning, so it was perhaps well that no time had been wasted on the journey. Arrangements were made to get everything on board, but as some of the boys who had been sent by land were still on the road at the appointed hour, the departure was postponed till evening. I was naturally delighted at my good fortune, especially since the coast from Mtowa northward is extremely mountainous, rugged, and shoreless; for, generally speaking, abrupt cliffs rise from the water's edge. Five hundred and fifteen miles had been accounted for within four weeks, and now a further 160 would be disposed of in the course of a few days, with no greater exertion than is asked of a passenger in a coasting steamer bound from London to Hull. By noon the last boy arrived, and everything was ready shortly afterward. The steamer was rather more than comfortably full, as the personnel of the boundary expedition, with their porters and goods, filled every corner of the deck. They were to be landed at a place fifty miles up the coast.

At six o'clock steam was up, but unfortunately two boiler tubes burst, and the fires had to be extinguished, pending repairs. The delay gave me an opportunity of taking the latitude of Mtowa, which I did from a sandbank near the moorings. It was not till after dark the next evening that we got clear, and in the early morning following, the Belgian expedition was disembarked at a place where a steep slope

made a short break in the continuous precipices already described. We lunched and dined on shore, took in wood fuel, and continued the voyage at 10.30 P.M., for Mr. Milne had decided that under ordinary conditions he could visit Uvira and yet bring the voyage to an end within the time limit. There is something impressively grand about this northwestern coast of Tanganyika. It is very difficult to estimate the altitude of mountains through no more reliable medium than the human eye; but to me they appeared to tower three or four thousand feet above the lake level. At 9 P.M. on the 8th we dropped anchor off Uvira, and thus in thirty-three days half the distance between Lukafu and Lado had been disposed of.

At the head of the lake the great mountain ranges to east and west continue their northern extension on more or less parallel lines, and between them is a long, narrow valley, along the centre of which the Rusizi River, carrying the surplus waters of Lake Kivu, makes its steady, steep descent of about forty feet in the mile. The ground slopes gradually outward from the bed of the river until it joins issue with the great mountains on either side. This valley, nor, if I may anticipate, its continuation from the north of Kivu to Albert Edward, offers no great problem for solution by the engineers of the great transcontinental railway, though unfortunately political considerations may check the clock of progress in this great civilising scheme for some years to come.

At two o'clock the same day I said good-by to the two gentlemen who had so opportunely befriended me, never dreaming that one of them was to die so pitiable a death a few months later. Mr. Rabinek's career had, since he left the Austrian army, in which he had held a lieutenant's commission, been chequered and creditable to himself, by reason of the determined front he had shown in the face of great difficulties. With consistent enterprise he had within the last two or three years founded the basis of a monster trading scheme for the exploitation of rubber and ivory. He had established himself in British Central Africa, where he

was qualifying for naturalisation. His agents worked in that protectorate, in North Charterland, and in German East Africa, and he had recently purchased trading rights in Katanga, which, by the treaty conferring existence on the Congo State, is, in common with the rest of Congoland, open to the trade of the world: he therefore merely purchased rights which were his already. It was now intimated to him that the authorities of the State had cancelled the rights which he had acquired from the managing director of the Katanga company, which claims a monopoly in trade over that vast district. Very rightly he determined to dispute the legality of the action of the State officials, and informed me that as soon as he could find time, he purposed to visit Boma — the capital — on the Lower Congo, and lodge a protest in person. The sequel is public property. He was virtually arrested on a British steamer off Mpwetu, on Lake Mweru, in what must have been, by virtue of the shape of the coast line, British waters. He was then treated as a common criminal, and transported, under escort, for Boma, after being fined and sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labour, for apparently standing by the rights he had acquired in good faith. He never reached Boma, for he died a prisoner on the road. Moreover, if, as according to the principles of British law and equity, a master is responsible for the acts of his servant, or a company is responsible for the acts of its managing director, — its agent on the spot, — he was well within his rights, quite irrespective of international treaties affecting the case in his favour. Even when the action of the State is looked at from the most liberal standpoint, how inconceivable it is to the instincts of an Englishman that a litigant in a case involving a point of civil law should have been degraded to the position of a common criminal.

"I settled in British Central Africa," said poor Rabinek one day to an audience in which Belgium, France, Denmark, and England were represented, "because under the British flag alone unprejudiced justice is administered, even in cases where the dispute is between an Englishman and a foreigner."

We Englishmen are well aware that any injustice involved in the decision of a British court is due to an error of human judgment, not to prejudice; but who would appeal with confidence to the justice of a Belgian court, after following the cases of Rabinek and Stokes?

I can assure my readers that the moral duty which imposes on me the necessity of writing thus plainly on a case in which a man who had befriended me has been done to death — albeit unintentionally — by the officials of a State, many of whose colleagues treated me with the greatest kindness and consideration, is not only distasteful, but extremely painful. My first contact with Congo State officials has been described, and the hospitable kindness and good-fellowship extended to me by M. Lemaire and his expedition cannot be exaggerated. My second meeting brought me into contact with Captain Verdick, the commandant of a large district. Personal observation, and the testimony of English missionaries within his jurisdiction, proved to me that here, at least, was an administrator who would do credit to any government. White men and natives respected him. A word from their commandant had more influence on his native subordinates than one hundred lashes ordered by an impetuous, uncontrollable temper. Order, cleanliness, and system were to be seen on all sides, and I thought to myself, "If this is Congolese misrule, I shall have a word to say on the subject when I return to England." One or two other cases came within my experience which impressed me nearly, though not quite, as favourably; others again forced on me the conclusion that the temperament and moral tone of the good administrator was conspicuous by its absence. That at headquarters there is a sincere wish to suppress abusive practices I am convinced; but it must be remembered that Belgium cannot supply in more than very limited numbers a trained and desirably constituted staff. In the general temperament of the Belgian there is too much impetuosity of temper, too little of the calm, calculating sang-froid of the successful administrator. Be the system of government ever so sound, and the good faith of the ruling body of the highest

order, if the local sub-administrators are not imbued with a similar spirit, it were better far that the order were reversed — that the system were bad and the local administrators sound men and sympathetic rulers. Africa is a large continent, and in the government of so large a state the administrative system must necessarily be a mere skeleton. An under-class *chef de poste*, separated perhaps by two hundred miles, more or less, from his immediate superior, has almost unlimited power for good or evil. He can abuse, oppress, and exceed, and no one need know the truth but himself, his God, and his native victims, and none of these worry a callous conscience. Individualism is paramount in such conditions, and high-minded individuals are more than ever desirable in such a country. When the State government discovers abuse of power, the delinquent is usually punished according to his deserts; but it is to be feared he sometimes escapes the full penalty. The “judicial” murderer of Mr. Stokes was deprived of his commission, but shortly afterward he returned to Africa to fill a lucrative post as manager of a large company in which King Leopold had a considerable interest. “This should not be so,” I said to one of several informants on the subject.

“But he was a very brave officer,” was the answer.

“Then he is all the more to be pitied, but should not be rewarded for his unpardonable treatment of a British subject, and the accompanying insult offered to a great nation to which Belgium owes her very existence.”

On the afternoon of landing we camped sixteen miles up the valley. The country, except for an occasional stunted bush and a few euphorbia, is quite open, being intersected at frequent intervals by the now dry beds of mountain torrents, which, after heavy rain, drain into the Rusizi. The general surroundings remained much the same throughout the second day’s march, Borassus palms being added to the characteristic euphorbia, and the grass gradually improving in quality with the increasing altitude. Next day we entered a mimosa country, the tree differing from the South African variety



only in the colour of its flower, the yellow giving place to a similar bloom in white. The soil was no longer red, and for some hours we walked over yellow gravel, with quartz cropping up at intervals, while in the more low-lying places a yellow soil, heavily charged with alluvium, produces an excellent pasture. What was quite new to my African experience was the existence of plantain groves, some of which cover considerable area.

After a three hours' march on the 12th we reached a village, standing near the Rusizi, where cattle were kept by the natives — the first I had seen in native hands since leaving the Zambezi. Their condition testified to the excellent quality of the pasturage. I expected within a few miles to reach a Congolese station, to the *chef de poste* of which Commandant Hennebert had given me a letter. The path thither took us across the river, which is nearly one hundred yards wide, shallow, but swift. I effected the crossing on the shoulders of a stalwart native, the water in the deepest place rising to immediately below his armpits. So swift was the current that my boys had considerable difficulty in crossing, though unhampered by their loads, which were ferried over by the local natives, and yet my friend landed me dry on the opposite bank.

At one o'clock I reached the station, which I found in charge of a young Swede. The *chef de poste* was absent, but was expected back the next day. It transpired that about three weeks earlier a German native force, commanded by a Captain Bethe, had appeared on the scene. Their camp was immediately pitched on commanding ground only two hundred yards above the Congolese station. These were separated by the little river Niakagunda, an affluent of the Rusizi. Captain Bethe lost no time in sending a message in the nature of an ultimatum to the officer commanding the Belgian station, intimating that, whereas the Congo State had failed within reasonable time to bring their revolted troops into subjection, and whereas their presence so near the German frontier was a standing menace to German inter-

ests, he had come in the name of H.I.M. the German Emperor, to annex the country as far as the bed of the Rusizi, from Tanganyika in the south to Lake Kivu, thence to the east of a line passing northward through the lake. Then followed an order for the evacuation of the said territory by the forces of the State without delay. A request for time to consult superior authority was answered by a peremptory threat to fire on the station if the State flag were not lowered at once. The flag came down.

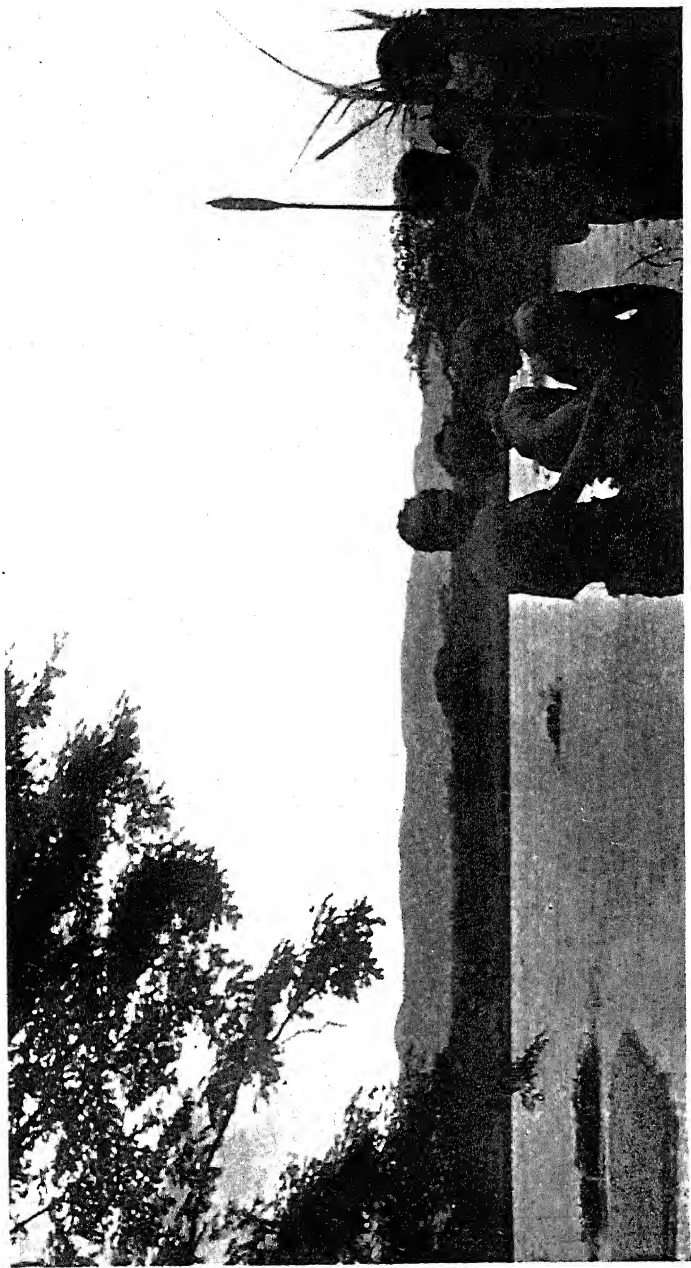
From what I saw and heard in the Congolese camp, I was not surprised that the State troops had proved unequal to the task of subduing the mutineers. They were as different as it is possible to conceive from the smart detachment serving under Captain Verdick in Katanga. I imagine a very little would have sufficed to send the whole of this rabble over to their revolted comrades, if we may judge from the tenor of a conversation passing in a group, as overheard from behind my tent wall.

"Wait a bit," one said in pigeon English, for they were west coast natives, and, as such, have exchanged their own language for a comical imitation of ours, "and we will kill every white man in the country."

In the afternoon I walked over to pay my respects to the German officers. They were three in number—Captain Bethe, his lieutenant, and a military doctor. The first subject broached was the South African war, and it is interesting, in the light of subsequent events.

"We hear," said Captain Bethe, "that your armies have had three serious reverses, that Maritzburg is in the hands of the Boers, and that there is nothing to prevent them from entering Durban and Cape Town before reinforcements can arrive. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener with 150,000 men are on their way to the front, but they cannot arrive before the coast towns have been occupied."

To this appalling statement I replied: "I can hardly credit the news, for when at Mpwetu, less than three weeks ago, I saw copies of telegrams received from Blantyre, giving a series



On the Banks of the Rusizi River



of British successes, and stating that the Boers were in full retreat on Pretoria. Where did your information come from?"

"From German papers."

On comparing the routes, we concluded that Blantyre news *should* be later than that from the other source. "It seems to me," I said, "that in this case the wish is parent to the thought. The statement that 150,000 troops are already *en route* sounds extravagant. We could not supply that number in so short a time."

"So I thought," added the German captain. "We have always been taught that 70,000 is the utmost your army can supply," and we were driven to the conclusion that probably the truth lay in the mean between our respective information.

"This war will last a long time," he continued; "for even if you subdue the Boers, Europe will certainly intervene."

"I do not think so," I remarked; "and even if it comes to that, it need not seriously affect the situation in South Africa, for in Europe the war would be purely naval. Besides, Europe must know that neither threats nor declaration of war *can* turn us from our purpose, for even if the government wished it, the people will not sanction a second '81. You must remember that not only South Africa, but the whole of our Empire, is at stake, and that defeat in a European war would be no more disastrous than defeat in South Africa. Therefore, if Europe wishes to fight, she must fight, and the question will be fought out to the utmost by our respective navies. We are not a military people, but we are a warlike people, and if we have to die, we will die hard."

"But if you are ultimately successful, do you not think that in a few years the Boers will rise again?"

"I do not think so," I replied; "and, what is more, if South Africa had been consistently treated in the past, the Boers would have been as loyal as the Canadians and Australians. Boers and Britishers have much in common, both from the point of view of blood and character. Once associate their mutual interests, and all differences will disappear."

Such were the speculations and opinions of two white men, the circumstances of whose life had thrown a veil over current events. Both were prejudiced—the one, no doubt, looked forward to British defeat as the only possible means by which the German wedge could be insinuated between Boer interests and British influence, to the ultimate advantage of his country; the other, imbued with strong ideas as to the future destinies of his race, and confident that, in spite of the blind clumsiness, or studied apathy, with which his country's interests in Africa had been treated until quite recently, the Great Empire would ultimately blunder into victory, if it could not attain success by more satisfactory and less expensive measures.

That evening the officer commanding the Congolese station arrived from the north. The news he brought with him was not very reassuring. The rebels had made their headquarters in the mountains to the north of Lake Kivo, and were therefore to the immediate left of my route. If we did not meet on the war-path, I hoped that our rapid rate of travelling would give us a day's start before they heard of our presence. Unfortunately my porters had been thoroughly scared by the reports they had heard of the terror-stricken country, and did not attempt to disguise their wish to return whence they came.

The following day I lunched and spent the afternoon with the German officers. They all spoke good English, and many subjects were discussed. The tendency among white men in the heart of Africa is to slur over the frigid period, usually prefacing personal relations at home, and to step quickly into a more torrid atmosphere, especially when the tastes and motives of each run on parallel lines. In spite of international rivalries, the manners, habits, and train of thought of British and German officers have much in common; both are reserved, both are naturally self-reliant and are imbued with sentiments of self-respect and *esprit de corps*,—each is satisfied that for his motto *ne plus ultra* is most appropriate. I have met many German officers, and have always found that

mutual sympathy outweighs national antipathy ; and so in this case both hosts and guest found much in common during the two days in which I spent most of my time at the German mess. The day terminated in a convivial evening, to which the Congo State officers were also invited. We were all northerners—German, Scandinavian, and English. In the morning I made preparations for departure, Captain Bethe kindly supplying me with two or three local boys and a native soldier, who carried orders to the N.C.O.'s of three out-stations to supply me with relays of escort as far as the boundary of the British sphere. He also gave instructions that two large canoes at Ishengi, on Lake Kivo, should be placed at my disposal. The boys, seeing that a move was to be made, sent a deputation asking me to pay them and allow them to return to Katanga. Of course this was quite out of the question, so the request was met with an emphatic refusal.

Another attempt to approach me on the subject was made, and as it was done in a respectful manner, and since I felt they had very reasonable grounds for not wishing to pass through country painted so black, I produced the agreement made by Captain Verdick on their behalf, and pointed out to them that they must perform their side of the contract before they could expect to be rewarded for doing so. I further assured them that under all circumstances I would stand by them if they continued to do their duty by me as they had done hitherto. Here the trouble ended ; they packed up their loads with a good grace, and were sent off along the broad pathway cleared by the Germans as far as an out-station eleven miles away. My three Zambezi boys and the soldier remained behind, while I partook of a final lunch with my German friends.

"Why do you Germans hate us English so?" I asked, in the course of conversation leading up to such a question.

"Hate you? We do not hate you," Captain Bethe replied.

"Then why does your Press attack us in such virulent terms, and delight in abusing us on every available opportunity?"

"That is easily explained," he rejoined. "Some few years

ago Germany suddenly awoke to the fact that she wanted a colonial empire. We came to Africa and annexed Damaraland. I have been a commandant in Damaraland. It is nothing better than a sandy waste. We came here to East Africa, and except for this small piece round Kivo, it is very little better, and yet these and the Cameroons are all you English have left for us. You have monopolised all that is worth having in Africa."

"And yet," I added, "you cannot deny that we have built up our African Empire honestly, and at considerable cost in blood and treasure. We are the early bird which gathered the worms."

"That is quite true, but the result to us is the same. We are compelled by you to take a second place, and we do not like it."

"Well," I remarked, "the feeling in Germany is, after all, rather one of envy than sheer hatred."

"I suppose that is so," was the admission; and when one compares the kind and honourable reception accorded to individual Englishmen by foreigners of all European nationalities, with the pitiable unanimity in censorious abuse characterising their Press in the course of the South African crisis, one cannot but feel that the same cap fits all. The rules guiding individual action apply equally to nations. The success which calls forth the respect of the liberal-minded must expect envious malice from the warped judgment born of prejudice. In either case the critic pays the highest compliment of which he is capable.

At three o'clock we bade a cordial farewell, and I hurried after my caravan. The night was spent near the German outpost referred to above, in  $2^{\circ} 41'$  south latitude. Here is the southern extremity of a rock-bound gorge, through which the Rusizi flows from the lake. In a northerly direction the valley narrows and stretches toward the southeast shores, where later I found a narrow valley extending southwards in a direction which indicated a probable connection. If the Transcontinental railway ever comes this way, it will either



reach the lake through this valley, or an easily constructed dam, speaking comparatively, across the southern extremity of the gorge at which we were camped, will prolong the navigable area to that point, giving steamboat extension from  $2^{\circ} 41'$  to  $1^{\circ} 41'$  — exactly a degree, or seventy standard miles in a northerly direction.

The following day was occupied in climbing from little over three thousand to nearly six thousand feet above the sea level. I was now in what I conceive to be not merely one of the most promising, but quite the healthiest of the many thousand miles I had passed over. It is a magnificent, mountainous country. My camp that evening was near the summit of a great cone-shaped hill, green with good pasturage. Beneath, I looked down some eight hundred feet on a sheltered valley, along which a mountain stream wormed its course. On all sides great mountains, tinted with the delicate shades of the evening light, towered one above the other. Except for extensive plantain groves, there are no trees, but the rich green of the pasture is in itself a refreshing feast for the eye. In the near neighbourhood was a village, or, more correctly speaking, a cluster of villages, from which the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep and goats sounded quite a pastoral note. The inhabitants, a tall, well-proportioned people, are as light in colour as the Bechuana, but much superior in feature. The country, known as Ruanda, wraps round Kivo, and extends for nearly forty miles to the north of the lake. The upper classes are descended from immigrant Gallas, and are known as Vatosé. These are quite distinct from the lower orders, both in blood and type. The Vatosé aristocracy occupies a position in Ruanda similar to that of the Marotse in Lewanika's empire. The lower classes, who are descendants of the original stock of the district, are divided into two sections — the Watusi, who inhabit the south, and the Wahuma of the north. These two sections combined are generalised as Wahuta. The chief of Ruanda bears the hereditary title of Kigeri, and is treated with almost superstitious respect by his subjects. Tuhi, the present

chief, is very chary of strangers, and is only visible to his immediate retainers. The mystery which surrounds his person serves to enhance the respect felt for him by his subjects. The Waniaruanda, or people of Ruanda, are far in advance of the average African tribe in agricultural attainment. Their plantations and well-cultivated fields of grain, sweet potatoes, beans, and peas, bear far closer resemblance to the farms of southern Europe than to the usual African "gardens," or mere scratching of the earth's surface and insinuation of seeds, around which the weeds are hoed down periodically. I was told by Dr. Kandt, the zealous German scientist whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Ishengi, that fever and dysentery germs find no place in the highlands of Ruanda. There should be a prosperous future before this charming district. As I travelled through it, I could quite appreciate the German discovery that the presence of Congolese mutineers, a few days' march from their frontier, might prove a menace to their interests; and that they should get over the difficulty by supplanting the Congolese, was no matter for surprise.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

Magenzi — Highland hospitality — Delightful march to Ishengi — A glimpse of Lake Kivu — The Rusizi's outflow — The beauty of the lake — High altitude and lofty mountains — Neither crocodile nor hippopotamus — Colonising prospects — Visit from Dr. Kandt — The jigger — His characteristics and doings — A great traveller — Reproduction of species — Care necessary in treatment — A lamed leopard — Dr. Kandt at home — A many-sided scientist — The ways of the world — A start up the lake — A great mountain range — Refugees in a canoe — Robbery and murder — Camp on an island — Good progress — A starving orphan — A great mountain peak — North coast in view — Good compass country — A depopulated village — A German out-station — Two active volcanoes — A lava-blackened mountain — Five extinct volcanoes — British treaty rights — Night in a German fort — Travellers yearning for milk — Confiding geese — An assortment of weapons — A German escort — Avoiding the "skelems" — Madzimano — The British flag — Unsettled country — A guide's thoughtful action — A high camp — A rare atmosphere



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### MAGENZI TO KUMICHENGI

THE chief of the mountain villages near which I spent my first night in this grand country was called Magenzi — a fitting name for a highland chief! though the hard *g* is not quite a *k*. His present to me was quite munificent, and it was the more appreciated as the boys had been on short commons since leaving Tanganyika, for the villages in Urundi, the country lying between that lake and Ruanda, are few and far between. It was quite a treat, therefore, to receive two sheep, a goat, a little meal, curded milk, and about forty bunches of plantains.

Ishengi, on the southern coast of Kivo, whither we were bound, proved to be twenty-four miles from Magenzi, but the air was so fresh and bracing, and the scenery so absorbing, that in spite of the ups and downs *en route* it was accomplished without fatigue and in good time. When about half-way we caught a glimpse of Kivo, or rather an arm, connected by a narrow strait with the southeastern extremity of the main lake. This extended about twelve miles southward, and I obtained a good bird's-eye view of it from mountains two thousand feet above its level, from which I sketched its shape and took compass bearings. Out of this the Rusizi flows in about 2° 33' south latitude.

Arriving at Ishengi at 3.30, I occupied quarters built by the Germans for the accommodation of officers visiting the station. The beauty of the lake, stretching away to the north, was very impressive. Jutting promontories, diminutive bays serrating larger ones, straits, and islands rising like mountain ranges from the bosom of its waters, invest the scenery with variety in detail. There is a peculiar charm

about Mweru. Tanganyika is an example of noble grandeur, but Kivo is superb—so bright! so broken! The water surface is forty-eight hundred feet above the sea, and it is therefore by far the highest of the great African lakes. Green hills slope outward from the shores on all sides, and act as foreground to a medley of mighty mountains which rise tier above tier and peak above peak, till they attain an altitude of some eight thousand feet, and in some instances as much as twelve thousand. In another aspect Kivo is unique amongst her fellows, for her waters contain neither crocodile nor hippopotamus. In origin the lake is volcanic, and the shores are in most places so steep that the swimmer may dive from dry land into deep water. The banks are laid bare of vegetation for about two feet above the water by the action of the waves in windy weather. Thus the solid surface of the bed is laid bare, and is shown to be a conglomeration of stones and rocks of a more ancient formation cemented together by lava of a comparatively recent date. It reminded me of the face of an artificial rockery. As an immediate result, rushes and reeds find no hold, the crocodile is robbed of his natural haunts, and the hippopotamus of the food he loves best. This, I imagine, supplies the main reason why this one considerable sheet of African water is free of its most objectionable accessories, so that the traveller may enjoy a bath without risk to life and limb, and may travel in deep water without the danger of being upset by some savage or playful hippopotamus. Considering the healthiness, the richness of soil, and the attractive nature of the Kivo regions, there is little doubt that the facilities offered by railway communication will be quickly succeeded by the settlement of European colonists on an extensive scale.

I was scarcely settled in my night's lodgings, when Dr. Kandt paid me a visit. Up to that time I was unaware of the presence of any white man at Ishengi. At the outset he warned me against the jiggers which he said infested the neighbourhood of the station. So this little pest has found his way so far afield! He has probably travelled on the

feet of the native soldiers. Although the light of the jigger has not been hidden under a bushel, a short description of him and his doings may be news to some. The naked eye detects a small black speck only ; but when seen under the microscope, the little black speck expands into an insect bearing close resemblance to the common domestic flea. The jigger is not indigenous to the African continent, but, like everything of a pestilential nature, he thrives amazingly and multiplies prodigiously under the influence of its climate. He has travelled across the Atlantic Ocean on the feet of man, and still continues to travel wherever he can find feet congenial to his purpose. To reproduce her species, the female calls man or some soft-skinned animal to her aid. Burying herself beneath the skin, without the permission or even the knowledge of the creature whose invaded surface she has enlisted in her service, she proceeds without further ado to lay, not an egg only, but a bag, containing hundreds of eggs, each of which contains an embryo jigger. If this bag is deposited beneath the skin of a man unversed in her methods, or an animal unable to extract it, the process of incubation proceeds rapidly, and both eggs and bag expand until the former hatch and eat their way through the walls that contain them. Irritation usually commences about twenty-four hours after the eggs are laid, though the exact time depends to some extent on how sensitive the subject skin may be. If, on discovery, the whole bag is carefully extracted unruptured, the irritation ceases at once, and the jigger's family prospects are shattered ; but if nature is allowed full scope, or if the bag is so clumsily removed as to leave part of the contents behind, the irritation increases to an exasperating extent, and the after results may be very serious, especially if the blood of the patient is not in very good order. I was informed that the first invasion by the jigger of Portuguese East Africa spread much suffering among the native population, and that cases even occurred when the feet of those attacked literally rotted away. One gentleman told how he had shot a leopard which had surprised him by the disinclina-

tion it showed to move either backward or forward when tackled. This unusual inactivity was explained when it was discovered that the poor brute's feet were almost eaten away by these horrible little insects.

Dr. Kandt arrived in Africa about the same time that we did. He travelled slowly from the coast with the usual large caravan.

"But," he said, "I have since found that your way of travelling is the best and quickest."

He had been established at Ishengi about twelve months, and occupied what in Africa is considered a spacious house, which he treated as his headquarters. Here he spent weeks in skinning birds, mammals, and human beings, ethnological research especially interesting him. Occasionally he would make short expeditions, with about a dozen porters, in the interests of geography and geology. He posed to me as the proverbial prophet:—

"Although I am a German, and you a foreigner, our Press devoted pages to your expedition, and scarcely deigned to notice the fact that I was leaving for Africa."

I ventured to suggest that early recognition is not a necessary accompaniment to the most useful work, but that such work has a no less potent influence on that account, and will live when mushroom reputations, founded on doubtful and sensational performances, are dead and forgotten. I exemplified my meaning by showing him that although my plan of campaign emphasised the work we hoped to do in the Upper Zambezi districts, and treated the much shorter but more flashy line to the north as an interesting accessory, yet the latter occupied space and prominence, while the former was ignored. The public, and even geographical circles,—excepting that minority of experts interested in the continent concerned,—provide the vast majority of newspaper readers. Who, therefore, can blame the Press for consulting the tastes of the majority of those who patronise them? Next morning I breakfasted with the doctor. His house stood near the summit of a steep hill,



about half a mile from the lake, and contained specimens of varied interest—ethnology, botany, geography, and natural history were all very much *en evidence* on the walls and tables of this solitary home. Behind the hut was a small garden, and he described to me the extraordinary productiveness of the soil. Of some crops he had been able to raise no less than three in the one year. If my memory serves me right, wheat was one of these. After spending a few profitable hours in the company of this man of science, I returned to the station and made preparations for the journey to the north of the lake. The boys made a final effort to gain permission to return, but an emphatic refusal was, in the circumstances, the only course left open to me. They accepted the inevitable with a better grace than might have been expected, and everything was packed away in the canoes. We did little more than get clear that evening, and slept the night five miles up the coast. In the morning we paddled across the channel, four miles wide, which separates the mainland from Kwijwe, a large mountainous island extending northward for twenty miles. Another island of considerable size lies to the west of Kwijwe. It is known as Kwiwincha, and is separated from the mainland by so narrow a channel that had it not been for Dr. Kandt's information, I would have mistaken it for a small inlet. About twelve miles to the west of the south end of the lake there is a lofty range of mountains, which extends in a direction parallel with the western shore. This was never out of sight till hidden from view by the Mountains of the Moon—the great Ruenzori Range, to the east of which the route lay. So lofty was a peak on which I took a compass bearing from Ishengi, that at a later date I was able to observe on it from a distance of 135 miles—a proof also of the purity of the atmosphere. After following the eastern shore of the island for a few miles, we took a westerly course to a promontory on the mainland, seven miles distant. This forms the northern extremity of a great bay, the other end of which was our starting-point that morning. Whilst in mid lake, we were hailed by a canoe

containing a few natives. They told us how that during the previous night the mutineers had looted their village, which stood on the hills directly to the west. They had killed those of the men who had failed to make good their escape, and taken away the women. The refugees were on their way to seek the protection of the Germans, and recommended us to retrace our steps. However, I considered we were comparatively safe on the water, and it was improbable that the marauders would discover our camp on this hilly coast, for even if they slept in the neighbourhood, their attention would be taken up with their plunder of the previous night. As it happened, we made camp on the island of Chakigele, and were in absolute safety. The survey of the lake was particularly interesting on account of the numerous points on which compass bearings can be taken.

The following day, February 19, we made good progress. During the midday rest, I enjoyed a swim in the cool, transparent water. I was able to dive into deep water from the bank, and this without the feeling that I might enter the open jaws of a hungry crocodile.

On returning to the boats, near which the boys were congregated beneath a large euphorbia, Fernando produced a poor, emaciated little brat six or seven years old. The child had a bright intelligent face, his limbs and ribs were covered only by skin, and his belly was distended out of all proportion by the consumption of mal-nutritious food gathered on the veldt.

"The little boy says he wants to go with the white man," said Fernando, with a grin.

"His place is with his mother," I replied. "Send him back to his people."

"He says both his father and mother are dead, and he has no one to look after him. He has been wandering about for a long time, living on what he could pick up." I felt sorry for the poor little chap, so told Fernando to give him food and bring him along with us.

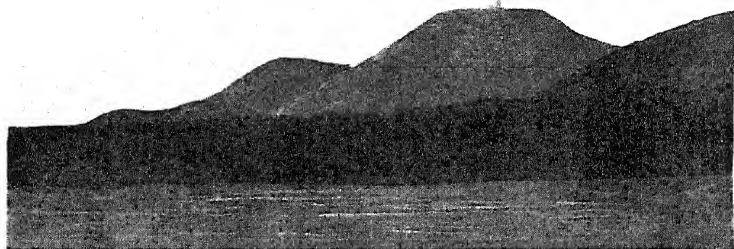
As we progressed, I caught a glimpse of a great peak, which proved to be Mount Karisimbe. It literally towered above the

high, intervening hills, and seemed to me to be the loftiest mountain I had seen. It is, I understand, occasionally tipped with snow, and as the snow line in equatorial Africa is approximately thirteen thousand feet, this figure probably fairly represents the extreme altitude of Karisimbe. In the evening the northern coast of the lake came in view, but so far the great active volcanoes which supply a most interesting feature to this district, were obscured by mountains under the shadow of which we skirted the lake border. Both at midday and in the evening I was able to add considerably to what had now become a veritable network of compass lines, which with the addition of latitudinal observations, would, I ventured to hope, give special value to my survey of the eastern shore of the lake, as well as determine the position of many points in the distance. Kalikahunda, a small village near which we camped, seemed to speak of a peace and prosperity past and gone. It stood halfway up a hill in the midst of a plantain grove. The huts were deserted, and the once cultivated terraces were already being overrun by the weeds of the wilderness. The inhabitants had either fallen victims to the plundering propensities of the rebels, or had sought an asylum in the security of one of the islands of the lake.

Shortly before midday on the 12th we reached the German out-station at Kumichengi, which stands in south latitude  $1^{\circ} 40' 55''$ , on the extreme northeastern corner of the lake. A black corporal and a handful of native troops garrisoned the well-constructed earthwork fort which stands a short distance from the water's edge. In a direct line to the north of the station, the active volcano Kilima-cha-moto stands eight or ten miles away. From its flat summit smoke was to be seen rising at the time of my visit. The only other active volcano of this group of eight lies beyond, and cannot be seen from the station. In the neighbourhood these mountains are known as Kirunga, but among the Waganda they are referred to as the Umfumbira, or "cook house" mountains. The mountain stands in a valley of black lava which has been

emitted at no very distant date. Vegetation is only now beginning to take a hold, as is seen by occasional small clumps of green dotted about over the black surface. The lava slopes down to the shores of the lake, along the borders of which vegetation is thicker. As in the case of Mweru, the mountain ranges which confine the lake on the east and west do not wrap round the northern shore, but in this case continue their course on parallel lines as far as Lake Albert Edward, and thus confine a long, narrow valley. Of this, two-thirds of the original surface is buried under millions of tons of lava, most of which has probably been belched from Kirunga-cha-namlagira, the more northern of the two active mountains. The slopes of this one are still blackened, whereas Kilima-cha-moto is covered from base to summit by dense forest. The names of the five remaining mountains of this noble group are: Sabinyo and Wisoko, each of which must be not far from twelve thousand feet, more or less, and Mariaga, Changa, and Chiwanda, the last-named having a serrated summit. The last three, which stand some distance to the northeast, were too distant from my route to enable me to form even an approximate estimate of their height, but it was obvious that this is considerable. I should dearly have liked to sojourn among these giants for a fortnight, to thoroughly investigate their surroundings, and do a little mountaineering, but, as will be seen in the next chapter, the hostile attitude of the natives rendered rapid moving imperative.

Politically speaking, these Umfumbira Mountains are more than usually interesting to us. It will be remembered that the well-known "Heligoland Treaty" allotted the group to Great Britain in consideration of our abandoning to Germany certain acquired rights over Kilimanjaro. Falling south of the first parallel of south latitude, which marks the dividing line between the British and the German spheres, a semicircle of red covering the district is to be seen in the published maps. Latitudinally this semicircle is correctly placed; longitudinally it is many miles too far east. To my surprise and satisfaction, I now found that they stand in the



Kilima-Cha-Moto (right) and Kirunga-Cha-Namlagira,  
the two active volcanoes of the Umfumbira Group  
From the Lake 15 Miles South of Former



German Out-station on the North of Lake Kivo  
Kilima-Cha-Moto on the Right



place of all others most advantageous to us, for, being washed by the waters of Lake Kivo, they give us access from the Uganda Protectorate to that interesting lake; and if matters are satisfactorily arranged with Germany, who, it will be seen, had already occupied the district, the only country through which the transcontinental railway must needs pass, which is otherwise than British, is that lying between the south of Kivo and the north of Tanganyika — about 77 miles to march. Thus, this inconvenient space will be reduced from about 180 to 60 miles as the crow flies. The tent was pitched for the night within the earthworks of the German fort, the native corporal doing all in his power to arrange for my comfort. He brought me a sheep, meal, and fresh milk, the latter article being especially acceptable. The craving for milk when travelling hard in Africa — a craving I have noticed in others besides myself — is an interesting exemplification of the manner in which the system cries out for what it most requires. Presumably the heat, added to the everlastingly hard exercise, causes so excessive a drain on the system of those fatty constituents for which milk is distinguished, that this intense yearning, amounting to something more than mere appetite, is set up by nature. At home I have no objection to a whiskey and soda or a good glass of wine, — in fact, I use them both, — but during my pilgrimage in Africa, all the finest vintages of Europe might go to moisten the thirsty lips of Dives for all I was concerned, if it became a matter of choice between wine and milk.

While enjoying a swim from the beach, — and this northern shore provides the only beach on the lake, — I noticed a flock of Egyptian geese about a quarter of a mile away. Slipping into my clothes, I went off in pursuit at once. Elsewhere, even in remote regions, I have always found the goose the most wary of birds; no doubt, owing to his migratory habits, he has at one season of the year or another learned to respect powder and shot, and has acquired a very reasonable notion of the range of a fowling-piece. Here, however, he seems to live in a fool's paradise, for the birds allowed me to walk to

within forty yards of them and bag a brace of their number. Early next morning the German native soldiery brought me an interesting assortment of weapons as used by the people of Ruanda. Of these I selected a few representative samples, and distributed them amongst my followers, thereby, to their undisguised satisfaction, conferring on them something of the attributes of armed men, and at the same time providing an easy means of transport for this interesting addition to my ethnological collection.

In accordance with Captain Bethe's instructions, an escort of two soldiers was told off to accompany me as far as Mugonga (wherever that was!), and in addition the services of a guide were secured. On him I to some extent relied in being prevented from blundering into avoidable danger, which I knew must in some measure exist, for the previous description of the country had lost nothing from the account of the native soldiers on its borders. As stated in an earlier chapter, I expected an easy and interesting experience up to this, and I had not been disappointed; now I was entering on that hundred miles of chaos of which my friends in Katanga warned me, and, as will be gathered from the succeeding chapters, I was to have a gruesome experience of well-nigh every curse with which the avenging hand of the Almighty or the malice of the devil can contrive for the chastisement of degenerate man.

We quitted Kumichengi on the 21st of February, our guide taking us in an easterly direction over a rapidly rising hilly country, instead of by the route along the lava valley skirting the base of Kilima-cha-moto, which is the more direct. The German soldiers told off to accompany us informed me that there was no road through the latter country, but Fernando explained that the people inhabiting the valley were "skelems."

Fifteen miles up hill and down dale and round the base of mountains brought us to a small village under a friendly young chief who gave his name as Madzimano. To reach this point, thanks mainly to the winding path, we had made only three miles in the desired direction.



The one cluster of villages through which we had passed became much perturbed on our approach. The now weather-beaten British flag presented to me at Durban by Captain Sinclair Smith of the Clan Buchanan, which had waved in front of the caravan since we parted from the little *Constance* at the gates of Marotseland, had not the usual reassuring effect on the native mind, for the savages fled into the hills, and there remained till we were out of sight. Captain Bethe had given me a small German flag, which he advised me to fly in place of the Union Jack; but although I accepted it as a compliment, and acknowledged the kind feelings which prompted the gift by flying it as well as my own, I could not conceive of any circumstances under which I would exchange the flag of my country for that of any other. I the better understood the German commandant's advice on subsequently learning that the passage of a British traveller along this same route a few months earlier had been attended with trouble of a serious nature with the native population. Blood had been spilled, and as a consequence Messrs. Moore and Fergusson, whom I subsequently met at Fort Portal, were delayed some time at Kumichengi, while native agents endeavoured to smooth the way for their advance. These travellers, in their turn, lost a native servant, who, having been sent into a village to buy food, was treacherously murdered. Very rightly this act was followed by punitive measures, and here again my chances of a friendly reception were not improved, though possibly evilly inclined natives were reminded that liberties could not be taken with impunity.

As I marched along, accompanied by the guide and one askari, a score of natives armed with spears and bows and arrows suddenly appeared in front. The boys, and even Fernando, who carried my rifle, had lagged behind without my knowledge, and thus in my unarmed condition, had these warriors desired it, they could have despatched me at leisure. The guide shouted to them in the language of the country, and the gang left the path and passed me by twenty yards to the right. At this point I was struck by the conduct of

this worthy guide; for as the warriors passed, he placed himself first on my flank and then in my rear, always keeping his own body between mine and the armed natives. The undisguised suspicion with which the worthy fellow treated these warriors warned me of the possible danger of allowing my rifle out of my sight.

That evening I selected a camping-ground at an elevation of 7475 feet above the sea on the lower slopes of a great mountain. On the one side I obtained an uninterrupted view of the greater portion of the lake from a platform twenty-five hundred feet above its surface; on the other, the rugged mountains rose high into the clouds, finally culminating in the lofty peak of Karisimbe.

The numerous compass bearings I was able to take here on the various points of the lake and the surrounding mountains proved of great value to my map when used in conjunction with those taken before and after. A peak sixty miles away, marking the southernmost extremity of the mighty range referred to in the last chapter as rising a few miles to the west of the southern extremity of the lake, could be seen distinctly through the clear, rare atmosphere, and the range itself could be traced along the sky-line to the west, and stretching far to the north, where it runs past Lake Albert Edward and the Semliki River.

Little "Kivo," as I named the young castaway picked up on the shores of the lake, had already changed very considerably for the better. The dry, ashy skin of a few days back had regained the natural gloss of returning health, the unnatural prominence of the bones was already disappearing, and, thanks to the anointing of his head with half a gill of paraffin oil the first evening of his service, perfect peace reigned beneath the crisp curls which, at the time he was taken under my charge, showed more sign of life than all the rest of the body put together. The little chap was not a bit shy, and took every opportunity of conversing glibly in a tuneful, childish voice, not seeming to realise the fact that not one word he uttered was understood.

## CHAPTER XXIX

German askaris refuse to proceed—An insolent fellow—Madzi-  
mano offers his services—The route of the rebels—Well-  
merited death—Human bones and vultures—A village with a  
bad reputation—Closing the caravan—Surrounded but not  
attacked—Loyalty of boys—An expected ambushade—Un-  
molested—The people of Mugonga—At the base of Mount  
Sabinyo—Fertility and grandeur—"Man alone is vile"—Pre-  
senti's clumsiness—Detained by a promise—Attempted en-  
trapment—Not to be caught—A second attempt—Undesirable  
district left behind—The NKAU River—Heavy rain—Pre-  
senti and the small boy missing—A few hours of luxury—Dr.  
Kandt's account of the district—His description of the people  
—Circumstances alter cases—The African and the traveller—  
Safety owing to rapid movement—Presenti hurries to camp—  
Stripped of everything—"Paradox" stolen—The little Kivo  
boy kidnapped—Loss of artificial horizon—A woman for sale  
—A friendly old man—Extra porters—Two decamp—The  
effect of a rifle shot—A useless present—*Cobus Thomasi*  
shot—Scarcity of game behind—Villagers undertake to carry  
meat—The KWENDA River—"Meatboys" decamp—Warriors  
take their place—A war brewing—Camp among reputed can-  
nibals—Small-pox—A friend in need—Another *Cobus*  
bagged



## CHAPTER XXIX

### AN EXCITING DAY

WE now entered on a day affording more than the usual degree of excitement. At the outset the German askaris, evidently feeling that there was a stronger element of danger in front than they cared to risk, absolutely refused to move one step further. One of them, who had not treated me with as much civility as I had been accustomed to receive from members of his race, and had shown from the outset that he was not enamoured of the duty for which he had been told off, became absolutely objectionable when I reminded him that his commandant's instructions were that he should accompany me as far as Mugonga. Had it not been that his services were loaned to me by a foreign officer, the uniform of whose country I was bound by the laws of courtesy to respect, the consequences of his conduct might have been unpleasant to himself. However, when he saw his more amiable fellow rewarded for his previous day's service, and himself ignored, his behaviour was such as to call forth peremptory orders to begone; and even then it was only when he began to realise that wisdom advocated a speedy departure, that he rid me of his presence. It is probable that the inventive genius of this person supplied materials for a statement that appeared in the British Press, to the effect that I had found my way into the cooking-pots of the cannibals to the north.

Madzimano, the young chief alluded to above, came into camp early and volunteered to accompany us past a certain village, the inhabitants of which he described as being very bad indeed. For the first few miles the country continued to rise until we reached a point about 7700 feet above the sea-level. The natives hitherto showed no disposition to molest

us, but from the top of undulations could be seen driving their herds and flocks in front of them, as they fled for safety to the mountains.

Our path crossed a track which Madzimano stated to be the route of the rebels to and from the pillaging expedition alluded to in the previous chapter. They had passed that way three days ago, so must have set out on their return journey the morning following their night attack. They were now said to have retired to the fastnesses of one of the great mountains to the west of the valley. The corpse of one of their number lay by the side of the path, he having earned a well-merited death in an encounter with the local natives. Farther on other remains were passed, and, in the long grass, a few yards from the path, vultures feasted on the bodies of the dead inhabitants of the district. Human bones and bodies in various stages of decomposition told how cheap was life in this unhappy country. At length Madzimano pointed out a village less than a mile in front as being the one to which he had referred in such strong terms of condemnation, and to this he now added that they were continually guilty of robbing and murdering stragglers, after which they would retire to the mountains with the plunder until all danger of retaliation was past. Lest such a fate should befall any of my porters, I deemed it advisable to halt. Not being able to march both in front and behind the caravan, I found it impossible to keep the boys up as I should have wished, and no amount of warning, even in such a country as this, served to prevent one or two of them from lagging behind. After three-quarters of an hour's wait, there were still absentees, and I grew anxious for their safety; so, giving Fernando my sixteen-bore and carrying the Mauser myself, I walked back four or five hundred yards to rising ground from which a comprehensive view to the rear could be obtained. Hitherto I had detected no sign of life in or near the hostile village; but my unexpected return revealed a surrounding cordon of warriors, each armed with bow, arrows, and two or three throwing spears.

As I moved forward they fell back, taking care to keep at the respectful distance of 150 yards or so from me. I had no intention of allowing the savages within effective arrow range; but fortunately no occasion for violence arose. On reaching the high ground, I was relieved on seeing the tail of the caravan approach; but had it not been for Madzi-mano's timely warning, I should have been some distance in front by this time, and the loitering boys would to a certainty have fallen victims to the spears or poisoned arrows of these cowardly savages.

After a short rest the march was resumed, and, as we advanced, so also did the encircling line of warriors. At this juncture the boys needed no special warning to keep well closed up; each almost trod on the heels of the one in front of him. As long as the country remained open, there was but little danger of attack, but in front a belt of thick bush had to be traversed, and this offered excellent cover for an ambuscade. On nearing it I suddenly found myself completely surrounded, front, rear, and flanks, by my little band of followers.

"Why do you come round me?" I asked.

"The people will attack you there," was the reply.

I told them that as I had always led them, so I always would, and directed them to fall back to their places again. At the same time, I was touched by this little act of devotion, which prompted these simple Africans to offer their own bodies as shields for the poisoned arrows which all expected would be fired at us from the comparative security of the bush.

The traveller who has spent much time among all sorts and conditions of savages, but who has never been called on to defend his life by force, is not inclined to meet danger half-way; but in this instance, I must confess, I felt almost as confident as did my followers that the cordon of savages surrounding us were working in coöperation with others concealed in the bush we were about to enter.

As we stepped from the open into thick cover, every tongue was still, and every eye on the *qui vive*, in expecta-

tion of attack. Step by step we advanced, at the same brisk pace, till in a few moments we were once more in the open. Not a native was now to be seen. They had all remained on the farther side of the bush, and those in advance who had been seen to enter it were still hidden. Once more prospective danger was dissipated with the suddenness of a pricked soap-bubble.

I still believe a trap had been laid for us, but that the courage of the natives, which so often ends in talk and demonstration, had failed them at the psychological moment.

The path now led along the edge of the high ground, which quickly falls away to the black lava valley a thousand feet below. The usual rapid rate of travel was kept up till late in the afternoon, when we had marched twenty-six miles, and placed some fifteen between ourselves and the ill-disposed villagers of Dwelele. For some distance we saw no inhabitants. We were passing the space separating the people of Dwelele from those of Mugonga, whose respective inhabitants did not appear to be in direct communication, for our appearance took the people of the latter district completely by surprise. As we looked down on the many small villages dotting the steep hills and deep-cut valleys in front, herds and flocks were to be seen moving rapidly toward the great mountains in the east. The tent was pitched on the edge of a hill, with so precipitous a descent on the one side as to give a great advantage in the event of attack from below, and protected on the other by a low bank, offering protection equivalent to that of an earthwork.

Within a couple of miles to the east, Mount Sabinyo towered high above us—a twin giant to Karisimbe, and nearly, if not quite, as lofty.

What a magnificent country is this! In every direction the eye rests on fertility and grandeur. Of it the old platitude is strictly correct—"Man alone is vile." A few of the natives, having placed their cattle in security, did not scruple to visit me. Two chiefs, as an earnest of friendship, presented me with three goats; but judged in the light of



after events, it would almost appear as though this apparent generosity was but part of a design to throw me off my guard, so as the more easily to encompass my downfall.

In camp that evening the boy, Presenti, literally made my toes itch with a suppressed longing for closer contact with some part of his body. It was owing to his everlasting peccadilloes that Captain Hamilton, whose servant he had been, induced me to "tell off" another to serve him in his place. That very morning he had upset half my breakfast into the fire; now he must needs follow this up by allotting a like fate to the whole of my soup. My three Zambezi boys varied in quality. Fernando was an excellent fellow, quite reliable, and ever anxious to do his best. Sabou was a fool, but a willing fool, and his clumsy attempts to do the right thing, even when the execution fell far short of the intention, — as it usually did, — rarely moved me to anger, for I knew he meant well. But Presenti's stupidity was coupled with an instinctive desire to save himself trouble, nor could he be trusted to perform any useful service behind my back. Short, sturdy, and well made, he was an excellent beast of burden, but there his virtue began and ended.

The next morning one of the local chiefs put in a late appearance, and, with excuse on excuse for the delayed attendance of guides whose services he had promised for the day's march, successfully delayed me till toward midday. Patience was now exhausted; so upbraiding him for not keeping his word, I prepared to start without his guides — for so far as the finding of the path was concerned, they were not required, though for the naming of rivers, mountains, etc., local knowledge is indispensable. Had I acted thus earlier, the guides would have come to hand earlier, for no sooner was it evident that a start was to be made under any conditions, than two guides and six other natives were produced. The evil face and sinister expression of one of these gentry aroused my suspicions at the outset, and he it was who attached himself to my person, the remainder travelling in the rear with the caravan. His first attempt to entrap me was

too obvious to succeed. We had marched barely three miles when he led us down into a hole surrounded on all sides by steep banks well covered with scrub, from which an unseen enemy could shower poisoned arrows into us from all directions, while we, hemmed in on all sides like so many rats in a trap, could have neither escaped nor retaliated. He explained that there was no water in front for a good day's march, and recommended me to camp there for the night. In the best-watered country I have seen in Africa, it is scarcely necessary to say that this information was not accepted as sound. Giving the man the lie direct, I told him he was useless to me, and led the way myself; but he was not to be thus easily dismissed and shortly was once more in front. A little later he attempted to lead me in an easterly direction; but as a mountainous spur must have completely cut off this path from the north, this second design to keep me in the Mugonga district for the night also failed. Upbraiding him severely, I ordered him to leave me, and returned to the northerly path; but this merely produced a more malicious expression than had hitherto characterised his evil countenance, and although he stood for a moment, I found shortly that he was following behind.

Late in the afternoon we quitted the Mugonga district and entered Kisigole. The day's march had been a steady descent throughout, and we were now on the borders of the valley itself. After passing through a few villages, the people of which were less shy, and differed in many respects from their neighbours of Mugonga, we descended a steep bank with a sixty to seventy feet drop, and made camp near the Nkaku River, which passes about four hundred yards from the decline. That day, in a march of eighteen miles, death was represented by only a couple of skulls.

A heavy rainstorm hurried the camping arrangements, and the evil-looking guide and his fellows, seeing my back turned for a moment, made off in a hurry, and were next seen running up the bank as fast as their legs could carry them. I felt that they were up to no good, and was half

inclined to follow them, till I had seen the last of the boys safely in ; but unfortunately it then occurred to me that they were merely hurrying to gain shelter from the rain. Presenti and little Kivo had not yet come in, the former being delayed by the goats which he was driving. He carried my "Paradox," which was loaded with ball cartridge, his own blankets, and a native axe. When last seen, Kivo was marching with two of the Mugongo boys.

After changing into dry clothes and eating a light meal, I lighted one of the cigars which Mr. Rabinek had insisted on my accepting when we parted on Tanganyika, made myself a hot whiskey toddy, and imagined myself comfortable. Feeling grateful for my preservation up to date, I speculated on the fresh developments the morrow might bring forth, though I felt no evil presentiments, and was instinctively confident that I should reach Albert Edward and Uganda with a whole skin. Dr. Kandt had said to me :—

"Now that you have got thus far, you will have no difficulty in reaching Uganda, as, when you reach Albert Edward, you can engage canoes to take you to Fort George at the head of the lake, and this is the first English station. Eight months ago," he added, "I travelled, just as you do, with a dozen unarmed boys to the southern shores of the lake, and was everywhere received by the natives with hospitality. I have never before travelled amongst a more intelligent or hospitable people—they will load you with milk and food, and give you all the information you may require."

What an object lesson is here! In my experience the African native is naturally well-disposed toward the white traveller. He delights in a deal for a piece of brass wire, a stretch of cloth, or a handful of beads. Even though he be not influenced by any more disinterested motive, he is shrewd enough to know that good treatment encourages trade. A large proportion of my travels has been through absolutely unexplored regions, and in such countries progress has been remarkable for its freedom from native opposition or even discourtesy. Such experiences call one's mind back to the

days of Livingstone. No one can read the plain, straightforward narrative of the great explorer without being struck by the ease with which he passed from one tribe to another. In those early days the Africans of the interior had not yet learned to distrust the white man. Now, except in the remotest districts, they fully realise that he has either come, or is coming, to stay, and that a death-note has been sounded to the licentious, lazy freedom they love so well.

Dr. Kandt, so far as I can gather, had been the first white man to travel this route. Subsequent to his experience, which I have given as near as possible in his own words, upsetting influences had been at work, and a population so recently well-disposed toward the white man had been transformed into a most dangerous, treacherous community. Rapid movement had probably alone averted disaster up to the present. Had the people of Dwelele and Mugonga known of my approach beforehand, in place of learning it first from my sudden appearance amongst them, they would doubtless have matured more effective plots to encompass my destruction, or have concentrated in force to oppose my advance. But the workings of the native mind are ever slow, and no doubt the anxiety of the people of Mugongo to retain me within their district a second night was due to an intention to execute a scheme for which sufficient time for elaboration had not been allowed on the night of my arrival amongst them.

Shortly after sunrise, the next morning, Presenti was to be seen hurrying down the slope toward the camp. He was empty-handed, and I saw he had been robbed of all he carried, including my "Paradox." He described how the guide and his fellows on meeting him had stated that we had travelled to the east. During the ensuing discussion my "Paradox" and his blankets were seized, and the rascals marched off with these and the three goats. The small boy who, I now learned to my great annoyance, carried the artificial horizon, had been seized and taken back by the miscreants. The "Paradox," though a valuable weapon, I could do without;

but the loss of the artificial horizon was much more serious, as it could not be replaced. Perhaps, however, I should consider myself fortunate that it had already done most of its work, for there remained only a hundred miles of country between my present position and the head of Albert Edward, after which its services could be of no special value. Two Kisigole youths now appeared on the scene. They brought with them a young damsel whom they wished to sell for calico. It was sad to contemplate the apathetic demeanour of the young woman as she stood between the youths. To be sold or not to be sold seemed a matter of absolute indifference to the poor creature. My refusal to deal merely brought from the would-be venders the suggestion that they were willing to let her go very cheap—quite a small piece of calico was all they wanted. Neither they nor my Katanga boys could conceive what insane motive prompted me to prefer four yards of calico to this dusky beauty, and I overheard one of the latter whisper to Fernando—

“If he does not want her for himself, will he buy her for us?” But Fernando ruled the question out of order, and tersely replied, “It is no good asking him.” A friendly old man visited me while the loads were being readjusted, in view of the fact that we had no extra porters to assist in their transport. On finding the old gentleman well-disposed, I despatched him to his village to secure the services of five boys. In quite a short time he returned with the full number, but, before starting, two of them thought better of the enterprise and decamped. The Nkaku was fifty feet wide at the drift, and was crossed in four feet of water. We were now quite in the valley, and travelled along an almost level path, passing the remains of only one human being during the day’s march of eleven miles.

Toward the end of the journey there occurred an incident which exemplified the nervous condition of the inhabitants of these parts. When about half a mile from a village, I fired at a golden-crested crane, with the result that the villagers were thrown into a state of great excitement, women and

children fleeing as for their lives, and men shouting and jabbering like so many baboons, as they ran to arms and collected in groups two or three hundred yards away. In vain did my guide shout "Mahumere!" to reassure them, and in vain did I wave the dead bird over my head, to show them with what object the shot had been fired. They had made up their minds to exercise their lungs, and continued to do so with the persistency of the proverbial washerwoman. Though not fearing attack, I deemed it advisable to collect my small caravan, lest the excited rabble should be tempted to commit robbery with violence on some straggler. When all were collected, the march was continued, and this great ado about nothing was gradually lost in the distance.

We camped that night within a couple of miles of the first degree of south latitude, and again experienced a heavy fall of rain. The lava from the great volcano could still be seen toward the centre of the valley, though we were above its level in a treeless country which deteriorated with a rapidity commensurate with its fall in altitude.

In the morning the head man of a small village close by brought me a present of half a score of suspicious-looking eggs, and a brood hen in poor condition. As the three boys from the Nkaku wished to return, my friend undertook to supply three fresh carriers from his village. After wasting some time, I walked over to the village, with the intention of inspiring a little life into the prospective porters, but only to find that not a soul was to be found there—every one had cleared! An old fellow who had remained in camp when the head man started on his recruiting mission, was fallen in as guide, and the surplus loads were broken up and distributed among my followers.

After a three-mile march I shot a *Cobus Thomasi*, which was the first head of four-footed game I had seen since the day we first struck Lake Mweru. This antelope is narrowly akin to the pookoo, resembling him in size, habit, and colour, though there are slight distinctions in detail. The horns of both are similarly annulated, and are of a light

grey colour, the northern species attaining to greater measurements, and having a wider spread.

Boys were engaged from a village close by to carry the meat, and the journey was continued with as little delay as possible.

In  $0^{\circ} 58'$  we crossed the Kwenda, an affluent of the Ruchuru. Its bed—about one hundred feet in width—wormed its way along a still greater cutting, with precipitous banks eight hundred yards apart, which seemed to suggest the previous existence of a large river in the days before the whole surface of this country was altered by the great volcanic upheaval, of which evidence is to be seen on all sides.

We had not gone far past this when word was shouted down the line that the "Banyama" (meat boys) had decamped. Two boys were sent back at once with instructions to remain with the meat until I sent back others from camp. However, we were in luck's way this time, for scarcely had the boys started on their errand than there appeared a line of warriors, armed cap-a-pie, some of whom undertook to carry the meat.

It transpired that a general concentration of fighting men was in progress in the district of Chaniabinga, the northern villages of which had been raided and sacked by tribesmen dwelling on the southern borders of the lake. On the completion of fifteen miles, we camped on the outskirts of a cluster of villages which were alive with armed warriors. This country is said to be a hotbed of cannibalism, but of this I have no personal proof, for I received no invitation to dine. However, human bones bleached in the open near my camp, and seemed to give some colour to the character universally given to these people.

This day I discovered yet another addition to the multifarious curses raging in this valley of sin and death. In passing through one of the villages smallpox subjects sat about in the open, ready to transfer to their friends and relatives the germs of the ailment which rendered themselves hideous and loathsome.

As the sun rose next morning, long lines of spearsmen were to be seen in single file winding along the network of paths from the various villages which converged on the main track to be followed by the war party. Neither now nor during the night was there any sign of that savage excitement which usually precedes the wholesale spilling of blood in Africa.

Quite a superior native—presumably a head man of one of the numerous hamlets—had paid a protracted visit to my camp the previous evening. After picking his brains of all the information I required, I had sent him away with a chunk of meat. The next morning he returned, and readily undertook to accompany me to the lake. His services were the more acceptable, since, on the one hand, he could be trusted in his own interests not to lead us amongst his foes, who might or might not be dangerously disposed toward the white man, and, on the other hand, he could protect us from his friends, who, being on the war-path, would not improbably be tempted to add glory to their arms at the expense of so small a caravan.

After an hour's march, whilst following the high ground skirting a small river valley, we sighted another herd of *Cobus Thomasi*. Rightly conjecturing that a small troop of warriors following in our wake would gladly carry the meat under promise of part of it, I picked out what I judged to be the best ram.



## CHAPTER XXX

Sacked villages — Wholesale slaughter — An emaciated dog — The skeletons of the dead — A pathetic incident — A niggardly act — Gratitude rebuffed — Native undemonstrative reception of a white man's kindness — Is it real or assumed ? — An unsolved mystery — A desolate country — Two extremes — A veritable valley of death — Treachery, robbery, murder, cannibalism, disease, drought, famine, fire, and sword stain almost every step — Another raided village — A demonstration of attack — Our guide saves us — The three villagers return — The guide offers further service — A considerate action — A game country — A "topi" shot — And later, a water-buck — The RUCHURU River — A camp formed and meat dried — A start for KAHUNDULA — Our guide's friendly farewell — Miserable half-starved creatures — At the portals of eternity — No means to save — A great hubbub — Disarmed and reassured — A message to the chief — Ground strewn with dead and dying — A horrible stench — Pathetic incident — Offer to feed village with game — Delight of villagers — Human nature at its best and worst — Tired of waiting — Chief playing false — An insolent message — Villagers forbidden to accept meat — A cruel monster — A slow method of progress — Twenty-seven miles to advance nine — The topi and the camera — The war-party at work — The last act of the tragedy — Numerous hippopotami — Apparently outside the dangerous zone



## CHAPTER XXX

### MURDER AND CANNIBALISM

Not long afterward the *casus belli* which had aroused Chaniabinga to action was made painfully apparent to me. The path led us past one of the sacked villages — one in a million of those cruel outrages which are ever exterminating the old and transferring the women and the young from one master to another. Save for the presence of an emaciated cur which, sitting on its haunches a hundred yards away, howled piteously and unceasingly, there was no sign of living being among those desolated huts; but the skeletons of the dead, almost stripped of their flesh, grinned hideously in the light of heaven from their death-bed amidst the rank vegetation surrounding the village, and, no doubt, had a morbid taste tempted me to examine the huts, still more sickening horrors would have met my eyes. As I hurried on from this revolting sight, one of the most pathetic incidents within my experience was forced on me. From the grass thirty yards in front there arose what was nothing more than the skeleton of a boy fourteen years old, with ashy black skin stretched over the slim framework. Wringing his hands and whining piteously, the poor little creature staggered toward me; then suddenly his dazed eyes recognised a being not of his kind, and he stood before me motionless and impassive. To take him with me was impracticable, — he could not have walked a mile, I had no means of carrying him, and delay sufficient to build up his strength was impossible in the circumstances. I therefore ordered my head man to give him meat. The sympathetic fellow to my supreme disgust cut off about half a pound of sinewy gristle and handed it reluctantly to the poor lad, who, in an ecstasy of gratitude, made as though he would

embrace his benefactor ; but, with a look of horror, the latter shrank from the touch of the poor, inhuman-looking little creature. Upbraiding him, I seized the knife from the man who had thus obeyed the letter but not the spirit of my instructions, and cutting from the hind leg a large piece of meat, I handed it to the famine-stricken boy. He took it, but that was all. True to the characteristics of his race, he uttered not a word of thanks, nor even looked as though he appreciated the gift, which in reality must have been to him more than all the gold, precious stones, and spices of the Israelitish king. Whether the native of Africa feels more than he would make believe on receipt of a favour from a white man is an open question. Maybe he views it in the same light in which the London cabman accepts that shilling over and above his legal fare — a mere transfer of silver to its rightful owner. Possibly he may take the view of the South Eastern Railway porter, who considers himself entitled to a sixpenny gratuity whether his services to the public have been attended with civility and intelligence or not. My friend, Mr. F. J. Jackson, than whom few have had better opportunities of judging, holds that his apparent apathy is not real, but feigned; that he instinctively covers his feelings with a veneer of reserve, to a large extent the outcome of unconscious respect. He cited to me an instance wherein he had himself been struck by the thankless reception accorded to an act of favour. Many months later, while passing through the same district, he overheard himself referred to as the white man who had performed this kindly act. Only in Marotseland, where I am well known, and where Lewanika, the paramount chief, has proved to his people by word and action that he has implicit confidence in my friendliness and integrity of purpose, have I been gratefully thanked for small favours. Can it be that among these people the influence of their king breaks through the veneer, and renders the unconscious conscious? It may be so, or it may not. The fact is, curious and unaccountable paradoxes permeate the nature of the African, which at once defy logic and deceive those who know him best. At

the end of twenty-five years' close contact with the Matabele, Mr. Selous was forced to the conclusion that the workings of their mind were still an enigma to him. On the other hand, there is no sounder judge of character in the white man than these same natives. A reputation for consistency, manliness, and morality—even though they do not themselves suffer from any of these attributes—precedes him wherever intercourse is not checked at the borders of hostile tribes. Thus many rough places are made smooth by the confidence his past conduct has inspired, and *vice versa*.

The whole aspect of the country had now undergone a radical change for the worse. As far as 1° south latitude, everything was green and fertile, and all nature—save only the genus man—was pleasing and productive. The sun was still south of the equator, and so, therefore, was the rainy season. Within a few miles we had passed the line which separates summer from winter—the wet season from the dry. In the light of coming experience, this change in the aspect of the country proved to be no less dismal than striking. The rains during the foregoing wet season had been inadequate for purposes of cultivation, and famine in its most intense form was succeeding drought. If ever there were a valley of death, surely this home of misery in every conceivable shape deserves such a title. No restraining power seemed to check Death's murderous hand, as he hurled at this hapless people every bolt allowed him by the Ruler of the Universe. Treachery, robbery, murder, cannibalism, disease, drought and famine, fire and sword, stained almost every step of that short hundred miles. Man seemed to have leagued himself with his own arch-enemy in his attempt to vie in devilry with the supernatural, and add impulse to his own destruction. What I had already witnessed was revolting, disgusting—what I was yet to see before I had cleared this unhappy valley, was sickening and heartrending in the last degree.

After passing within half a mile of a second village which had shared a like fate to that already described, a short halt was made near a small stream. Suddenly the sky-line above

a neighbouring undulation revealed the presence of a few armed warriors waving their spears as they ran toward us, those in the rear calling on their fellows beyond the rising ground. They evidently foresaw an opportunity for plunder, and possibly a steak of white flesh; though I imagine what had survived eight thousand miles of hard exercise would have proved extremely disappointing to the palate. My guide stood up and shouted something to his fellows in his own language, which brought them to a standstill, after which they returned slowly whence they came.

Before proceeding, three boys which our guide had brought with us considered that they had gone far enough from their village. They each received a piece of meat, and left. Their master, however, mentioned his intention of going farther — a voluntary service I thoroughly appreciated under the circumstances, for I firmly believe this excellent fellow fully realised the risk we ran of encountering other gangs of his own tribesmen, which, as may be surmised from the foregoing incident, might, without the protection of his authority, result in bloodshed.

The boys were now very heavily laden, but we pressed on for some miles, changing direction to the northwest. The difficulty of providing my little caravan with food in this famine-stricken land was seriously occupying my mind, when we entered a bush country in which I was delighted to see the spoor of game. Not long afterward we chanced on a herd of "topi," the hartebeest of this district. I brought down the best bull, then, leaving a couple of boys to cut up the meat and guard it till the return of others, we went forward in search of water near which to make camp. About a mile farther on a mixed herd of "topi" and water-buck were encountered. I succeeded in bagging a fine bull of the latter, again leaving two boys in charge of the meat. This northern water-buck is much the same as the southern animal in colour and shape, but is larger, and has not the distinctive ring round the root of the tail. Yet a little farther, and a camping-ground was selected on the banks of the Ruchuru River,

which, with its affluents, drains almost the entire valley through which we had travelled from Lake Kivo. Here I decided to remain for a couple of days or so, with a view to drying sufficient meat to supply the boys with food till we should reach a more hospitable country, if, indeed, such was to be found within reasonable distance. The water-buck was carried in at once, and two boys were sent back to the further carcase, as it was already too late to contemplate bringing it into camp that night.

Our guide informed me that Kahundula or Vichumbe—the latter name, in reality signifying the lake itself, is applied also to the large village on its shore—stood only a short distance from camp, and that the people were well supplied with canoes. This sounded very satisfactory, and seemed to give promise of an early departure from the most unwholesome district in which my lot has been cast.

On the ensuing morning, after seeing the last of the meat brought in, cut into strips, and laid out to dry, I made preparations to visit Kahundula, taking with me the means to make a cupful of tea, and the usual morsel of bread. I never felt so reluctant to make a move in my life as I did that morning. Whether I suffered from sheer laziness, or whether my instincts were affected by the horrors and misery about to be revealed, I cannot say. Yet an effort had to be made, or a day would be lost. Leaving the rest in camp, I started off with Fernando, the guide showing a friendly spirit by crossing the river with me, and accompanying me for about a mile. He then bade me farewell in a most friendly and respectful manner, and returned to his home. I had previously given the excellent fellow a piece of cloth and a substantial chunk of meat, with which he showed himself highly pleased. His tribe are reputed cannibals, but cannibal or no cannibal himself, his expression and bearing were all in his favour.

The Ruchuru here flows through unfertile surroundings, the bare ground white with salt deposit. In crossing we had to pass through a strong stream forty yards wide, attaining a depth of five feet.

About three miles farther on we were within sight of a large reed-built village standing in the centre of the shore of a deeply defined bay. We had passed one or two miserable, half-starved creatures bringing in wood, but now had perforce to leave the path to avoid the body of a poor fellow which lay across it. A spark of life still remained, for his eyes were closed, but breathing had all but ceased, and his soul was already at the portals of eternity, for it was obvious that consciousness of this world had left him forever. A little milk or soup might have revived him, but before the lapse of the three hours requisite to make and bring the latter from camp, the poor wretch would have breathed his last. I was within three hundred yards of the village when the inhabitants first noticed my approach. This was the signal for a great hubbub—men, women, and children running to the shore from every direction, and as many as could cram into such canoes as were available, put off for two islands, also covered with huts. Numbers, however, were unable to place the water between themselves and the terror-inspiring invasion by a single white man and his native servant. These ran to arms, and the spaces between the huts shortly bristled with spears and bows. Satisfied in my own mind that this demonstration was the outcome of fear rather than of aggressive hostility, I handed my rifle to Fernando, bidding him remain stationary until I signalled him to join me, and, apparently unarmed, though in reality wearing a revolver on my belt behind me, I did not slacken my pace until within the village. As I anticipated, this method of facing the situation reassured the natives, and they soon realised that they had nothing to fear from my presence. I asked if their chief was in the village, to which the answer was in the affirmative. A message was sent to him, to the effect that I wished to hire canoes for a journey to the head of the lake, and with it I despatched a small piece of calico as an earnest of good-will. This, I added, must not be taken as the sole present he was to receive, for another would be sent later from my camp on the Ruchuru.

I soon discovered that the village was strewn on all sides



with the dead and dying. The stench of the former in the heated atmosphere was horrible, and at my request we were led to a less pestilential space on the borders of the lake. Here a pitiable sight awaited me. A little boy, not more than two years old, sobbed and whined, throwing himself on the ground at intervals in a paroxysm of remorseful agony. A villager pointed to a heap of rubbish, and behind this lay the dead body of the child's mother—a victim to starvation. The mournful tale was told, and the condition of the infant showed that this savage mother had not stinted her little one even to the day of her death.

I decided to devote the next few days to alleviating the distress of these unhappy people, and so I told them that I should fill their pots with meat, and that as I had already three dead animals in camp, if a few of them returned with me, I should send them back with some of it. This offer was received with quite a demonstration of delight, as well it might, under the circumstances.

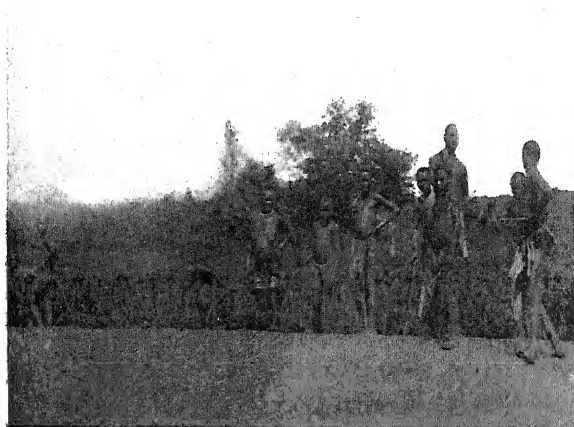
Then came the answer from the island that the chief was out fishing, but I was assured that he might be back at any moment; so I requested them to send a message announcing my presence at his village.

There was no shade from the sun on the shore, so I started off with a view to finding cover under a small, stunted tree to be seen a little distance off. I did not go far, however, for the bodies of the dead lay thick on the grass, and the stench was disgusting. Some of the villagers then led us to a reed-thatched shelter in a part of the village from which the corpses of the stricken had been removed. There I sat for over an hour, awaiting the return of the chief, whom I afterwards learned was in his island home all the time. In front were three or four huts, and here I had an instructive lesson in the ethics of human nature. Immediately opposite sat a mother, thin, but not emaciated. A mere skeleton of an infant wailed at her feet, but of this she took no notice whatsoever. At the door of the next hut there sat two fat women, while an equally fat man, armed with a spear, patrolled the

space in front. Others within view were either fat and well-fed or gaunt and famine-stricken; there was practically no medium. It seemed extraordinary that those two bloated women could sit all day long within five yards of that emaciated little creature and allow it thus to die by inches within hand's reach of their hoarded store — yet so it was. At length a mere skeleton of a boy of five emerged from the hut opposite. I held up half my “cook” and beckoned him toward me. The little chap's eyes brightened as he took the morsel, and he commenced nibbling at the edge as he returned to his mother. The woman took the food from her child and was about to devour it, when I checked her sternly, and sent Fernando to bring the bread back to me. This time I caused the little fellow to sit in front of me until he had finished his meal. At last I could wait no longer, and from the conflicting character of the information received with reference to the chief's whereabouts, I was almost convinced that he was playing me false. I promptly sent a message that I could wait no longer, told the villagers that if any of them came to my camp I would give them meat, and forthwith retraced my steps. I was scarce clear of the village when men were to be seen following, and one of them carried the piece of calico I had sent the chief. They did not reach the bank of the river until I had crossed to camp. The calico was then placed on the ground, and a message from the chief, the purport of which could be judged only from the impudent tone in which it was delivered, was shouted across the river. Thus my suspicions as to this pettifogging native ruler's whereabouts were confirmed. What the reasons for his extraordinary conduct may have been, it is impossible to say, though probably my arrival at his village with a single follower implied, to his mind, that I was a person of no importance, and therefore was unable to give him a desirable present. He apparently prevented his poor starving people from availing themselves of my offer to shoot game for them, for not a single one responded to it. Here was a man, doubtless supplied with food ample for the requirements of his own household, who



At Kahundula, Extreme South of Lake Albert Edward



On the Banks of the Upper Nile



apparently for no better reason than the one suggested — for it is impossible to think of any other — elected to allow his unhappy subjects to die of starvation before his very eyes ; — so much for our “black brethren” !

I now decided that the only course left open was to skirt the eastern coast of the lake as best we could. Sufficient meat had been dried to last for four or five days ; but we were without the means of carrying it in the ordinary manner. I therefore told the boys that we would proceed next morning in short stages, sending back at intervals to bring on the extra loads.

This method would, of course, treble the journey, but we should be able to cover eight or nine miles a day. My head man demurred, preferring, no doubt, to remain where we were until canoes were sent from heaven to remove us by a more comfortable process.

“Very well,” I answered, “you shall remain here with Kasala” (his wife), “but the rest of the boys will accompany me.” This idea appealed to the humour of the native mind. They all joined in good-natured laughter, and the head man came to the conclusion that a solitary home on the salt-bound banks of the Ruchuru would not be quite to his liking.

Before he left, the guide had warned us that the people through whose country we would pass were “very bad ;” but as I could not conceive a worse specimen in mankind than that with which we had been daily in contact during the past week, this did not weigh very heavily with me. Still it made me careful to move the loads forward by very short stages, so that I should be personally available in any emergency that might arise.

Thus, on the 28th of February, this tedious process commenced. The Ruchuru was followed until lost in the swampy confines of the lake, and here I shot a small species of reed-buck, common in the district and northward, but hitherto new to my collection.

Following the coast eastward for three miles, camp was made on slightly rising ground in a pleasant park-like country,

open for the most part, but here and there interspersed with clumps of bush.

We had accounted for nine miles, and the twenty-seven miles necessary to cover the distance seemed to be well worth the exertion. The doleful, death-stricken surroundings of Kahundula were fourteen miles away, and at last we seemed for a time to be free from the influence of this land of curses. While the last lot of loads was being carried in, I walked out with my rifle, and shortly came in contact with a small herd of "topi." Already we had as much meat as was convenient, so I amused myself by stalking the herd with my camera. It was interesting to watch the attitude assumed by the game. Now they would canter toward me with head erect, ears forward, and distended nostrils, until they stood to examine the strange biped and his mysterious eccentricities, and now the spring of the shutter would be released. A snort and a fantastic caper would be followed by a gallop across my front, in which the animals showed that easy grace and marvellous agility for which the hartebeest tribe is distinguished, — another snap-shot here. And thus backwards and forwards they would move time after time, until I had touched the spring no less than seven times, always within seventy yards of the herd.

After darkness had set in that night, the last act in the tragedy of which I had been the unwilling witness was played. All at once a small light was to be seen burning on the high ground stretching from the eastern borders of the lake southward, and in a few seconds the sky was alight with the brilliant reflection of a great fire. This was the signal for a second, and then a third blaze, which burst forth at intervals of about a mile. The war-party was at work. Without doubt this was the tribe which had been responsible for the misery I had witnessed three days earlier. Their hour had arrived. A terrible vengeance was being enacted. I could imagine the deeds of savage retaliation to which those fires added a ghastly hue. The crackling of the dry wood, the distorted features of the dead, the blots of blood on the sandy

soil ; men, women, and children-in-arms strewn about the very ground on which only a few hours earlier they had sat and moved in imagined security. And now the curtain was drawn. Although I should pass within a short distance of these charnel-houses, I had no wish to see that which even in imagination was so utterly revolting.

The following day we made eleven miles, but it was not until 8 P.M. that the last loads reached camp. As we skirted the low-lying, southeastern shallows of the lake, I was much struck by the great number of hippopotami which basked and sported in the shallow water. There were literally hundreds of black heads and backs to be seen as far as the eye could reach. So numerous were these animals, that the dung washed up formed an interminable ridge along the shore.

On the evening of the 1st of March, after a further eight miles, we camped in a pleasanter country, the banks of the lake being higher and more thickly wooded. Three natives visited the camp, and, having shot a reedbuck, I arranged to give them meat in exchange for their services the next day, giving a small piece in advance to put them in good temper. They told me it was five days' march to Fort George, which I therefore concluded must be at the north end of the lake. I was now apparently outside the dangerous zone, and idly imagined my difficulties were at an end.





## CHAPTER XXXI

Unkept promise — Two villagers "fallen in" — One bolts — A simple method to retain the others — Through thick forest and morass — On the lake shore — A medley of boughs — Difficult progress — Natives ahead — Flight and return — The loan of boats — Promise of handsome present — KAMARUNGA professes interest — The first boat starts — Two boys overtake us — Unexpected treachery — Boys robbed, disarmed, and detained — The only course open — Precautionary measures — At Fort George — A strapping Soudanese sergeant in charge — Plans to release boys — A night expedition — Boys come in before starting — A deep salt basin — Fernando's indignation — Jealous of his master's dignity — The sun defeated by fifteen days — More salt basins — High altitudes once more — TORO and UGANDA not unlike KIVO district — A message from Mr. BAGGE — At Fort PORTAL — Messrs. Moore and Fergusson — First news of the "black week" in South Africa — Subsequent telegrams reassuring — Uncertainty of future action — Waiting for mails — Leave for KAMPALA — A straight road for 160 miles — Up hill and down dale — Glorious view of Ruenzori — An estimate of altitude and how arrived at — Extract from papers read before Royal Geographical Society — Culpable misrepresentation or inexcusable carelessness — Sir Harry Johnston's views — Mr. F. J. Jackson — A visit to KAMPALA — Breakfast with Sir H. Johnston — Malaria or liver — Back to KAMPALA — Parallel characteristics — Journey to the Nile — Captains Owen and LIVEING — A death hole — Crocodiles large and numerous — Captain Walker at WADELAI — Sport with crocodiles



## CHAPTER XXXI

### THE RUWENZORI RANGE

THE three boys engaged the previous evening as carriers for the day did not put in an appearance. However, the head man of the village and two others brought a little meal and fish as a present, and hippo teeth, for sale. A return present was given for the food, but the others had no value to me, especially since means to carry more than a limited assortment of my own trophies did not exist. Finally the meat—now reduced to two loads and a few scraps—was hoisted on the heads of the two villagers. One of these took the first opportunity of throwing down his load in thick bush, and was, of course, soon lost to sight. Lest the other should play me false, a cord was attached to the meat and also to his waist. The other load was broken up and went to increase the already heavy packs by five pounds a man. A very tiresome day, first through forest from which we had difficulty in finding an exit, and later through a wooded, reed-entangled morass, brought us to the shore of the lake. This was followed to where the lake, judging from the trunks of fallen trees lying thick in the water, seems to have encroached on the low-lying land. The forest was so dense that progress was denied, except through the muddy shallows. In so far as the medley of boughs were not submerged, progress demanded reasonable exertion only, but below the surface of the opaque, brackish water, the innumerable sharp, rough obstacles made travelling tedious and slow. Steady marching, with scarcely a halt, had only accounted for twelve miles up to five o'clock, when boats closely packed with natives were seen to put out into the lake. Obviously our approach had scared the inhabitants

of a village immediately ahead. I waved both hands above the head in token of peace, and the boys finally made the people understand that I wished them no harm and was on my way to the white man's station at the head of the lake. They became to all appearance quite friendly, returned to the shore, landed their women and children, and spontaneously offered to paddle us to our destination on the morrow. After recent experiences, it can be understood what a relief it was to be once more amongst friendly natives. I promised a handsome present to Kamarunga, the village chief, who had quite deceived me into thinking him an excellent fellow. The old man professed great interest in my compass, watch, revolver, and Mauser, and we parted for the night to every appearance the best of friends. In the morning all the goods were placed in one large boat, made of roughly hewn planks, sewn together with native cord, and in it I took my seat with Fernando, my head man, his wife, and two porters. As we put off the others were getting into a second boat, and it never occurred to me that they did not start immediately afterward. We had travelled about nine miles when two boys, who had followed hastily along the shore, overhauled us and told me that their fellows had been driven into the forest as prisoners,—they had all been disarmed and robbed. This was disquieting news, and required some thought as to how to act. I decided that to return would be futile, for if I left the boat on the almost hopeless errand of tracing the boys in the dense forest, the goods would in all likelihood be plundered, and then what would become of all that was valuable in the results of the expedition—maps, photographs, and diaries? If, on the other hand, I remained with these, and sent my five boys in pursuit, they would to a certainty share the fate of their companions, whatever that might be. To press on to Fort George, ask for an escort and return to the rescue, seemed to me the only feasible course left open. The boat leaked so badly that we had to put in to caulk her. The crew took this opportunity to abscond. Thus here, as heretofore, the people of the district were steeped in treachery!

That night, lest the boat, which we could ill afford to dispense with, should be launched and purloined by natives who very likely were following with that object in view, I caused my five boys to sleep around her, so that any such attempt must be brought to my notice. She was there in the morning, when the faithful Fernando informed me that he had not closed an eye. This voluntary act on the boy's part supplied the only instance in my travels of a nightly watch being kept over my camp.

At 3.30 P.M. we reached the base of the hill on which Fort George stands. I was respectfully received by a strapping Soudanese sergeant and the local chief, who wore long, flowing white garments. It appeared that there was no white officer at the fort, the nearest being nearly a week's march to the north. This was annoying, since by the time I could report Kamarunga's treacherous conduct, the boys might be irrecoverable. I felt called upon in the circumstances to act on my own initiative, and suggested to the sergeant that he should give me half a dozen soldiers, with whom I would cross the lake from the west shore under cover of darkness and round up the village at four o'clock in the morning. I would then hold the people as hostages until the boys were delivered over, and in any case carry off Kamarunga to be dealt with by the officer commanding the district. I told the native sergeant that I would take full responsibility, and he acceded to my plan. I may say that Sir Harry Johnston, then her Majesty's Special Commissioner, fully endorsed my action. On the following morning arrangements were made to put the scheme into practice. We were to start at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Fortunately, at midday, the missing boys came in. They had been relieved of their blankets, clothes, assegais, and all the meat, and then turned adrift. I told them that if fourteen boys, armed with assegais, could not defend their own property, they deserved to lose it. Thus I was relieved of the necessity of further delay. I should have liked to teach those rascals a lesson, but did not feel justified in doing so without the concurrence of the local

authorities. Hitherto Kamarunga had not come within our effective administration. My map, however, places him about a mile inside our borders.

Near the fort, and separated from the lake by eight hundred yards, there is a deep, round basin, containing a circular salt lake known as Sumbe. The walls of the basin fall steeply for over one hundred feet, the ground surrounding them being almost level. The water supplies a very heavy salt deposit which is extracted in great quantity by the natives. Looking down on this little lake from the height above, the water is of a rich brown madder colour, varying in shade according to the light and the reflection of the surrounding slopes.

That evening Fernando came to me brimful of indignation, the result of a statement by the young chief of the village. Himself clad in robes of spotless white and coloured turban, he had remarked to the boy that I must be of little worth because I wore such old clothes. To this he pertinently replied that white men did not, any more than black, wear their best clothes "on the road." On more than one occasion I had noticed that Fernando was very jealous of his master's dignity. The very cordial reception Europeans of various nationalities had accorded me had doubtless given him an exaggerated idea of my importance — besides, he had known me in better days!

On the 6th of March the journey was continued, and in the course of the day we crossed into the northern hemisphere, so that in spite of recent obstacles in the way of progress, I had not miscalculated when I told M. Lemaire that I hoped to beat the sun in a race to the equator. My heavenly competitor had yet another fifteen days to run and had gained only one day on us since the start from Lukafu exactly two months before.

We marched twenty-five miles that day, passing through a gradually rising country, open and undulating in character, the grassy downs devoid of trees except for an occasional euphorbia. Two or three salt lakes of the Sumbe class were passed and very little fresh water was encountered. Forty-six miles the next two days led us over steep, lofty undula-

tions to a rapidly rising country, similar in character to that surrounding Lake Kivo, but inferior in quality and over one thousand feet lower in altitude. A deep, rich vegetable mould formed by the annual decay of the tall, reed-like elephant grass suggests a rich field for agricultural development in the future. The original soil is a light clay of a rich red colour and is said to be heavily charged with iron. This description serves for almost the whole of Toro and a great proportion of Uganda. Along the route many streams of cool, and some of very cold, water were crossed. These have their origin in the Ruwenzori range, which was now directly to our west. On the second day two Soudanese soldiers arrived from Fort Portal bearing letters kindly sent forward by Mr. Bagge, the district commissioner. To my keen disappointment, these included none from England. Mr. Bagge wrote that he would be absent from the station until the 12th, when he hoped to see me. In the meantime Rehan Effendi, the native officer in charge, would minister to my wants. On the morning of the following day I arrived at Fort Portal, and in the afternoon received a note from Mr. Bagge saying he hoped to be in next morning. A message from Mr. Ekob of the Church Missionary Society invited me to lunch at his station, to which I passed under the shade of vast plantain groves. Mr. Moore, who had just returned from a trip to Ruwenzori, having ascended about two-thirds of its height, was encamped near me with his colleague, Mr. Fergusson. They had travelled from Nyasaland *via* Tanganyika and Kivo to Albert Edward, their land route being over much the same ground as that I had followed, though they had taken the western shores of the two northern lakes. North of Kivo they had trouble with the natives, who appeared to have shown a similar spirit to that in which they had received me, though the absence of an armed escort would seem in this one instance to have placed me at a disadvantage. On the other hand it would be difficult to overestimate the advantages and freedom from native conflict this same inoffensive method of travelling had insured in every other instance.

The last papers in gave details of Colenso, Matjesfontein, and Colesberg—that blackest of weeks! Fortunately with written news of these reverses came reassuring telegrams—for the telegraph was rapidly approaching Kampala.

I could not make up my mind whether it was my duty to abandon the journey down the Nile and proceed to South Africa *via* Mombasa or not. In the meantime at Mr. Bagge's suggestion I remained where I was for a few days until a mail which was expected shortly should arrive. Thus for twelve days I anxiously awaited the English mail, which I feared might not catch me if I followed the shores of Lake Albert before its arrival. It was a most agreeable visit, and even had it not been so, it would not have been Mr. Bagge's fault, for he was kindness itself. Other conditions of an impersonal nature added much to the pleasure of the visit. It was especially gratifying to watch—as an outsider—the systematic manner and dignified, unobtrusive way in which the district was managed. There was an evident air of confidence and respect manifest in the bearing of the natives toward their English ruler, and the Soudanese soldiers, smart, clean, and orderly in manner, were so different from the native soldiery to which I had been accustomed. If any other proof of the healthiness of our local administration in this Protectorate were required, it was brought home to me by the fact that here for the first time for many a long day, the natives moved about unarmed, while men, women, and children met on the road would stand on one side, give a respectful salaam, and move on. Hitherto it had been quite the exception for women, and sometimes men, to do otherwise than flee at the sight of the approaching white man. Throughout my journey in Toro and Uganda the difficulty was, not to get food, but to curtail its quantity. Whenever we passed a village presents were brought in sufficient to satisfy the cravings of a much larger caravan. These, of course, are always met with return presents, but in the ordinary sense of the word I was never a buyer of food while in the country.

I now felt that I must make a move, so I left for Kampala



in place of going the more direct route along the shores of the lake. In this way I should meet the mail, and at the same time receive the latest news from the seat of war, which would determine my future course.

I do not purpose to relate in detail the journey through Uganda, as the country has been written on by so many before me. Kampala lies just within 160 miles to the east of Fort Portal. A straight, well-cleared road ignores the existence of all physical difficulties, and prefers a steep, direct ascent to a circuitous but more level course. The great undulations are frequently separated by papyrus swamps, beneath the surface of which rivers flow. These, which sometimes attain a considerable width, have been corduroyed and rendered easy of passage.

As the sun was rising on the second morning of the journey, I witnessed a sight which I shall see with my mind's eye until memory fails me. Forty miles away to the west, the great Ruwenzori range towered into the bright blue sky. The atmosphere was so clear—so free from mist and cloud—that the line of demarcation between the white tips of the great mountains and the rich azure was incredibly harsh and definite. The most striking feature of the whole picture before me was the great height from the snow-line to the higher summits. This commenced less than halfway from the lowest visible line to the highest peaks. I stood on a plateau well over 4000 feet above the sea level, which does not commence its decline for some miles to the west. Therefore—roughly speaking—4000 feet, rather more than less, were hidden from view. The snow-line in equatorial Africa is at 13,000 feet approximately. The difference between 4000 and 13,000 is 9000. The sum of these latter figures gives 22,000 as the extreme altitude of Ruwenzori. Something must be deducted for the optical exaggeration of the great white surface as compared with the more sombre slopes below. On the basis of this argument I thus addressed the members of the Royal Geographical Society:—

“Having seen the snow-clad Ruwenzori range from an

eminence forty miles east of them, rising peak above peak to such a height as to make the snow-line appear to be less than halfway up the mountains, I shall be much surprised if, when the altitude is definitely determined, it is found to fall far short of 20,000 feet."

Mr. Moore, while I was at Fort Portal, returned from his trip to these mountains with the information that he had practically reached their summit, which he puts at 16,000 feet odd. His colleague, who subsequently made the same trip, was not of the same opinion. In a book, which, if my experience counts for anything, contains more than one eccentricity, Mr. Moore sneers at this estimate and ignores the argument on which it was based. In a discourteous manner and with questionable taste he writes:—

"I, personally, do not think that any of the peaks are as high as they have been supposed to be; but to talk about them being 20,000 feet; *or any other definite height*" (the italics are my own), "as Major Gibbons did recently, is obviously a piece of nonsense; and *especially so for a traveller who, as he himself says, was never within forty miles of the snow at all.*" (The italics are again mine.) The comparison between my statement and Mr. Moore's criticism requires no comment, though I may perhaps mention that the last sentence is as false as the rest is unjustifiably unfair. I spent two or three days with Mr. Moore himself, within twenty miles of the snow-line, and he is perfectly aware of the fact that I travelled over the lower slopes of the range itself for many miles. Whether Mr. Moore has been guilty of wilful misrepresentation or inexcusable carelessness I do not pretend to discuss, but since he refused to reply to a letter from me drawing attention to his statement and the facts of the case, I have my own opinion on the subject.

A few months later Sir Harry Johnston visited the range. He writes:—

"I am personally convinced that the highest point of Ruwenzori is not under 20,000 feet in altitude, and that it will therefore be found to attain the greatest altitude on the

continent of Africa. . . . When, after the most arduous climb I have ever experienced, I reached my highest point on the flanks of the snow-range — 14,800 feet — the mountain above me seemed a thing I had only begun to climb, and towered, so far as I could estimate, another 6000 feet into the dark blue heavens.”<sup>1</sup> Still later Mr. W. H. Wylde reached the highest point hitherto attained, and likewise estimated the altitude to be about 20,000 feet. In the meantime three years have elapsed, and I notice that the latest maps of the Royal Geographical Society give 20,000 feet as the altitude of Ruwenzori.

On passing through Mengo, the native capital contiguous to our station of Kampala, it is difficult to realise that one is not in an eastern instead of a central African town. The place covers a very considerable area, and has streets and fenced gardens surrounding the native habitations. The plantain and banana in many varieties are much in evidence, and offer welcome shade. I went straight to the house of my friend Mr. F. J. Jackson, deputy commissioner, naturalist, and sportsman. In '94 we were associated with others in bringing forward a scheme for the preservation of African big game, and the construction of a vast park wherein to nurse the various species, and, more particularly, those threatened with almost immediate extinction. The rinderpest and the sense of insecurity following on the Jaijeson raid frustrated our plans at the moment of success, but it is satisfactory to feel that the indirect influence of the movement has excited an interest in this desirable direction, and has been followed by game laws in all our young colonies and protectorates and by the construction of several small private parks in South Africa.

Mr. Jackson kindly made me his guest during my stay at Kampala. After a few days of comfort, I paid a hurried visit to Entebe with a view to seeing Sir Harry Johnston, who was entering the convalescent stage subsequent to a severe attack of “black water” fever. Captain Sykes, R.H.A., who had just arrived from Wadelai *en route* for South

<sup>1</sup> *Geographical Journal*, Vol. XIX, No. 1.

Africa, made the journey with me. On entering the station, my companion gave a passing call to Mr. Pordage, one of the civil officers of the Protectorate. That gentleman insisted on my refreshing myself with a cup of tea, but, on entering his hospitable roof, my steps were arrested by the voice of a lady from within. Naturally I was reluctant to obtrude my brown arms and legs and travel-stained clothes on a social gathering, but all protest was in vain, and no doubt every allowance was made for my extraordinary appearance. The following morning I breakfasted with Sir Harry, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation. Among other pieces of news, I gathered that the first Anglo-Egyptian steamer to cut her way through the Sudd was expected to reach Lado before very long, though Sir Harry did not expect that she would be there for two months at the earliest. In consequence, I decided to move quickly until I got in touch with the game districts on the Nile, where I should await an easy and rapid means of descending the river, provided canoes were not available for an earlier start.

That night my temperature rose suddenly to 103.4. Whether this was due to malaria or liver I cannot say definitely, though I think the latter. If otherwise, this was the only touch of fever from which I suffered throughout the trip. After a large dose of quinine, and a night under every available blanket, I awoke in the morning feeling very slack, but otherwise well. This postponed my return journey to Kampala till the next day, when I again had the advantage of the company of Captain Sykes, as well as that of Captain Harman of the Rifle Brigade, who was *en route* from home to the Nile districts.

On the 9th of April I was again on the road, and crossed the borders of Unyoro on the second day. Here the country appears at a distinct disadvantage when compared with the rich, healthy undulations of Toro and Uganda. It is flatter, of lower altitude, and bears a striking resemblance to the bush veldt of South Africa. The game, too, savours of the south. Jackson's hartebeest, except for its light colouring, is identical





with the red hartebeest of the Kalahari, the two skulls being indistinguishable. Here, too, I saw the secretary bird, and several others which to the eye reminded me of earlier travels. If we include the country to the north of the Victorian Nile, we must add the giraffe, which — though slightly different in markings — is found in North and East Africa, and also south and west of the Upper Zambezi basin, but nowhere in the vast intermediate regions. The same species of ostrich is to be seen at either extremity of the continent, though in East Africa there is a different variety. Near Lado, I procured a specimen of the white rhinoceros (*Rhin. simus*), hitherto supposed to be non-existent north of the Zambezi, and very nearly extinct in his old haunts. Though the northerner is identical with the southerner in outward appearance and measurement, experts have found a trifling discrepancy in the skull formations. The roan antelope, eland, and warthog are found in both countries, but occur in occasional intermediate districts, also. The zebra, water-buck, duiker, and a few other species are common to both localities in slightly different forms.

On the 15th I entered Masindi, where I spent two very pleasant days with Captain Owen of the Oxford Light Infantry, who was in command of the military district. As in the case of most officers working in the Protectorate, his regiment was at the front, and he was very naturally chafing at his bad luck in being employed elsewhere.

After descending a steep decline of fourteen hundred feet at a distance of twenty-five miles from the Victorian Nile, and another considerable falling away of ground quite near the river, I arrived at Fajou, which stands a few hundred yards below the Murchison Falls. Here I found Captain Liveing, R.H.A., suffering from a sharp attack of "black water." Till the preceding evening he had been unconscious for forty-eight hours, when he was entirely in the hands of his native servant, for, like all the Nile stations, the civil officer of Fajou existed on paper only, so that on the military officer devolved both duties — an undesirable position, in view of the risk of serious illness, and the absence of compensation

for the performance of the duties of a department not his own.

Fajou is one of the loveliest death-holes on the African continent. The station was—I am glad to say there is no longer a station there—on a small, steep hill commanding the river and surrounded by higher ground to the east and south. An experience of several thousand miles of African rivers and lakes had never before unfolded to my view such a haunt for crocodiles. The great reptiles basked sometimes side by side, sometimes one on top of the other, along the sandy border of the river below—their size and numbers out of all proportion to anything I had witnessed before. The Nile crocodile is a larger animal than his relative of the Zambezi; on the other hand, the hippopotamus, of which there are many in both rivers, is smaller in the north than in the south. Both animals are dangerous, and instances of attacks on boats by the latter frequently occur. I was told of one in which a canoe containing eight natives was overturned at Fajou by hippopotami, the whole crew falling victims to the appetite of countless crocodiles before any could reach the banks. We fired quite a number of rounds into the crocodiles on the opposite bank during the day of my visit. The splash along the water's edge following on the report was quite a thing to be seen. Then innumerable foreheads would rise to the surface in midstream, and in five minutes one by one they would return to their sunning ground.

Captain Liveing was so much better next morning that I decided to move on, and on the following afternoon Wadelai was reached, after experiencing no little difficulty in crossing two or three swollen rivers. The Nile district is not exactly a white man's country, and to Indian troops is literally deadly. It would almost appear that—excepting the indigenous population—the British constitution is alone equal to the exigencies of the climate. During the three months I moved about this district no less than seven Congolese officers out of a complement of little more than three times that



number succumbed to fever, and an eighth only just pulled through. The mortality among their black troops, recruited from the west coast, had been literally appalling. Whether it is that the exigencies of our climate have so far hardened us as to give us the power to throw off this virulent fever, or whether it is that our system of living and the habit of taking regular exercise are in our favour, may be an open question, though my opinion is that all these causes have a voice in the matter.

I found Captain Walker of the First Life Guards in command at Wadelai and a medical officer of the same name was spending a couple of days there on his way home from Fort Berkeley, the frontier station.

Next day we amused ourselves with the crocodiles. Out of upwards of half a dozen hit in the forehead, which it is to be hoped were killed, one came to the surface in his dying gasps. He was a veritable monster, and we conceived the idea of slipping a noose over his head and dragging him ashore. There is an iron boat at Wadelai which has done good service on the river and carries on its surface honourable wounds received in an encounter with a hippopotamus. We rowed alongside the wounded reptile, which, when compared with the boat, seemed to be quite eighteen feet in length. Three times we almost slipped the noose over the brute's head, but on each occasion he moved spasmodically at the critical moment and, owing to the buoyant nature of hemp, we failed in our object; for he finally struggled slowly into the depths below. Had we thought of attaching a stone to the noose we should have had some sport with that crocodile.

Captain Walker kindly placed the boat at my disposal for the journey as far as Afudu, which by river is nearly one hundred miles downstream.



## CHAPTER XXXII

Captain Quicke's journey to the coast—His caravan—The eastern Luena—Following its course—Salt and manioc—An unlearned lesson—A certain amount of game—Lewanika's cattle—Among the MANKOYA—Tall and ugly but a man of character—Hospitality of natives—Weird greeting of the women—The BAMASHASHA—At the LUENA source—A few days' sport—Head men unsettled—Tsetse fly—The LOENGE or KAFUKWE River—Unpleasing prospects—Solitude and contemplation—KABULWE-BULWE supplies porters—More game—Steps to prevent desertion—The KAFUKWE left behind—Two Marotse chieftains—A friendly reception—The BAKAUNDI—Characteristics—A MAMBARE encampment—Wounded zebra attacked by his fellows—An active white ant—Flies of all sorts—KABOMPO crossed—Tracks of elephants—Breaking of rainy season—Mixture of tribes—Messengers from Lewanika—KOÖNDU not traceable—MUYANGA—Enquiries—An annoying interruption—Censure and its effect on others—LUNGA crossed in canoes—A MALUNDA village—Scheming among head men—Wholesale desertion—VALOVALE inhospitality—Assistance from MAMBARE—Earthworms—A unique custom—KOVUNGU mission station—On an ox to visit Dr. Fisher—KALUNGA KAMEYA a Portuguese fort—No capital punishment in Portugal, "but—"—An effective substitute—Received with kindness by Portuguese—"Hungry country"—Ravages of slave trader—Records of death—More missions—Within reach of the coast—Critical health—Despicable conduct of Dutch settlers—Saved by Mr. Bullough—Voyage to the Cape—MAFEKING



## CHAPTER XXXII

### CAPTAIN QUICKE REACHES BENGUELLA

ON the 2d of September, the day on which I commenced my final canoe journey up the Zambezi, Captain Quicke left Lialui for the northeast. His journey was to supply data and information and to produce a route map in an interesting and totally unknown section of Marotseland, which would go far toward completing our hydrographical and ethnographical survey of the country.

He was accompanied by his boy Rupia, a Marotse chief, two head men and their five servants—a permanent staff of nine. In addition some sixteen carriers had been detailed by Lewanika's orders to carry his supplies for the first stage of the journey. As in taking carriers farther than a reasonable distance from their homes there is much risk of desertion, his chief had received instructions to engage boys locally wherever possible, dismissing to their homes those thus replaced.

He followed the great plain as far as the eastern Luena, which enters the parent river in some five branches, hitherto mistaken for independent streams, no one of which indicated the existence of more than a mere rivulet in the position of the Luena of native report. Once on the high ground, Captain Quicke was soon following the course of a wide, sluggish stream which seemed to offer special facilities for boat traffic.

On the second day he reached Siveta, where the first relay of porters awaited him. He was now in the country of the Makwenga, a small, scattered tribe of semi-Bushmen. Salt is the great product of their country and supplies a useful article of barter with the surrounding tribes. Manioc, locally known as "mjoka," is the prevalent crop in the district, as it

is to the northwest. For some incomprehensible reason this useful plant is neglected in the southern provinces, where the people depend entirely on cereals and "cassava." One would have thought that such a calamity as the two years' famine described as the direct result of locust depredation in "Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa," would have supplied a useful object lesson to even an African population. Manioc, being a root, is of course beyond the reach of those devastating insects, and although the consumption of its leaves checks the growth, it does not entirely destroy the crop as is the case with cereals.

On the 7th Captain Quicke describes how that he slept near the river close to a dense clump of trees growing in a marsh fed by a spring of water. This would appear to be the southern limit of river sources of this character, which it will be remembered is of a nature similar to that of the Zambezi and its uppermost affluents. There was a certain amount of game in the district—among others the zebra, lechwe, and Lichtenstein's hartebeest. The lions seem to be particularly aggressive here, two natives having been recently taken at a place called Nunkoya. After crossing the Kumasanga a great change in the character of the river takes place. The country becomes hilly, and the swampy valley is replaced by high and dry banks.

Lananga, which lies a few miles to the west of the Luompa confluence, is the last of Lewanika's cattle ports on the river, and this is in charge of a Marotse chief named Kasiafu, who brought presents of food, milk, eggs, etc. Here the villages are strongly stockaded for protection against night attacks by lions. It was now the hottest time of year, the shade temperature rising to 91°, which is nearly the maximum experienced on the high ground. The carriers were well fed in the district and were accompanied by villagers carrying food for them.

On the 10th the caravan reached a large Mankoya village known as Motondu. The huts were clean and well built, Motondu and his household living in the centre, a stockade surrounding the dwellings and "kothla." Tall and ugly, but

evidently a man of character, the chief paid him a visit in the outer "kothla." He was dressed in all his best—a large black coat, trousers, etc. A band of music attended, in which the drum played a very prominent part. His subjects paid him homage similar to that accorded to his suzerain Lewanika. Captain Quicke returned the chief's visit, receiving as a present a large calabash of honey and four bad eggs. There were many charms hung up in his courtyard, most prominent among them being an old elastic-side boot.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 11th, the band began to play. Motondu was present to see the caravan leave the village. The natives of the neighbouring villages were very hospitable and never failed to bring presents—principally of "pombe," or native beer. The greeting of the women was especially weird, and consisted of wailing, shrill and loud. In the evening he caught a mere glimpse of a lion and saw water-buck, but got a shot at neither.

On the 12th he entered the country of the Bamashasha. The ground was now becoming firm and in places rocky—a pleasant change from the soft, shifting sand of the west. As the path led eastward the country, though rising in altitude, became almost flat in surface character. Water-buck, zebra, hartebeest, and wildebeest are the principal game here, and old elephant spoor was seen. The Bamashasha did not seem to share the hospitable confidence of their neighbours, and in many instances fled on the approach of the caravan.

On the 14th camp was formed near a cluster of isolated villages, of which Moynachieni was principal chief. Later this person with his head men screwed up courage sufficient to approach his visitors, and on receipt of a present of wildebeest meat confidence was established and relations became friendly.

From the 14th to the 19th he remained in camp at the source of the Luena, whilst carriers were being collected by a head man sent on by Lewanika for that purpose. His leisure time was devoted to sport at the expense of zebra, wildebeest, roan antelope, reedbuck, and duiker, whereby he

gained popularity among the meat-loving inhabitants. The fifteen boys collected were below the average, the Bamashasha being ill-fitted for the work of carriers. The head men at this point became unsettled and showed reluctance to continuing the journey.

Leaving the Luena he travelled in a southeasterly direction for a few miles to the Kamano, an affluent of the Kafukwe River. Sable antelope, a species fairly common to the north, were seen by him for the first time during the trip.

On the 21st Captain Quicke states how that, whilst following the course of the Loasamba, he saw among other game a gemsbok. Personally I am somewhat sceptical and imagine he must have mistaken for it a roan antelope, — a species which varies much in colour. It is not, however, impossible that some species of the oryx may exist in those parts, though it is far beyond the accepted range of the "oryx gazella," the gemsbok; on the other hand, every hunter is occasionally deceived where an imperfect view has been obtained of game in the bush or at a distance. As mentioned in an earlier chapter, I myself fired at a partially obscured rhinoceros within forty yards of me, under the impression that he was a wildebeest, yet possibly no two species of game are more distinct.

Farther down the Loasamba, when just between the Mankoya and Mashikolumbwe countries, he saw tsetse flies.

On the 23d the Bamashasha carriers refused to go farther, and had to be seriously frightened before they would do so. That day he crossed the Loenge or Kafukwe River, the bed of which takes a very circuitous route through this district. In the evening camp was pitched at Kabulwe-bulwe, and here there commenced a period of great worry and annoyance, owing to the perversity and bad behaviour of the head men. They had apparently made up their minds to place every obstacle in the way of future progress with a view to forcing the abandonment of the journey. They insisted that the Bamashasha must be sent back, and that their successors would in no case travel longer than two days. The chief Kabulwe-bulwe, a Mankoya, after some delay was paddled





Group of Mashikolumbwe Visitors at Lialui



across from the midstream, wooded island, on which he dwelt in comparative security. The chief, rendered hideous by the removal of his front teeth, Captain Quicke describes as "a nice old man," though at first they did not "hit it off." Disgusted with everything, he rose, and repairing to the river bank sat himself down in solitude and contemplation. Later Kabulwe-bulwe followed him in an affable mood and showed every disposition to supply carriers, with the result that twenty were sent to camp the following day. The river below the islands Captain Quicke describes as being shallow, rapid, rocky, and most picturesque, while above it is broad and deep. Before continuing the journey on the 25th, the head man of the local boys made a great ado as he shouted his prayers to the river. They were then ferried in canoes to the right bank and passed for some miles over a broken, wooded country, intersected at frequent intervals by deep-cut nullahs.

Palla, reedbuck, and pookoo were to be seen as they passed through a plain varying from three hundred to seven hundred yards in width, which extended along the river bank, while in the bush the bushbuck was fairly plentiful. The river in places is of great width, attaining a maximum breadth of some seven hundred yards.

At night Captain Quicke made a practice of collecting the bows, arrows, and spears of his porters to prevent desertion.

In keeping with my experience of the Mashikolumbwe thirty miles lower down the river in '96, he was struck with the uselessness of the people in the art of hunting. Game was plentiful, but they appeared totally ignorant of their habits and unable to spoor except where the tracks were most definitely apparent.

On the 27th he left the Kafukwe and travelled northward through an open parched plain which is evidently a vast marsh in the wet season, and after a long march struck the course of the Lufupa. The country was largely open and occasionally hilly. The game was unusually tame — such species as roan antelope and wildebeest allowing a single per-

son to approach to about 350 yards in the open, and the smaller kinds seldom made off till within 200 to 250 yards.

On the 1st of October the local head man and two porters deserted, the former in his haste leaving his "pillow" on the road. The country was gradually becoming hilly and covered with bush, the inhabitants dwelling in strongly stockaded villages. In about  $13^{\circ} 40'$  south latitude he found villages, one on either side of the river, belonging to Luidambo and Sicaba, two Marotse chiefs representing Lewanika, for whom they collected tribute in skins. A conical hill near the river marks the village of one Rundumina, an old and ugly native, with long, dirty hair, decorated with beads. He received the white traveller in a most friendly spirit, prepared a site for his camp near the village, and begged him to tarry a few days. The conical hill is known as Taba Kabompo and is about 500 feet high. From the top of this he obtained a comprehensive view of the surrounding country. To the west and northwest this is fairly flat. The Lufupa, flowing from north-northwest, has its source, according to the natives, two days' journey away. The Baor Aä-Kaündi who inhabit the Lufupa and extend as far as the Congo-Zambezi watershed in the north have their own way of saluting one another. They clap their hands, touch one another's extended hands, and then clap again. Like many other tribes, conversation with a chief is repeated from one mouth to another until it finally reaches the ears of the great man, and the answer travels likewise to the other person interested. "All these different little tribes," says Captain Quicke, "have good manners, similar to those of the Marotse, of clapping their hands before and after passing the pipe round or handing food to one another. Evidently," he continues, "they have little fights in these parts — some bleached skulls, stuck on poles, were shown with great pride."

On the afternoon of the 3d the journey was continued, a large Mambare encampment being encountered a short distance from the village. Later he came across a mixed herd of zebra and wildebeest, and having wounded one of the

former the rest of the troop set on their unfortunate companion and worried him fiercely, even fighting with one another in their efforts to get at him. Thus man is not the only animal to take advantage of the collapse of his fellows. At intervals of a few seconds that night a loud scratching noise was to be heard beneath the waterproof sheet below the blankets, and on examination he found it to be the combined peckings and scratchings of myriads of white ants as they attacked the vegetable matter and rot-proof sheet in perfect unison, though fortunately their efforts to penetrate the latter are unavailing. I have experienced this only in the neighbourhood of the Zambezi sources, where the "termite" is of an unusually large species. On leaving the Lufupa he crossed the Dongwe and other tributaries of the Kabompo. The plain contiguous to the former is two to three miles long, the only green visible at this time of the year being that of the densely packed non-deciduous trees around the springs feeding the river. The soil, as it had been for some days, is firm and red. Salt is found in the district. The little "honey guide" is common, and much delay was occasioned by his chirping invitation — readily accepted by the porters — to despoil the bee of his honey.

On the 6th he was suddenly attacked by fever. Referring to the district through which he was passing, he writes: "Never were there so many flies — large, painless, blood-sucking flies and big and little biting horseflies, little stinging common flies, and the little bee in the eyes, and its would-be hive — one's nose. This little bee makes very acrid honey. He usually lives on the ground in the dry season, choosing sometimes a pathway, descending to his hive through a hollow reed or something of that sort." The rainy season was now on him, a heavy thunder-storm bursting in the afternoon. At noon on the 7th of October he crossed the Kabompo. Just above the path the Mumbeshe enters it from the north-east. The country becomes more wooded and trees larger. Tracks of elephants, some of recent date, were crossed. After passing Sawalala, a Bakaündi village, he entered

an immigrant settlement of Mamboë from the Zambezi. This seems to be a district much favoured by immigrants, for later on other settlements of strangers, and even Mambunda and Mankoya, were encountered. At Muyanga on the Kabompo, his route left the river, so he elected to remain there for ten days in the hopes of effecting a junction with me. We had arranged to meet at a place called Koöndu, described by Lewanika as being somewhere in the neighbourhood. However, I passed near the sources of the river sixty miles to the north, and neither of us could locate Koöndu. His head men spent their time in grumbling, for the journey was not congenial to them. The chiefs of the surrounding districts, some of whom were Marotse, some Mambunda, came in to visit him, bringing presents of grain, manioc beans, and sweet potatoes. On the first afternoon Muyanga, who was a Mankoya, paid his visit at the head of fifty of his tribesmen. On the following day he returned the "call," finding the chief's village within a large, substantial palisade, everything perfectly clean and well swept. He was informed that the journey to the sources of the Kabompo, Lunga, and Zambezi were "beyond the count of days," none of his people having been there. As a matter of fact, the Zambezi source is less than a week's journey — the others being five days — away. The source of the Luzou or Luzabo, which is about twenty-five miles from that of the Zambezi, was described as between two and three days' journey away. Till the 18th he spent his time almost entirely on the hunting veldt and filled the fleshpots of Muyanga and his people. That day messengers arrived from Lewanika, bringing no direct news, but carrying instructions to the chief to furnish him with carriers and ordering him to visit Lialui. This was no doubt a tactful method on the part of the king to ensure good treatment for Captain Quicke, for his vassal would not care to appear before him had he not complied with his sovereign's orders. When Captain Quicke visited Muyanga that day he asked him where Koöndu was, but received the reply that he would not give an answer until he received his rifle as a present.

His insolence brought down on him a severe rebuke, and Captain Quicke promptly rose and returned to his camp. Then there came presents of skins, which were returned unceremoniously. Shortly afterward Muyanga himself arrived and offered as a present a stick of metal which looked like copper, and which he apparently prized very much. He however resisted all temptation to examine the metal more closely. It was now raining, but Muyanga, regardless of a wetting, sat in front of the tent till his apologies and persuasion had induced his white visitor to withdraw the severe strictures he had passed on him, and then he left. On the 20th, after twelve days of rest, the journey was continued to the Lunga, Muyanga accompanying the caravan for some miles. He writes: "The Lunga River is larger than the Kabompo. . . . Kaündi people always most hospitable to the Marotse. Travelling in Lewanika's country with Marotse head men, want is not known. . . . Cost of travelling therefore is nil—a little present to the head man of the village is of course acceptable." The next day he entered the Malunda country at a village called Kata. Captain Quicke here found Mambare traders, and anxious to discover the position of our rendezvous, inquired as to the whereabouts of Koöndu. His head man interrupted him—he was suffering from toothache and wished to go straight to Nyakatoro! Captain Quicke "threatened him so seriously that Kata and all his followers ran away and the eggs" (which had been brought as a present) "were smashed. The Mambares did not run, and through them Kata's confidence returned, and he gave me guides."

The Lunga was crossed with the aid of a small canoe, found sunk in shallow water by the inhabitants of a small village which had been deserted on the approach of the caravan.

From the valley of the river the country rises rapidly some three hundred feet, and the journey was now continued westward over wooded undulations and through level strips of plain, in which flowers grew in profusion. In the meantime,

the head men continued to grumble and scheme, and the carriers showed signs of exhaustion.

On the 25th they stopped for the day near a small Malunda village called Kawewe. No food was procurable, and the people had the appearance of being indigent and poverty-stricken. The men clad their loins very scantily, the women were still less extravagantly dressed. These he describes as "the ugliest I have ever seen." In greeting one another these people "kiss each other's hands and tap their chests."

In the evening the head men flatly refused to go to Koöndu, which was apparently no great distance to the north, nor would they lend him three of their personal followers, with whom he might search for me. Had he been able to carry out his designs, we should probably have met, for I was then only two days' journey to the north, and a single day's march would have afforded him news of my whereabouts from natives who had seen or heard of me.

During the night his rascally head men told him the carriers had deserted in a body, but he could hear their voices in the village close by, so he ordered them to bring the boys to camp at once, or he would lay their conduct forcibly before Lewanika, and see that they got their deserts. However, he saw the boys no more. They had evidently left at the instigation of their superiors, who preferred to assist in carrying the goods by the shorter route on which their minds were set, than proceed empty-handed in the direction of Koöndu; for they could now excuse their conduct with some show of reason — "The porters deserted, and we had to carry the goods ourselves by the shortest route to Nyakatoro." And thus he continued the journey along the Luzabo and its tributaries until he reached some of the advanced villages of the invading Valuena, or Valovale. From them he heard of the missionaries on the Zambezi. Food, which had been brought in by the Malunda and other tribes along the route, was no longer forthcoming, in spite of the fact that this most objectionable of tribes was better supplied than the people to the east, and even possessed flocks of goats — the first domestic



animals he had seen since quitting the last of Lewanika's cattle posts. As he expressed it, he experienced a "fore-taste" of Valovale "inhospitality." The only assistance he received was at the hands of some Mambare traders, who were first scared at his sudden appearance among them, but later, on finding that he meant them no harm, became good friends, and gave him of the best they had. Part of this native caravan was journeying west the next day but one, so he delayed with a view to joining them. They went slowly, stopping at fixed camping grounds, where they frequently spent much time in cleaning out the huts and making fresh beds. These west coast traders seem to be so far in advance of the usual native as to be capable of exercising a little forethought for the provision of future comfort, not only for themselves, but for their fellow-traders. At this time he mentions that he saw quantities of earthworms — the first he had seen in Africa. The statement agrees with my experience forty miles to the north. I have frequently heard it stated that the earthworm does not exist on the continent, but this is obviously incorrect; though I may state that in this district alone have they come within my experience, though it does not necessarily follow that they are not to be found in similar soil along my northern route. It rained heavily now, and few days passed without showers which quickly converted the lower country into swamps, through which travelling was far from pleasant. A unique custom exists among the Valovale, which strikes the traveller very forcibly, owing to the fact that the African's interest in animal life is usually restricted to its value for eating purposes. It is quite a custom among these people to keep small birds in cages, which they often carry about with them when on the march. One can hardly conceive that the custom is the result of any tender feelings toward their little captives. To me it seems more probable that there is some superstitious connection between the souls of the departed and the birds of the air — a mere guess, based on the fact that the Valovale are of all natives the most superstitious.

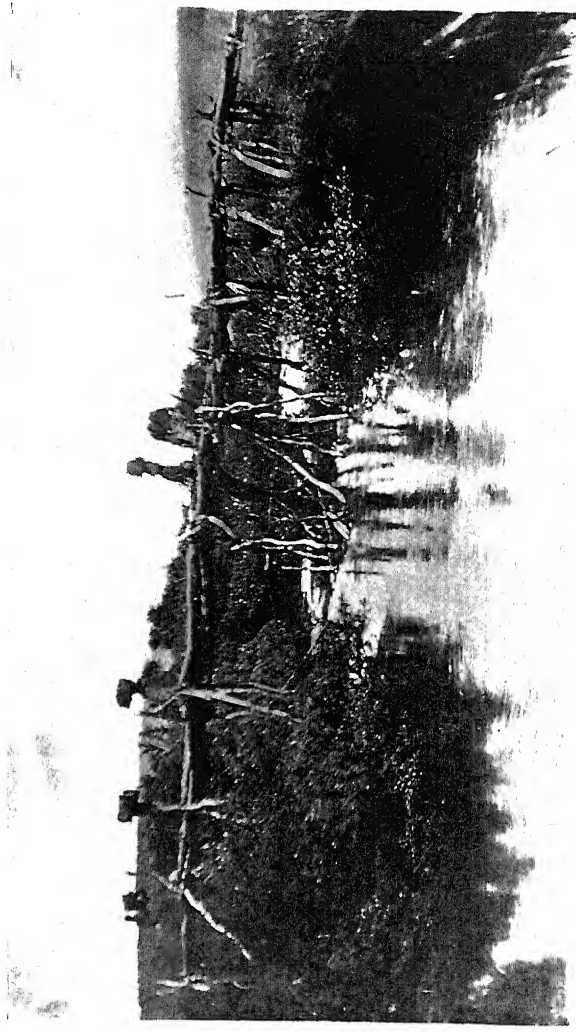
On the 3d of November he reached Kovungu, the mission

station, which stands, as the reader will remember, half a mile from the Portuguese fort at Nyakatoro. It is needless to say that he was welcomed with every kindness and hospitality. Mr. Shindler and his wife had left for Lialui in my canoes, leaving Messrs. Cuninghame and Harford in charge.

On the following day he rode an ox to Dr. Fisher's station, Kazombo. Trouble had fallen on our friends since my visit. News had reached Dr. Fisher of his father's death, one of his colleagues, Mr. Coppethorne, had sickened and died, a lady of the mission was down with fever, "and yet," writes Captain Quicke with reference to his host, "he took the minutest care of every little detail—the same care and attention being paid to the native sick. I would like to talk a good deal more of Dr. and Mrs. Fisher and others of this mission." After three weeks he left Nyakatoro in company with a Valovale caravan *en route* for the west coast with rubber. To the Valovale he took an intense dislike, for he failed to find in them any good qualities. The first part of the journey was through low-lying country, and along the route were innumerable camps usually infested with jiggers. At Kalunga Kameya, a Portuguese fort, he was well received by the officer in charge, who loaded him with pineapples. The garrison was composed of Mozambique natives, and there was one white convict "still existing here." Capital punishment has no place in the penal code of Portugal, but offenders, political and criminal, are transported to the "agricultural and penal settlement of Angola," where they eat native food, work for the state, and die.

From Lovale he entered Chibokwe or Chioko, a hilly country with swift-running rivers and good water, as a consequence of which there is very little malaria. "The natives," he writes, were "very independent, but their women were cheery and with their pipes in their mouths would make many jokes. They also 'coo-ee' quite prettily amongst the hills."

At Mosiko, the Portuguese headquarters fort, Colonel Pinto Pizairo and other officers received him with kindness



Native Bridge in Western Marotsland



and courtesy. The first waggon to penetrate thus far had just arrived with a Krupp gun, and with it came a new batch of convicts, twenty-five in number.

From here he entered the "Hungry Country." This is the name borne by a considerable stretch of fine, well-watered, and healthy country, which has been devastated by the ravages of the slave trader, and is completely depopulated. "The quantity of wooden shackles strewn about and hung on trees, and now and then skeletons not removed from the road," told the gruesome, unwritten story of many an unhappy soul. Here he passed a large Ovimbunda (people from the west) or Mambare caravan on their way to the Luba and Samba countries to buy slaves. They were armed with Martinis and carried muzzle-loaders, powder, and trading goods for the purposes of their inhuman traffic. Outside the Koanza fort there were piles of shackles. This marks the point at which the slave unwittingly enters the fraternity of "free labour," under the auspices of which he is transhipped to other Portuguese possessions.

At Bihe he found Mr. Currie in charge of a Canadian mission; at Sachumjimba there is an American mission. At these and other stations he received every kindness. All this country is high and healthy, rising to five and sometimes to six thousand feet above the sea level. At Caconda, a Boer colony, the rinderpest had made a clean sweep of the cattle, but it seems to have done less harm than elsewhere to the game of the country. The tsetse fly is also to be found, but not so dense as it was in most parts of the interior before the rinderpest swept the country of buffalo and other ruminants. I may mention here that between '96 and '99 the tsetse has quite disappeared in many districts where it was previously rampant, and is so decimated in others as to be scarcely perceptible. During this trip I never so much as saw a tsetse until near the source of the Lunga River, the only other district in which the fly was noticed being in the neighbourhood of the Lufira. Whether or not they breed in the skin of the buffalo may be a subject for debate, though

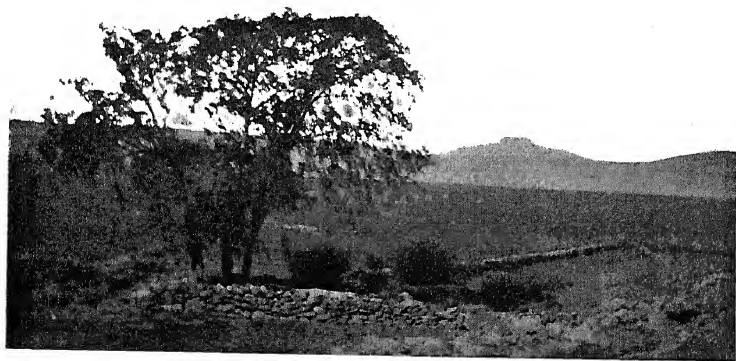
it has been proved they can reproduce their species under other conditions; but it is certain that their staple article of food is derived from the blood of wild animals. With the partial extermination of game during the great epidemic the "fly" has died in millions.

On the 31st of January, '99, nearly nineteen months since leaving Chinde, he reached Catumbella, which stands only a few miles from Benguella. Here he engaged quarters in a Dutch house. Full of fever and in a most critical state of health, these people appear to have treated him disgracefully, and seem to have been counting the days when they could purloin the possessions of a dead man. Happily Mr. Bullough's yacht, as stated in the first chapter, put into Benguella, before it was yet too late, and a life which already hung in the scales was spared for a while.

Captain Quicke's notes close thus: "There are many convalescent, sick, and wounded officers and men who have since known that yacht. They will understand my experience on boarding. Shall I ever forget the kindness I received? And, if you please, I found my Zambezi boy seated in a deck chair, his loin cloth discarded and clothed in a suit of ducks, a yachting cap on his head, and smoking a big cigar." Then he collapsed entirely, and remembered nothing till the care and attention lavished on him turned the scale in his favour some days after anchoring in Table Bay. When Mr. Coryndon arrived at Capetown on his way home on leave, he heard that a sick officer had been brought from Benguella on the yacht, visited her, and found Captain Quicke so emaciated and delirious as to be incapable of recognising him. Six weeks later he was in the saddle with the Mafeking relief column. The reader knows the rest.



In Memoriam, Major F. C. Quicke  
Ashbrittle, Somersetshire







## CHAPTER XXXIII

Captain Hamilton's journey to Chinde—He strikes the LUENA—A deep stream one hundred yards wide—The LUOMPA confluence—Lilies in profusion—The usual stream of the country—Excellent pasturage—Strikes author's '95 route—A few remarks on the MANKOYA—Travelling east—The LUENA-KAFUKWE water parting—Descent to Kafukwe basin—The MASHIKOLUMBWE—Mr. Baldwin, the missionary at NKALA—A disproved criticism—Along the KAFUKWE to MATOKALAND—MONZE, a B. S. A. police station—Cattle and tomatoes—Wild fruit—Palm trees and scrub—Comprehensive view from KAFUKWE watershed—The MAKALANGA—A steep descent—Tobacco and cotton—Falls on the Kafukwe—The wildest of gorges—A pleasant and comparatively easy voyage down the Zambezi—Zumbo—The German sailors in Durban harbour—War services .



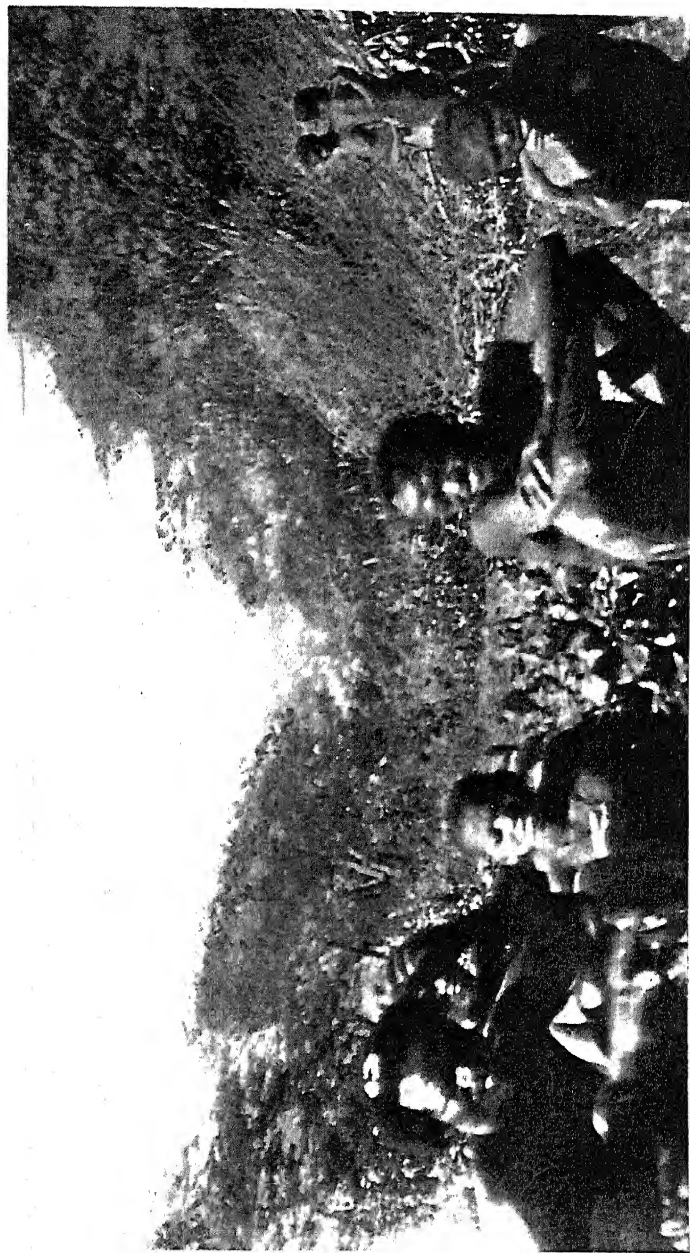
## CHAPTER XXXIII

### CAPTAIN HAMILTON'S TRIP

ON September the 7th Captain Hamilton set off in a northeasterly direction, his path taking him over undulating forest land neither dense nor large in wood. On nearing the Luena the undulations become steeper and the forest denser. "The Luena," he writes, "is a fine stream where I saw it—deep, one hundred yards wide, and with but little current." The Luompa at the confluence is forty yards wide, and consists alternately of long still reaches and whirling rapids, in places the rocks almost completely blocking the river-bed. At first the banks are high and rugged, the soil in the river precincts stony, and the forest more open than usual. As the river is followed upward it gradually assumes the shape and character of the majority of Upper Zambezi tributaries already described. Here and there where water has lodged in depressions water lilies grow in profusion. As the source is approached this vley-like land is replaced by high banks in a country deeply undulated, the uplands near the river being grassy and in every way pleasant and healthy. Smaller tributaries—usually of the open valley type—are numerous. It is in these reaches of succulent pasturage, where natural irrigation supplies moisture to the close-growing herbage for many weeks subsequent to the cessation of the rains, that thousands of head of cattle will one day thrive and enrich the pastoral colonist of the country. Nowhere in South Africa are cattle to be found in such excellent condition at the close of the dry season as in these sweet productive valleys of Marotseland. Quitting the Luompa at its confluence with the Nyambe, he traced the course of the latter until he struck my '95 route, which he followed for five miles, after which he passed east

till he again struck the Luompa, which he traced to its source. From the fourth day of the journey from the British Residency at Mongo he had travelled through the country of the Mankoya. These people are not of a very high type, but, as did Captain Quicke, he found them unaggressive and well disposed. They wear their hair fairly long, sometimes combed out into a dense frizzy mass, and sometimes braided into greasy ringlets — though these more elaborate styles of coiffure are as a rule peculiar to upper-class dandies. All classes file their front teeth. In the hunting field they are quite expert, and in many parts of their country the game seems to have escaped the ravages of the rinderpest epidemic. They own no cattle, but in many of their small stockaded villages, the goat, the sheep, and the fowl are to be found.

Travelling east from the Luompa he passed Musha-kabantu, the Mankoya frontier village, which is situate immediately over the high ridge which marks the dividing line of the Luena and Kafukwe systems. From here the descent to the Kafukwe is rough, broken, and more rapid than the fall to the west, water is scarce and bad, and the country, which is on the outskirts of Mashikolumbweland, forms part of an uninhabited belt separating these turbulent savages from the outer world. A forty-mile march down the course of the Nkala River brought him to Simkwemo, the first Mashikolumbwe village, and after a further twelve miles he reached the Nkala mission station and thus connected the two sections of my previous work referred to above. As a result of Captain Hamilton's work it is satisfactory to me to find that no correction is necessary in my earlier map. Mr. Baldwin, the missionary at Nkala, had questioned its accuracy in one respect, contending that I had not allowed sufficient distance between the Njoko sources and his station, which he had travelled on his first entry to the country. As hitherto I had no substantial evidence to disprove his contention, I was inclined to accept Mr. Baldwin's criticism as being at least partially justified, especially since better men than myself have been guilty of still greater



On the Mankoya-Mashikolumbwe Borders



longitudinal discrepancies. However, I can only surmise, in the face of Captain Hamilton's corroborative evidence, that the length of time it took Mr. Baldwin to cut his way from the Njoko to Nkala, travelling as he did with bullock waggon impedimenta, exaggerated in his mind's eye the impression of distance covered in proportion to the difficulties of travel under such conditions.

As far as the Nanzela mission station he took my old route, and then went off in a northeasterly direction to the Kafukwe. He struck the Kafukwe in  $26^{\circ} 30'$  east longitude, followed its course for about twenty-five miles, and then turned his steps in a southeasterly direction, through Matokaland to Monze's, the B. S. A. police station referred to in an earlier chapter. The Kafukwe, at the point he struck it, he describes as a "fine broad stream with clean-cut banks, a rocky bed, and quite navigable for large boats, especially in the wet season." Its surroundings are given a tropical character by the numerous palm trees which stud the ground, fringing the plain through which it flows. There are many Mashikolumbwe villages along the south bank, but the majority of the tribe dwell on the great plain which stretches for over one hundred miles toward the mountains which form the northerly rise to the plateau. Cattle are kept and tomatoes are grown by the natives. It is withal a country in which very palatable wild fruits grow. One which the people call m'hulu-hulu is a large fruit with a hard shell containing many stones which are enclosed in quite a refreshing, pleasantly flavoured flesh. This is about the size of an orange, and is very similar to that fruit in appearance. It is to be found south of the Zambezi and also in various parts of Marotseland. Another excellent fruit about the size of the peach has a large stone and dry, brown flesh. He also noticed a flower not unlike the lily-of-the-valley in addition to quite a good assortment of wild flowers. After travelling some little distance on the path leading from the river to Monze's, the palm trees cease to exist and are replaced by forest occasionally relieved by small open plains studded with huge ant-heaps round which trees and scrub grow thickly.

Leaving Monze's, he travelled first northeast and then east till he struck the Musaia River, which he traced to the Kafukwe. On his way he passed along the watershed dividing tributaries flowing to the Kafukwe in the north and the Zambezi in the southeast. From the high country through which the Lushito flows, the great mountains surrounding the Kariba Gorge were easily discernible. Twenty-eight degrees east longitude roughly marks the eastern borders of the Mashikolumbwe country. Their neighbours, who are of the Makalanga tribe, are very distinct from the Mashikolumbwe. They no longer clap their hands in saluting, as do most tribes in Marotseland, but slap their thighs and occasionally, when yielding an especially humble greeting, rub their noses in the earth.

The hair, in the case of both sexes, is worn long and braided, and is at times plastered with red mud intermixed with grease. The Kahuma hills mark the southeastern extremity of the great African Plateau. Within four hours Captain Hamilton records a descent of about one thousand feet. At their base a red light clay soil replaces the white sandy soil which covers the vast proportion of the Upper Zambezi basin.

Lewanika's authority ceases on the Mashikolumbwe-Makalanga border. The Makalanga are essentially a river tribe and are quite distinct from their Matoka as from their Mashikolumbwe neighbours. They seemed to Captain Hamilton to bear more resemblance both in type and language to the tribes dwelling lower down the Zambezi. Tobacco and cotton are largely grown in their country. On striking the Kafukwe he formed camp and subsequently traced the river upward. At Shezenga, ten miles above the inflow of the Musaia, rapids commence to bar the progress of boats from the Zambezi. Another ten miles of broken water culminate in a fall of several hundred feet. Here the water comes down in a series of broken falls through a rocky inhospitable country skirted by lofty precipitous mountains. The gorge by which these falls are approached he describes as the most rugged and wildest he has ever seen, not even excepting the



Devil's Gorge. I should therefore conclude that in this respect they have not their equal on the African continent. So far as I can ascertain, and in accordance with the statements of natives to Captain Hamilton, he has the credit of being the first white man to visit this chaotic district. Above them, for probably thirty miles, the river is more or less broken, after which it settles down into quite a promising waterway for future consideration.

Captain Hamilton has left no written record of his journey down the Zambezi, though when I saw him in South Africa—where he still is—at the close of the war, he gave me to understand that he had had a pleasant and comparatively easy experience, and was able to appreciate the difference between hard work of ascent at low river and a return journey under the more auspicious conditions. At Zumbo, where the goods had been left under charge of the agent of the “*Companha da Zambezia*,” he kindly settled all details connected with the expedition, and then travelling to Tete took passage to Chinde in a river steamer, passing down the coast to Durban by the German mail. In Durban harbour he witnessed part of his kit, with that of others, being consigned to the depths by the German sailors, though fortunately the result of his labours was landed in safety. Throughout the war he performed excellent service, but whenever I heard from him he would tell me how his soul hankered after fresh experiences in the far interior.



## CHAPTER XXXIV

Down the Nile in an iron boat—Surrounded by hippopotami—Driven away by a shot—Elephants disturbed at water—Landing and pursuit—A crawl on the stomach—Scanty cover—The meagreness of man—Successful shot—An exciting situation—An imposing spectacle—Forty elephants in line—Boy loses his head—A heavy charge—A run for cover—Point of vantage—A massive phalanx—Another shot—An enraged elephant—The herd moves away—A second one down—Up again and off in solitude—Pursuit—Unsuccessful—Camp for the night—The mosquito—A death lament—Cutting up the elephant—Another hunt—Wounded and angry—A final shot—Return to camp—A curious tusk malformation—Boys left to dry flesh—Visit to Afudu—Boys absent for four days—Unfortunate effect thereof—Journey continued—The DUFFLE Rapids—Only break between Lake Albert and Khartum—Arrival at Lado—Major Peake's sudd cutting expedition just returned—Three months in the LADO "ENCLAVE"—Much kindness and hospitality—Occasional sport—White rhinoceros shot—Its present domicile—A pair of giraffes—A trip up the river—*Civis Britannicus sum*—A word against the use of armed parties—SABOU loses his way—Treed by lions—KATANGA boys paid off—A much-regretted arrangement—Culpable negligence by Belgian officer—Boys ultimately found in deplorable condition—The steamer at last—Khartum reached—Hospitality and kindness by Anglo-Egyptian officers—Great achievement in building—An imposing palace—Clapham at Khartum—The end



## CHAPTER XXXIV

### ARRIVAL AT KHARTUM: CONCLUSION

IN the afternoon of the second day of the boat journey, as we were passing steadily down the river between low-lying banks, from which, far to the right and left, a flat, swampy plain could be seen, stretching toward slightly rising ground in the distance, we found ourselves surrounded by a large school of hippos. A shot at one of them sent the rest away to a more respectful distance. The report disturbed a herd of elephants taking water at a pool contiguous to the river. Landing at once, I went off in pursuit until, on rounding the corner of a vast reed bed, I found myself in an open space extending inland for upward of half a mile. One hundred yards from me three great brutes stood together, separated by about a couple of hundred yards from the main herd, which consisted of some forty adults without a single calf. About fifteen paces from the three there was a small ant-heap, large enough to conceal the greater part of my head and shoulders. Fortunately the wind was right, and the animals had no suspicion of my approach. Over the bare intermediate ground I crawled on my stomach, in short stages, at moments when the heads of the elephants were turned in the opposite direction, and, at other times remaining motionless, had in a few minutes reached the objective ant mound unseen; and here I awaited an opportunity for planting a non-expansive Mauser bullet in the brain of the best tusker.

What a speck of a thing man feels himself to be at close quarters with these massive monsters! Of all African game, in their natural wilds the elephant and giraffe have ever struck me as alone exceeding in size the impressions conjured up by the imagination of one's inexperienced days.

I had not to wait long for my opportunity. Down came the great brute without a spasm or a struggle. His two companions moved restlessly backward and forward with trunks in air and their huge ears flapping forward in the effort to locate the point of danger, but remained within a few yards of the dead animal. For the next half-hour I was eye-witness to one of the most impressive sights that have ever fallen within my experience. To the right, forty elephants advanced at a walk toward the scene of trouble. Every trunk was uplifted, and their great ears moved slowly backward and forward as they walked steadily on. Whenever the two close by turned away, my gun-bearer and myself crawled toward the long grass. In this manner half the distance was covered by the time the advancing line was about one hundred yards away. The boy's nerves were no longer equal to the occasion. He rose and bolted, and, as he did so, the ground shook as the great animals, breaking into a heavy, lumbering trot, bore right down on me. In a moment I was up and off at my best pace, but by the time I reached cover, the herd was unpleasantly close. Doubling to the right, and keeping well down wind, I made my way to a pointed ant-heap, the summit of which rose a couple of feet above the eight-foot-high grass. From this point of vantage, I watched the movements of the elephants at a distance of 120 yards. Facing outward, they encircled the dead body of the fallen one, trunks and ears still searching for evidence of my whereabouts. For about half an hour I awaited further developments. By the terms of the Uganda game laws, I was free to shoot two elephants only, so naturally I kept my eyes open for a good tusker. At length, a pair of apparently thick, desirable teeth were raised for a moment above the grass, which obscured all but the upper part of the elephants' heads and bodies. Aiming, to the best of my judgment, at the small, vulnerable depression in the side of the head, I fired, but without fatal result. The wounded animal dashed into the grass, shrieking with rage as he endeavoured to play the part of a spaniel in search of game. After travelling all around me for some minutes, but

never coming within fifty yards of the ant-heap, which I took care should always be between myself and him, he rejoined the herd, and, once again taking his place in the massive phalanx, settled down to a more equable state of mind. At length they all moved slowly away, and, as they did so, I picked out a grand tusker, and brought him to his knees. Working my way round, I hoped to find No. 2 as dead as No. 1, but to my keen disappointment he had risen, left the herd, and was walking away in search of solitude. Taking the spoor, I soon caught him up, and with considerable difficulty followed him through a reedy morass, into which his great feet sank deep as he ploughed his way onward. Occasionally he stood and turned his head, when I halted and concealed myself as best I could. When at length he turned obliquely to the left, I foolishly took a very risky shot, instead of awaiting a more favourable chance, but failed in my object, and away he went at a pace which soon took him far from view. For some time we endeavoured to get once more in touch with the wounded animal, but eventually were compelled to abandon pursuit, after hopelessly losing all trace of him amidst the labyrinth of fresh spoor.

Camp was pitched one thousand yards away on ground clear of the swamps but infested with mosquitoes. At no place within my experience is the mosquito so excessively numerous as in the Upper Nile districts during the wet season. Shortly after sunset the blended notes of millions of these irritating insects (possibly varieties in species account for variety in tune) combine to produce a sound reminding one of the notes of musical instruments no great distance away. For some minutes the vast army is heard but not felt, for they are moving wildly about in the air, a few feet overhead. Ultimately the light tread of a score or more is to be felt wherever the skin is bare, and sharp pricks everywhere remind one that tropical clothing is but little protection from attack. Even for those who merely feel the pricks but suffer no after effects, these horrible little insects are the most unpleasant of companions, and for my part the mosquito curtain becomes an early place of refuge.

At about ten o'clock a loud, almost human wail burst on the calm, still night. It was the last lament of those old-world monsters over the remains of a dead companion. This over, all was quiet once more, and no doubt by daybreak the herd had wandered far away to pastures new.

First thing in the morning I repaired to the carcase with the majority of the boys, and in the course of a few hours two very respectable tusks were cut out and the carcase had been almost stripped of meat by the local natives. In the meantime news came in that an elephant had passed within a short distance of camp, so with Fernando and two others I started away in pursuit. A mile from camp we crawled up to within twenty yards of a great bull resting beneath the shade of a solitary tree. His head was turned away, so I settled down till it should please him to give me a more favourable opportunity. The wind, such as it was, blew toward me, and for some time the bull seemed unsuspecting of danger. A broken-down native 'scherm' separated us and gave excellent cover. A temporary lull in the breeze having apparently betrayed the situation, he turned suddenly and moved slowly toward us with his great trunk feeling in the air for more definite evidence of the presence of danger. The trunk was almost overhead when he came to a standstill, and I expected every second that a single step forward would necessitate a sudden movement to the right front with a view to giving him the heart shot, for he was too close to allow of my firing at the brain without risk of the bullet's deflection on the oblique surface of the skull. Thus he stood for one long minute, then turning completely round without giving me a chance sufficiently favourable, he walked slowly away into the tall elephant grass, which immediately obscured him from view. For the first time I discovered that he was accompanied by a cow. We took the spoor at once and for about an hour followed a circuitous course through grass over eight feet high. The brisk walk of an elephant over bad ground calls for active movement on the part of his human pursuer, and by this time the game was some distance in front. How-



ever, from the summit of a great pointed ant-heap we obtained a view of the animals moving lazily backward and forward over an open space half a mile away. After crossing a stream shoulder deep, we soon made the edge of the plain, when I noticed for the first time that the bull had apparently but one complete tusk, the other to all appearance being broken off a few inches from the socket. I was about to leave the animal unmolested on the chance of getting a later opportunity for bagging a better specimen as the second elephant allowed me by the game laws, when Fernando, with a disappointed and beseeching look, begged me to shoot.

"But he has only one tusk," I replied.

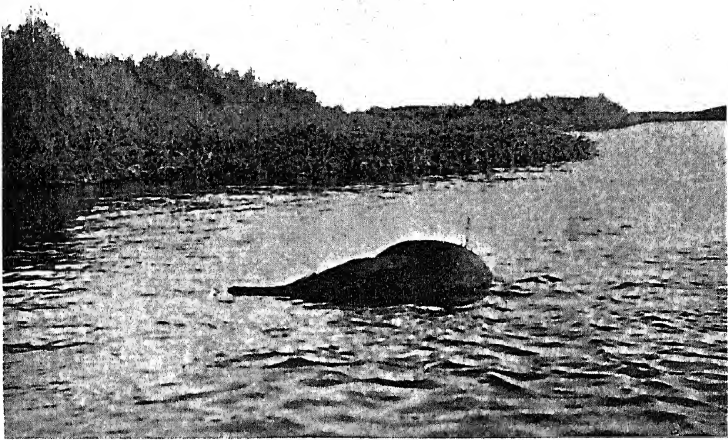
"Yes, but that is a good one," he urged.

At a distance of eighty yards I fired a shot which, as I afterward found, had penetrated the brain, though at the time the wound merely worked the stricken animal into a state of blind fury. Shrieking wildly he rushed about in search of his enemy. The boys bolted and I pressed myself to the ground, partially hidden by a piece of scrub only two feet high, behind which I had taken cover. Once he passed within a few yards, but luckily in his blind rage I remained unobserved. At length he came to a standstill one hundred and twenty yards away. Sitting up I took a careful aim and brought him down on all four knees. The cow after examining him for a few minutes walked quietly away, when I likewise took my observations. He carried one thick tusk, but the other showed for eight inches only, then reëntered the flesh at the base of the trunk. It was too late to cut him up that evening, so I returned to camp, to within a mile of which the elephants had luckily led us. After dark the bereaved cow spent a quarter of an hour by the dead body, wailing piteously as the others had done on the previous night.

When on the ensuing morning the teeth were removed it was found that the malformed one after reëntering the flesh took a spiral turn which gave it the shape of an exaggerated ram's horn. It weighed twenty-eight pounds only, but added an interesting trophy to my collection. Leaving the boys to

dry a good supply of flesh—for food was scarce in the district—I was paddled down to Afudu, where I purposed remaining two days until the boys came in with the meat. Unfortunately it was four days before they put in an appearance, and those two extra days or even one of them caused me to miss Major Peake's steamer, and relegated me to three months' inactivity amid the mosquito-infested swamps of the Upper Nile.

On the 3d of May, having sent forward a letter of greeting to M. Chaltin, in chief control of Congolese interests in the Lado "enclave," I bade adieu to Captain Langton, who commanded the Afudu district, crossed the river, and hurried north. From Afudu to Rejaf the Nile flows through a steep, rocky valley bound in for more than half the distance by high hills on the east and a mountain range on the west. This stretch of about seventy miles is rendered impossible of navigation under existing conditions, owing to the steady fall of the river over a rocky bed. No one of the rapids thus created accounts for more than a foot or two, and it occurred to me that a couple of locks and dams would do away with this, the only bar to navigation between the south of Lake Albert and the uppermost of the cataracts beyond Khartum. As an engineering feat this work would be mere child's play when compared with the monster barrage I was to see at Asuan a few months later. I arrived at Lado to find that Major Peake's steamer had left Kero—about twenty miles downstream—only the day before. My letter was placed in M. Chaltin's hands only five minutes before the gunboat cast her moorings, and Major Peake, not expecting me for another ten or twelve days, left a note to the effect that he hoped to get another boat up to take me away before very long, and if a despatch boat carrying his mails should meet him north of the Sudd, I might have to wait only a week. However, my proverbial good fortune had deserted me at the eleventh hour, for this latter was not met till the returning steamer was within a short distance of Fashoda, and the steamer which ultimately brought me down was delayed several weeks in the Sudd. In the meantime I occupied my time in mak-



The Floating Carcase



Landing the Carcase  
Hunting the Hippopotamus



ing short hunting excursions under not very pleasant conditions—for grass was long and water out—and reading Belgian newspaper misrepresentations and calumnies bearing on the war in South Africa. To Lieutenant Engh, the commandant of Lado, also an officer in the Norwegian army, I am specially indebted for many acts of kindness and hospitality, as also to M. Chaltin and the rest of his officers. In the hunting veldt I was able to add several specimens to my collection, the most interesting being the skin of a white rhinoceros (*Rhin. simus*), hitherto not known to exist in North Africa. This now stands in the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh, U.S.A. In addition I secured a bull and a cow giraffe, the former standing within two or three inches of twenty feet more or less, though on account of the doubled-up position in which he fell, measurement to an inch was impossible. On one of these short hunting trips two instances occurred which are perhaps worth recording. We had paddled to a spot on the right bank of the Nile where I proposed forming a camp from which to hunt for a few days. On landing we found it necessary, owing to the undesirable nature of the ground in the neighbourhood of the river, to move about a mile inland. While I remained at the selected camping-ground, the boys returned for the remainder of the baggage—principally their own blankets. Fernando was just in time to see a canoe starting away downstream laden with everything on which those in it could lay their hands. They were some distance away when he first realised the situation. He was unarmed, and had no means of intercepting the thieves had it been otherwise; for the heavy iron boat lent me by the Belgians would have been no match in a stern chase with a light dugout canoe.

“We are not ‘Tukatuk’ [Belgians], we are English,” he shouted. Instantly the paddlers pulled up, returned, and relinquished their plunder. Thus here, as in every other part of Africa,—save one,—through which I have passed, whether in British territory or not, he who is armed with the motto *Civis Britannicus sum* carries with him a force of more

practical value than can be derived from the rifles of five hundred askaris. There is no element of cant in this assertion. I speak on the authority of over twenty thousand miles in uncivilised Africa—as travelled by my officers and myself within the space of ten years. Never has any one of us placed a guard over his tent at night, nor had occasion to take a single human life, in spite of the fact that many of the countries traversed had a very bad name. Let the sceptic go through the records of African travel, and if he picks out the three explorers who have travelled farthest, he will find that they were all British subjects, that no one of them ever had a single native askari in his employ, and that each is free from the stain of blood.

I go one step further in the hope of discouraging the “armed party” system in the field of exploration. As the reader will gather from the route lines of the expedition, a considerable proportion of our journeys has fallen in unexplored regions, in many of which the white man had never before been seen. In such countries, travel—so far as the natives were concerned—was strikingly free from difficulty. Opposition never came within my experience, hospitality and respect were the rule. In the few instances in which my life may be said to have been in danger, the hostile attitude of the natives could be directly traced to the tactless conduct of some previous traveller or to the irregularities of the “soldiery” for which he was indirectly responsible.

The other incident to which allusion has been made is of a different nature. Late one afternoon I had sent Sabou to the river. By the time darkness set in he had not returned, so I fired one or two shots in order to give him the direction. Later the angry growls of lions were to be heard within a quarter of a mile of camp, and I feared lest the boy should fall a victim to their appetite. I therefore directed Fernando to fire a couple of rounds out of the 16-bore, as being the noisiest weapon in my possession. The reports echoed and reëchoed in the still night air, the lions ceased their clamour, and all was quiet once more. A quarter of an hour later the missing

boy came into camp. He had lost his way in the thick belt of bush between the river and ourselves, and had wandered aimlessly to and fro until he found himself face to face with three lions. He lost no time in clambering into a small tree, where he sat in safety. Round this the three lions walked in procession for a considerable time. The final two shots fired from camp brought them to a standstill, and after thinking over the situation for a few moments, they walked away in the opposite direction, and were soon lost to view. Sabou, after giving them plenty of time to retreat, descended from his perch and hurried into camp.

On the 31st of June I paid off the Katanga boys, dividing all the surplus trading stuff, except a few yards of calico, between them by way of a present. They took back with them a cheque, on delivery of which at the Chiengi store on Lake Mweru they would receive their calico as arranged. To my sorrow, I made an arrangement with the commandant of Rejaf, by which that officer, being anxious to secure porters to accompany him as far as the Stanley Falls, had undertaken to feed them and look after them thus far, and then pass them along the line of stations to their home. I subsequently heard from Captain Verdick that this arrangement had not been carried out so far as the treatment of the boys was concerned. They were found in a destitute and deplorable condition; the head man and two others had already died on the road, and others were sick. As can be imagined, this culpable neglect of boys who had served me so well filled me with disgust and regret that I had placed their destinies in the hands of one so wanting in that sense of honour which should have prompted him to carry out the compact as between him and myself, quite irrespectively of other considerations.

On the 7th of August, fourteen and a half weeks since I first entered the Lado enclave, the joyful news reached me at Luri, a few miles to the south of Lado, that the Anglo-Egyptian steamer *Kaibar*, under the command of Captain (local major) Saunders of the Worcestershire regiment, had

arrived at Lado and was returning north immediately after a trip up the river to within a few miles of Fort Berkeley. Thus my wanderings in the interior of Africa were brought to a definite close.

On the 20th of August we reached Khartum, where I was most kindly and hospitably received by Colonel H. W. Jackson, C.B., the acting Sirdar, and the officers under his command. I spent three extremely happy days as the guest of Colonel Fergusson, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, in the house previously occupied by the Kalifa. It was not till we had been in Africa many months that we first heard of the fall of Khartum. Little did I expect after so short an interval to see such a magnificent and substantial building as the Sirdar's Palace reared and completed as a striking monument to the power and efficacy of the Anglo-Egyptian compact. In addition to this the Gordon College was one story high; the barracks with walls about five feet thick were all but completed; the foundations of a great mosque were already marked out, and there was much talk of private residences and a hotel—in fact of the former there were along the Blue Nile a few inappropriate-looking examples, which it is to be hoped have not been copied since. They reminded me of Clapham, and were singularly out of place and devoid of all architectural beauty even in its most elementary form.

And now our narrative is ended. A great weight is lifted from the author's shoulders—a weight so great that even the most wearied reader can scarcely be expected to share equally with him the deep sense of relief centred in the last full stop.

I have done my best without fear, favour, or exaggeration, to render experiences, impressions, and deductions, as they appeared to me. To have been entirely successful in my efforts to convey to others a correct impression of things and facts is more than I can expect. Temperament, the imaginative faculty, and reasoning power are variable quantities, and each varies in shade and degree with the individual concerned. What amuses one man bores another; what is



interesting or beautiful to one is commonplace and ordinary to another ; and what is sound logic to one mind may strike others as a mere sophistry ; even statements of fact are sometimes liable to misconstruction.

I trust I have made out a case in favour of tolerant consideration. For the rest, I ask no higher reward than the consciousness that the work of my life may exert a useful influence on the progress of the British Empire in Africa. How far this ideal may be realised the future alone can determine. There are many stages subsequent to the turning of the first sod.



## APPENDIX I

Primary object of exploration — Importance of good map for all purposes — Zambezi only fourth of African rivers in length — But has many navigable affluents — Three sections of Zambezi — Shire and Lower Zambezi too well known to call for detailed discussion — Navigable most times of year — How to improve navigability — The barrier at Kebrabasa — Wanted, engineers — Comparison of water in lower and upper river — The Middle Zambezi — Reference to early chapters — Navigable as far as MOLELE Rapids — Dangerous in places at low river — A route to MAROTSELAND — The KAFUKWE as an arm of the transcontinental railway — Navigable reach of Upper Zambezi and affluents — The navigable LUNGWEBUNGU stretches eight hundred miles westward — Mileage of a great rail and river system — KWITO capable of connection with Zambezi system through OKAVANGO and MAG'WEKWANA — The Nile — Its great length — Poverty in subsidiary waterways — Decimation of Nilotic races during Dervish interregnum — Nile principally useful to connect Egypt with Uganda — The advantages and prospects of Uganda — Suicidal policy — Its result — Way out of difficulty — Main sources of Nile — Belgian officer's description of Semliki River — An appeal for progress and forethought — Recent change in thought — Material for an empire — No parallel with ancient empires — Misgovernment or loss of manhood alone to be feared



# APPENDIX I

PAPER READ BEFORE THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE  
ON JANUARY 15, 1901

## THE NILE AND ZAMBEZI SYSTEMS AS WATERWAYS

[By Major A. ST. HILL GIBBONS

THE primary object of journeys of exploration in unknown or partially explored countries—whether undertaken in the interests of science or colonisation—is the compilation of an accurate map of the earth's surface, so that in the one case scientific discoveries may be definitely located, while in the other such an insight into the general features of the country, the position of waters, and distribution of tribes, may be placed at the disposal of pioneers as will enable them to mature plans most advantageous to their enterprise.

We of the Royal Colonial Institute, I take it, while interested in the work of scientists in the remote dependencies of our Empire, are still more concerned with their industrial and wealth-producing prospects.

Again, it is one thing to know the mineralogical or agricultural capacity of a remote district, and quite another, and almost more important one, to be in a position to devise means to transport these products at a sufficiently low cost to distribute them with profit throughout the markets of the world. Apart from the crude and expensive systems of conveyance by native portage, pack animal or waggon transport, we have open to us the purely artificial means offered by railroad construction, and—where nature has placed navigable rivers at our disposal—the natural and less costly method of transport by water.

My object to-night is to give you the result of the work of my recent expedition so far as the Zambezi and Nile systems are concerned—these two great rivers which fortune and the energy of our

race have placed almost entirely under British control — and to point out how far in my opinion they and their affluents can be utilised in connection with the future development of the vast tracts of country they penetrate.

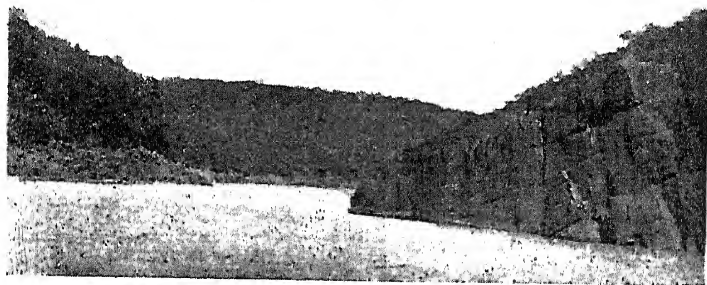
In point of length the Zambezi ranks only fourth among the rivers of Africa ; but when we consider that — with its affluent the Lungwebungu — its navigable reaches stretch three-fourths of the way across the continent, and that the sum of such navigable reaches as exceed 100 miles amount to nearly 4000 miles, it is probable that the Zambezi offers prospects of development at least equal to those of any of her great sisters. In addition to this there are many tributaries which can be converted into practical waterways at an initial cost considerably less, and with a much smaller annual expenditure than the conditions of railway construction and working would entail.

The Zambezi has been divided by nature into three sections : the lower river extending from the sea to the Kebrabasa Rapids — a distance of about 400 miles ; the middle, from Kebrabasa to the Victoria Falls — a further 900 miles ; and the upper, from the Falls to the source of the river — another 600 or 700 miles.

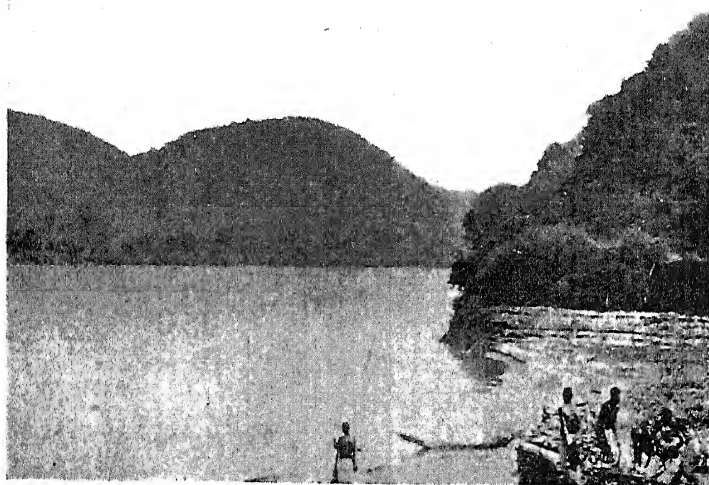
Of the Shire, which with Lake Nyasa stretches nearly 600 miles northward from its confluence with the Zambezi, I will say nothing. Any traveller by the simple process of paying his fare will be landed bag and baggage at the north end of the lake. Nor is it necessary to make more than a passing allusion to the lower river. Livingstone's steamer the *Ma-Robert* made the first passage as far as the Kebrabasa Rapids forty-three years ago, and for many years stern-wheelers have carried goods and passengers to and from Tete, doing the journey in about six days up, and four days down, stream.

From the sea by the Chinde mouth the Zambezi is easily navigated throughout the year until its confluence with the Shire is approached. From here to Tete, with few exceptions — notably the picturesque Lupata Gorge — the bed takes the form of a huge expanse of sand confined by low reed-fringed banks, and widening in places to some four miles. As would be expected, a bed much larger than necessary at flood time becomes, toward the end of the dry season, a mere sand flat intersected by many shallow streams which render navigation extremely tedious and difficult even for so light a draught as twenty-eight inches.

By means of embankments, which could be constructed without



View on the Middle Zambezi



View on the Middle Zambezi





difficulty during the dry season, these numerous streams could be gradually diverted into a single channel and rendered easy of navigation throughout the year for much larger vessels than those at present in use.

At Kebrabasa the river — broken by rocky rapids — flows through a wild inhospitable gorge some 40 miles long. It occurred to me that this bar to navigation can — and probably at some future date will — be removed; by means of a cutting some 20 miles long, diverting the course of the river, either partially or entirely, into its affluent the Mesenangwe, which enters below the rapids; or by damming the lower entrance and thereby converting the narrow rocky gorge into a lake to be connected by lock and weir with the river beyond. The former scheme would necessitate much initial labour in cutting the new bed, and in the construction of embankments in many places along the Mesenangwe River, but would require no locking. The Egyptian Irrigation Department are at the present moment proving the practicability of the second suggestion by a similar but not less difficult enterprise at Assuan and Assiut on the Nile. The smallness of the volume of water passing Kebrabasa toward the end of the dry season impressed me. In '95 I travelled on the Upper Zambezi at the same time of year, and I am forced to the conclusion that the river carries less water at Kebrabasa than it does 1000 miles higher up at this season. This is doubtless accounted for by the fact that, with the exception of the Kafukwe and Loangwa rivers, the intermediate affluents to all intents and purposes run dry and refuse to feed the parent stream. The result is that the water absorbed by means of such soakage and evaporation as are required to satisfy the earth and atmosphere of thirsty Africa is in excess of the supply.

In treating of the Middle Zambezi I will recount such experiences as are relevant to the subject, in our passage up that section of the river, with a view to giving a more practical insight into the conditions existing at the end of the dry, and consequently, so far as navigation is concerned, most unfavourable season of the year. [Here follows an abridged account of the steamer journey contained in Chapters IV–VII.]

Thus at the Molele Rapids we reach the end of what, for nine months in the year, is a perfectly navigable stretch of 800 miles for a 12- or 14-knot steamer. Except during the last part of the dry

season, all the rapids I have described must be well under water ; in fact, Mr. Weller's experience on his return journey confirms this opinion. As the rocks become submerged the water escapes more freely, the swift current is distributed over a greater space, its maximum rate is materially reduced, and I do not think any current exceeding six knots will be encountered. As the direct result of the *Constance's* successful passage up the Middle Zambezi, the B. S. A. Chartered Company and two trading companies are already contemplating the introduction of stern-wheelers to carry trade and enterprise into the remote regions through which the river passes, while the Paris Missionary Society, on the Upper Zambezi, are making arrangements to transport their stores by this route instead of *via* Buluwayo and the Kalahari Desert as at present. With a large supply of good steaming wood available for present purposes, and at least two coal-fields on the Middle Zambezi awaiting development, any capital expended in the improvement of the river will be amply repaid in the future. I look forward to the day when a boat will travel those 1200 miles from Chinde to Molele without the necessity of transhipping.

With a fall of something like 800 feet in 140 miles, the Upper Zambezi, as a navigable waterway, becomes, to all intents and purposes, a separate river. The connecting stream will continue to rush and roar as untiringly as it has done for centuries past ; while tolerating the sight-seer it will defy the engineer.

On reaching Marotseland, I read in the papers that it had been definitely decided that the Trans-African Railway would cross the Zambezi 25 miles east of the Kafukwe confluence. In response to a private request by Mr. Rhodes, I sent what I considered to be seven strong reasons why the railway route should be reconsidered and should cross the river a short distance below the Molele Rapids, then, passing over the healthy Matoka plateau, cross the Kafukwe some 40 miles above its confluence with the Zambezi. From this point upward, as far as 15° south latitude (and ultimately, no doubt, beyond), the Kafukwe is navigable, so far as I can judge from my own experience of most of it, and from native report of the rest. But below it is broken, in the short space of 15 miles, by a series of falls and cataracts, descending in the aggregate over 1000 feet. Captain Hamilton, a member of the expedition, visited this mountainous ascent to the plateau, and was, I believe, the first white man to

do so. He discovered one very high fall, and describes its precincts as simply awe-inspiring. Nothing will induce the local natives to visit this chasm, so he had to find his way with one personal boy. One argument in favour of the change of the rail route has reference to the advantages to be derived from a connection with a river, navigable for some 200 miles, first westward and then northward, in addition to the Zambezi, which will one day give direct access to the sea.

More, doubtless, on account of the superiority of the Guay district coal-fields over what was expected to exist lower down the river, than as the direct result of any report of mine, I was glad to learn, on my return to England, that the original route had been abandoned in favour of the one I have described, and I will endeavour to demonstrate the wisdom of the change — so far as the subject under discussion is affected — by briefly describing the hydrography of Marotseland, which is now to be connected by rail with Buluwayo. From a short distance below the Kwando confluence to the series of rapids commencing with Katima Molilo and ending with the Gonye Falls, there is a stretch of 100 miles of navigable water. This must continue to be of local value only, until considerable engineering work is undertaken, or 100 miles of rail is constructed to connect the navigable water below with that above Gonye, when we have an unbroken reach of over 300 miles, passing Lialui, the eastern Luena, and the Lungwebungu, and terminating at Sapuma Cataract in  $13^{\circ} 7'$  south latitude. Captain Quicke followed the course of the Lungwebungu from the extreme northwest of Marotseland ( $19^{\circ} 37'$  east longitude) to its confluence with the Zambezi, and describes it as a large river with only one slight break, which can easily be removed by dynamite. Thus we have a stretch of over 600 miles of navigable water with only one small rapid with which to contend. This, when once connected with the railway, will give two direct lines of steam communication — one extending from the extreme northwest corner of Marotseland to Chinde, some 2000 miles, and the other about 3000 miles to Capetown. The connection between this western waterway with the railway then becomes worthy of serious attention, nor would the work and expenditure appear to be in any sense comparable with the advantage to be derived.

The eastern Luena rises no great distance from the Kafukwe and flows west into the Zambezi, 40 miles north of Lialui. Captain

Quicke reports that about half its course is sluggish and navigable, that is, from its confluence with the Luompa to within 20 miles from where it enters the parent river. Here as it enters the Marotse plain it separates into four distinct streams, no one of which is navigable. It would not require the skill of an engineer to widen one of these and drain the rest. This would give a waterway for about half the distance of 280 miles from the Zambezi to the Kafukwe, a complete connection with which would entail the construction of a light railway rather over 120 miles long, when communication would be established to the railway 200 miles downstream.

The only other navigable reach on the Zambezi commences 20 miles above the Sapuma cataract, and extends northwards for about 120 miles. There are, however, a few lesser tributaries such as the Kwando, Njoko, Lumba, and Lui, which may be turned to good account at a later period.

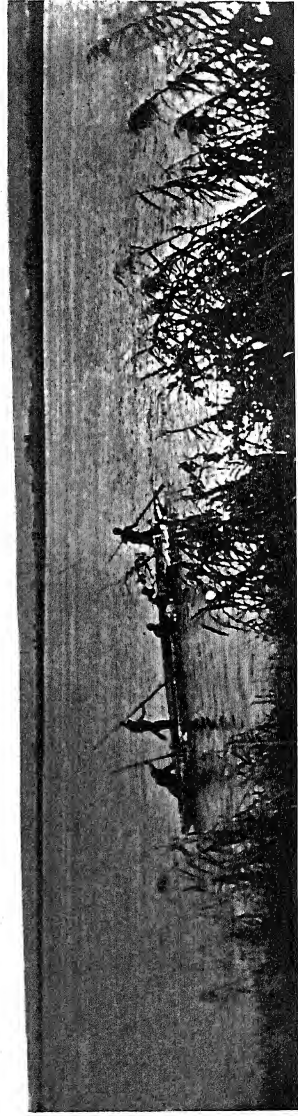
In addition to these the Kwito can be so engineered as to add another far-reaching arm about 1000 miles in length. I have followed this river as far as where  $15^{\circ}$  south latitude cuts  $19^{\circ}$  east longitude, and where I left it the stream was over 100 yards wide, and the water deep. It enters the Okavango 300 miles from here.

Within a stretch of 40 miles the Okavango has some six rapids which can be blown up without difficulty, and of which the Popa are the worst.

The Okavango cannot be said to belong to the Zambezi system, but I discovered that it overflows its banks at the end of the wet season and becomes connected with the Zambezi, through the Kwando, by a considerable stream, known as the Magwekwana. This is little over 100 miles in length, more than half of which flows through a deep, well-defined bed 100 yards wide and upwards. As the whole fall is merely a matter of a few feet, a bed cut for 40 miles from the Okavango would connect it with the Kwando by a navigable stream for three months in the year under existing conditions, which period could be extended to the whole year or less, according as it was deemed advisable entirely or partially to dam the Okavango below the outlet.

Coming to the Nile we again find a river capable of playing a most important part in the development of remote districts far from the seaboard or any of the great centres of to-day's civilisation.

Unlike the Zambezi, which in its upper reaches possesses, as I



The Zambezi, 1,500 Miles from the Mouth



have endeavoured to show, several affluents capable of supplying cheap lines of communication with every corner of a vast desirable and healthy country, the Nile is strikingly wanting in subsidiary waterways, and must therefore be treated only as a main high-road connecting the countries bordering on Lakes Albert and Albert Edward with the Mediterranean.

It is true that regular steam navigation will contribute toward the future prosperity of the Nilotic tribes, but their material prospects sink into insignificance before the imperial importance of tapping the magnificent plateau lying to the east of Lake Albert: (1) because the dense population described by Sir Samuel Baker was so decimated during the Dervish interregnum as to remain a mere sprinkling of lazy and indolent savages whose sole livelihood would appear to be derived from cereal cultivation and ivory hunting—the one, owing to the uncertainty of the seasons, locusts, caterpillars, and other curses, a most precarious industry, and the other a terminable one; and (2) because the poverty-stricken country does not offer inducements to white settlers in any way commensurate with an existence in one of the most uninteresting and malarious parts of the African continent.

I have no hesitation in saying that the Uganda Protectorate takes a second place to no colony in Africa when considered from either an agricultural or climatic point of view. But Uganda has suffered from a lack of foresight and consistency in the government of the past, and from an expensive and troublesome method of coast communication. Sir Harry Johnston is there at present to reorganise the administrative system, and to introduce a more practical form of government. No one who is acquainted with the progress of events in British Central Africa will doubt the ultimate success of his exertions. But reforms in government cannot of themselves wholly obliterate the economic chaos resulting from the careless use of Government rupees and calico. I found that in paying porters on the Government scale in Uganda, the cost per day was as great as the cost per week in any other part of Africa through which I have passed; and an officer on the Nile assured me that the cost of transporting a sixty-pound load from Mombasa to his station amounted to about 9*l.* sterling. The evils accruing from this state of affairs are twofold: (1) Since the African's demand for European produce is practically limited to calico, and since he cannot be

expected to work for mere amusement, there is no inducement for him to engage himself for twelve months when he can earn all his requirements in two. Thus we have an empty labour-market. (2) The exorbitant rate of wage and prohibitive cost of transport, added to the consequent high price of native corn, wherewith labourers must be fed, stifle any prospect of introducing payable export industries into the country under existing conditions.

How then can these conditions be altered? The obvious answer is: Utilise the Nile without delay as the means of transporting supplies and merchandise to and from Toro, Unyoro, and Uganda. This will not only reduce the cost of importation by something approaching 90 per cent., but will increase the labour supply by the number of boys locally employed as porters, and as the purchasing power of the rupee rises, by the still greater amount of labour which the native must supply to enable him to earn his necessaries. If in addition to this the administration insists on each military station growing sufficient grain to keep itself—and this could easily be done by putting the numerous wives of the Soudanese soldiers on the regimental strength—the demand for outside corn would be materially reduced, calico would not be so easily acquired as at present; its price would rise; those who desired it would have to work for it; economic conditions would become normal once more, and the law of demand and supply would operate on conditions similar to those obtaining in other parts of Africa. An industrial population would then enter Uganda as they have other colonies, and the Nile would become doubly important as a waterway. I make this allusion to the interior economy of Uganda with an object. It is of little use planning means of communicating with a country, so long as that country is denied the power of developing its resources.

At present the white population in Uganda is almost entirely official, and therefore by adopting the course I suggest much can be done to neutralise the effect of past blunders, for there are but small outside influences to contend with.

Disregarding the many streams flowing into the lakes, the Nile may be said to have two main sources in the south—Lake Victoria and Lake Albert Edward. The former with its hundreds of miles of coast line is not accessible to outside water communication, since its outlet, the Victoria Nile, is broken by a series of rapids culminating





The Nile in Flood



in the Murchison Falls, a short distance above its junction with the White Nile at the extreme north of Lake Albert. The other, Lake Albert Edward, is a comparatively shallow, brackish sheet of water extending from about 45 miles south of the equator northward. It is connected with Lake Albert by the Semliki River, which flows along the western base of the Ruenzori range into the latter lake, where a swift and shallow stream passes through an expanse of floating sudd. I did not follow the Semliki myself, but was told by a Belgian officer whose station was on this river that it is navigable throughout with one short break. If this is so the current must be rapid to allow for a fall of 400 or 500 feet from the altitude of the one lake to the other. From the north of Lake Albert a large steamer could pass without hindrance to the head of the Dufile Rapids — a stretch of about 250 miles. At Dufile the stream is continually broken for some 70 miles, and is an absolute bar to navigation at present; but as the river passes for the greater part of this distance through a narrow, hilly gorge, locks and weirs could be constructed with comparative ease. From here there is a clear run beyond Khartum to the Cataracts, some of which can be passed at high and middle Nile without danger. The Sobat, which enters the Nile above Fashoda, and the Blue Nile at Khartum, which are navigable for some distance in the wet season, are the only affluents of any value as waterways.

In conclusion I will endeavour to accentuate the importance of forethought and a progressive policy in dealing with the internal affairs of the younger dependencies of the Empire. For more than twenty-five years I have carefully watched the various stages through which the Imperial idea has passed — from the time when so-called practical men insisted that a future British Empire was a beautiful but visionary idea, a mere dream, a castle in the air, till the last year of the nineteenth century, which has proved to the world that this castle stands on solid, immovable foundations. In this short period we have passed from the time when our two great political leaders, men of unsurpassed intellect but of diametrically opposite views, agreed only where the arrest of the natural expansion of Greater Britain was concerned, to the day when it would be impossible to form a government without a strong Imperial predominance. The individual who once makes up his mind to build a house can do so if he possesses the means. We have the best material with which

to construct an empire, and we have made up our minds to do so. But we want more — we want a stable empire.

It is an accepted axiom on the continent — and is not infrequently asserted at home — that because the great empires of the past remain only in the annals of history, the British Empire must follow in their wake. She may fall, but she will not do so merely because others have fallen before her. The old empires broke up because their heart was not strong enough to control their limbs. They were too big. Their right hand knew not what their left hand did. A successful general could surprise the capital and proclaim himself emperor. It is a question whether Roman manhood, even in her brightest days, was ever superior, or even equal, to the Goths'; but they had system, organisation, and discipline. When the Goths learned the art of war Rome fell. We live under altered conditions. Telegraphy and steam have neutralised the effect of distance. Melbourne is nearer Westminster to-day than Edinburgh was a century ago. We know to-day what happened in South Africa yesterday; while free personal intercourse compels Britons in all parts of the world to grow together rather than apart. A foreign officer reminded me once that civilisation always travels westwards. "Go west," I answered; "you will find Canada, Australia, India, and South Africa, to support your theory, and if it travels round the world a second time it need not leave the British Empire." If then the Empire is to die it will not be through overgrowth, nor yet because there is a superior race waiting to swallow us up. I will not say we have no equals, but we own no superiors. Humanly speaking, a loss of manhood or a series of acts of misgovernment alone can kill us, and so long as our youth is trained on manly lines, and liberality remains the watchword of the constitution, we need fear no decadence. But we must keep our lead. It becomes, therefore, a matter of supreme importance that the Empire should be consolidated without undue delay, and that its dormant resources should be speedily developed. To obtain both these objects the opening of rapid, effective, and cheap communications is a first and all-important step. We have only to look back half a century to form a conception of what may be expected fifty years hence. Do not forget that it pays to import grain from the Western States of America to-day. Why should not similar conditions apply to only equally remote districts of Africa at some future date?

## APPENDIX II

Natural Africa—Main points of interest in experience of Author—  
Interesting changes noticeable in journeys from south to north  
—The Cape Peninsula—The work of the early Dutch—A  
useful law—A favoured field of nature—Lack of progress  
among the Dutch of to-day—The great KARROO—Healthy  
and productive—Labour and water alone required—Further  
north—The bush country—Acacia and its thorns—The Kala-  
hari—An inhospitable country—The Upper Zambezi—“500  
yards of deep, clear water”—The river a boundary line be-  
tween South and Central Africa—Change in character of rivers,  
soil, arboreal vegetation, type of native, climate—Upper Zam-  
bezi basin remains much the same throughout—In north, white  
sand gives place to red clay, which continues to Egypt—Few  
exceptions, notably valley from Tanganyika northwards—Coal,  
gold, copper, rubber, and good pasturage in Marotseland—  
Iron to be found nearly everywhere—Uganda and Marotse-  
land—Two fine countries—Both high, healthy, and productive  
—Distance no permanent drawback—Cheap communications  
influenced by demand and supply of products—More surface  
enterprise required—Minerals do not stand alone for wealth—  
Wanted, a settled population



## APPENDIX II

### NATURAL AFRICA

BEFORE closing these pages I will endeavour to write down in a condensed and concise form the main points of interest revealed by my experience, and to discuss one or two questions running hand in hand with the development and progress of the African continent.

In taking a line from the south of a great continent to the north, it is extremely interesting to note the continual changes in physical and ethnological conditions, and in the character of animal and vegetable life.

In the Cape Peninsula the visitor finds himself in a veritable garden and is struck by the great productiveness of the soil and the extraordinary growth of arboreal vegetation in particular. As he passes through the residential suburbs of Cape Town he sees avenues of oak surpassing in size anything he has known at home, and other familiar trees—notably firs and pines of different varieties—attain proportions equally remarkable. These are owed by the colony to the forethought of the early Dutch government. Whether he would or not, the original Dutch colonist was bound by law to plant at least one tree for himself and each member of his family every year. The wood is not so close in grain as that of the slowly grown tree of Europe, and consequently has not the same value for the more special purposes. The vineyards, too, and the gardens and farms proclaim this to be one of the most favoured of nature's fields, and the visitor marvels once more. This time he is puzzled to conceive why it should be necessary for so small a population as that of South Africa to depend on Australia—a younger colony—for its bread supply. As he searches for an explanation of a fact seemingly not very creditable to those concerned, he is met on all sides by the answer that the Dutch are the farmers of the colony, and that the Dutch do not move with the times.

From where the Hex River Mountains rising from this rich plain, which extends for some one hundred miles from Cape Town, culminate

in the great Karroo, to where the ground falls away within the last day's march to the Murchison Falls on the Victoria Nile, my journeys northward have seldom taken me over ground of a lower altitude than three thousand feet above the sea-level, while probably ninety per cent of the route has been through country ranging from thirty-five hundred to five thousand feet. Can a dry land surface at such an altitude be unhealthy for Europeans? My impression is that, with regularity of living and ordinary care, it cannot; and I support my opinion by my own experience. Throughout my travels I have never been stopped a day by fever, nor have I lost a single porter by death. I have twice suffered from dysentery — once severely — and have had only one cold in Africa between 1890 and 1900, whereas in England I consider myself fortunate if I escape with four in a winter. With well-built houses, good diet, and competent medical treatment, I am convinced that the earth offers few healthier sites for European settlement than the higher parts of the plateau of Africa. Under such conditions indigenous tropical diseases have been proved to lose much of their malignance, and even in present circumstances it is to be doubted whether the hundred and one ailments to which we in England are subject were not more far-reaching in their results before recent medical progress minimised their effect than are those of Africa in present but similar conditions.

Immediately after the first rains the Karroo Veldt becomes a veritable carpet in colouring. The latent richness of the soil responds with incredible promptitude to its absorption of water — the only factor necessary to invest it with first-class wealth-producing properties. Flowers of various tints spring into being, and the arid monotony of what appeared only a few days earlier to be but a parched desert, studded here and there with abrupt barren kopjes rising like islands from the sea-bed, has become a rich pasturage for herds of cattle and flocks of goats and sheep. Here and there, at extended intervals, a cluster of well-grown trees surrounds some homestead — a modest indication of undeveloped wealth and a prayer for enterprise from the dry veldt surface. Wells and dams will one day convert the Karroo and the grass plains beyond it into one of the richest and most habitable places of the earth.

From the Orange River to Mafeking the Karroo gives place to modified undulations growing grass in one place and stunted scrub in another, but trees larger than a gooseberry bush are seldom encoun-



tered in the open veldt. And yet, as has been proved in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg and Pretoria, where no trace of indigenous forest is to be found, this open veldt is particularly congenial to the growth of wood. Any one who has seen the lofty firs and gum trees planted only a few years ago in the Transvaal must marvel why nature has left trees out of account in a soil proved to be so adaptable to their purpose. Plantations only four years old stand twenty feet high, and it is calculated that six feet represents the average annual growth after the first year.

Two miles north of Mafeking a scattered savannah forest of thorny acacia is encountered, and although trees henceforward vary in character, forest land extends, with one or two trifling exceptions, as far as the borders of the North African desert. Undulations — sometimes of light clay, sometimes of gravel — characterise the route through the eastern strip of the Bechuanaland Protectorate. These are covered for the most part with acacia — *A. horrida*, *A. giraffa*, and others — or in some districts with the “mopani,” a tree whose leaf when viewed from a short distance is not unlike that of the beech, and whose dry, dead leaves similarly cling to the branches till after the bursting of the new foliage. Through the Kalahari until the Zambezi watershed is approached, this class of vegetation predominates, though the soil has now changed to a yellow sand. To trek through this inhospitable country, teams must be strong and waggons lightly laden, and even then the struggling oxen, parched and half choked with dust, can with difficulty draw the waggon through the shifting sand at a greater rate than one mile an hour. After five weeks of such continuous labour, it can be well imagined with what feelings the Zambezi, with its five hundred yards of deep, clear water, is approached by both man and beast.

This grand river, supplying as it does a natural boundary between South and Central Africa, forms in more ways than one a divisionary line. To the south the main rivers alone carry water during the dry season; to the north the smallest tributary has a running stream throughout the year. The light yellow sand of the Kalahari gives place to a heavy white sand in the Upper Zambezi basin; thornless trees of varied and pleasant foliage replace the acacia and mopani; the natives differ in type and custom from their neighbours beyond the river; and in several cases the great waterway supplies a boundary to the habitat of fauna. Droughts are of frequent occurrence

in South Africa, but in Marotseland the rainfall is remarkably stable, varying annually but little from thirty-three inches.

Throughout the Upper Zambezi basin vegetation remains much the same in general character; trees from twenty to forty feet high, according to the district in which they grow, offer good shade, and the thorny underscrub of the south is conspicuous by its absence. The rivers have quite a character of their own, and have already been described in the body of the book.

A short distance to the south of the twelfth parallel a red, light clay replaces the white sand referred to above, as the great east and west ridge which, at an altitude of five thousand feet, culminates in the divide of the Congo and Zambezi systems, is approached. Here, especially in the neighbourhood of the Zambezi source, a bracken growing to about five feet in height is frequently to be found on the upper slopes of the river valleys. I could detect no difference between this and our British variety except in point of size. A few miles from the source of the Muemuashe I ate raspberries from bushes in all appearances similar to our English plant, but could trace no evidence of its existence to north or south of the watershed. These red clay undulations, except where broken by the mountainous ranges of Tanganyika and Kivo, extend to the neighbourhood of the Victoria Nile, where they give place to a flatter country with a surface of yellow sandy clay, to be in turn replaced by the desert sand of Egypt.

In the valley connecting Tanganyika with Kivo and thence northward to the southern districts of Toro, the euphorbia and acacia predominate. The latter tree occupies as prominent a position in Unyoro and throughout the entire length of the Upper Nile basin as it does in South Africa, and in fact, as previously stated, the countries themselves and their fauna bear a close resemblance to one another.

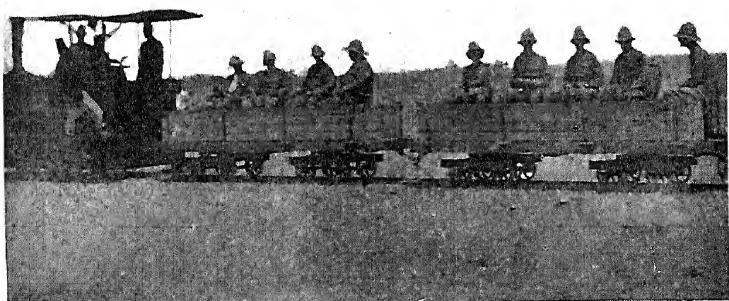
The mineralogy of South Africa is too well known to claim space in a book having reference to the more remote districts of the continent. On the Zambezi, notably in the neighbourhood of the Kebrabasa Rapids and the Guay districts, coal fields of great promise have been discovered. It is stated that the coal in the latter country is quite exceptional in quality. It is to be found on the Marotseland side of the river as well as to the south. The western side of Marotseland did not appear to me to offer promise of mineral wealth, though as a pastoral and rubber-producing area there is

every prospect of a highly satisfactory future before the country. It is to the east that the attention of prospectors and miners will be turned, and here gold will probably be found, though to what extent is a matter of speculative surmise. A valuable sample of copper is being worked on the Lower Kafukwe to-day, and far to the north gold, and an equally promising copper, ore has been discovered in the eastern precincts of the Congo-Zambezi watershed. It is not improbable that both these metals will be discovered in the scarcely explored region lying between these points.

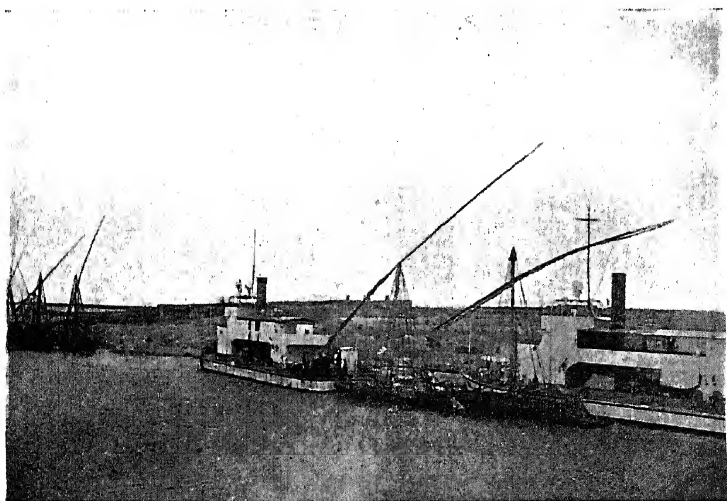
Iron here, as in most parts of Africa, is the predominating metal. Hitherto mineralogists working in the Congo basin have failed to locate the precious metal, but in Katanga, the southeastern province of the state, there is a large copper field. It would almost seem that from here northward, until the gold-bearing quartz of the Blue Nile and Abyssinia is reached, that iron stands practically alone among the metals likely to be discovered, so far as the eastern section of the continent is concerned, though the surprises of the past in this direction will not unlikely be repeated in the future.

Excluding the small district comprising Lake Kivo, two countries, more than all others, have struck me as offering the best prospects for European settlement. I refer to Uganda and Marotseland. Both contain large plateaus, ranging from thirty-five hundred to five thousand feet, and both are capable of growing many useful products on an extensive scale. Marotseland will grow cereals of various kinds, as well as rice, cotton, sugar, and rubber, to say nothing of fruits, which with sugar at a reasonable price could very easily be made the basis of an industry capable of competing with California in the rapidly growing South African market, and of supplying jam at a highly profitable rate. Cattle do better in this country than in any other part of Africa within my experience, and will amply reward a little enterprise. The rich undulations of Uganda seem to me especially adaptable to wheat growing on a large scale, and although this country is far away to-day, a lock and weir below the Dufie Rapids will leave no bar to navigation between Lake Albert and Egypt. Before I am persuaded that it cannot be ultimately profitable to import Uganda wheat into England, it must be proved that the cost of Nile transport to the seaboard will be as costly as that of a railway from the eastern states of America to New York. It is true Atlantic and Mediterranean rates are not proportionate to-day and that the cata-

racts on the Nile offer an obstacle to cheaper rates than could be profitably imposed by the Egyptian railways ; but it must be borne in mind that the trade communications of the world are ever improving, and to cast the mind back a generation is but to realise the probabilities of the future. Competition grows with demand, and cheap production with reduced rates are the natural sequel. Personally I should wish to see more encouragement and enterprise thrown into the surface development of our great virgin fields. To exploit the precious metals is to import into a new country a floating population which comes with expectation and leaves with realisation. This is only partially and indirectly of a permanent value. It does much to establish a young colony, to raise townships, to build railways, to open out the country, and to create a demand for meat, food-stuffs, etc., but the permanent interests and prospects of any community are more closely wrapped up with the surface of the earth and the hundred and one small trades and industries which go to create an industrious and prosperous population. The ideal is the establishment of both these great interests. The miners, then, in addition to the development of their industry, create a local demand for the necessities of life, and the agriculturists, stock rearers, and tradesmen live and prosper on that demand. Local competition brings down the cost of living and keeps within the country what without these industries must go to fill the pockets of the outsider, whose imported goods supply the place of what could be produced near at hand.



Anglo-Egyptian Officers Going Round the Works at Khartum



Gunboats at Omdurman



### APPENDIX III

Missionary enterprise — One of two classes of powerful influence in Africa — Character and system indispensable — Traveller must judge principally by results — Africa, a continent of extremes — Effect of removal of restraint — Good for some, bad for others — Individual influence — Best men required for Africa — Blind prejudice in opposite directions — Missionaries being human vary in quality — As in other groups of men mediocrity predominates — “Why Christianise the native ?” — An answer — Contact with “civilisation” — For success in mission work peculiar circumstances must be considered — The principles of heredity — Evolution — African no exception to rule — Many generations of useful work required — His intellectual capacity and moral incapacity — Seeds only thrive in congenial soil — Missionary must expect discouragement — Theoretical instruction frequently given at expense of practical education — Importance of sanitary site for stations — Too often neglected — Neatness, flowers, vegetables, fruit, and other trees — Desire for higher standard of comfort necessary — Excellence of Roman Catholic system — Bickerings between rival sects — Room for all





## APPENDIX III

### MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

WITH the European invasion of the vast primitive continent with which we are concerned, two classes have more influence for good or evil than all others, — the administrative staffs and the missionaries.

In both cases the results attained are dependent on two main conditions — the character and competence of the individuals concerned, and the system under which they work. Where both these conditions are sound, the whole country administered, or the mission field, as the case may be, will forge ahead in spite of every local obstacle; where both are bad, the result is pitiable; where the one is as it should be and the other unsatisfactory, there will be found a variety of local results varying between the best and the worst.

Although the traveller over large areas occasionally gains an insight into the details of the political and educational machinery employed by the many states and missions with which he comes in contact, and has at least many opportunities of gauging the character of individual officials and missionaries, his deductions are necessarily less the outcome of cause than effect. He may be able to acquire only a general knowledge of methods employed, but the result is ever before him. Apparent prosperity or indigence, a sense of security or otherwise, the degree of confidence and the quality of respect shown by the indigenous population toward the European stranger — these and many other outward and visible signs of the inner workings of organisations, political and religious, are of more value than reports and sermons into which diplomatic quibbles or “logical inaccuracies” may be plausibly insinuated with a view to disproving unwholesome incidents or excusing failure.

Africa is the continent of extremes. Isolation and the removal of the restraints of civilisation in some instances will let loose all that is worst in human nature; in others they will promote indolence and neglect of duty; while at times these same conditions may be seen

to have engendered a deep sense of responsibility in the train of which have followed noble aspirations, self-denial, and conscientious labour.

Those who accept this analysis may imagine the influence of individuality in a field where the white man stands alone for power and example amid thousands of barbarians, and must be impressed by the consequent necessity of sending the best and not the worst to establish system and civilisation in primitive countries. The shallow, thoughtless spendthrift, after wasting his substance and opportunities at home, has on occasion taken creditable advantage of a second chance provided in Africa by family interest or good fortune; but as a rule in subsequent experience neither he nor the minister who has disgraced his cloth in England or elsewhere justifies his position as government official or curer of souls.

To discuss the mission question is to enter on a topic steeped in controversy and rife in prejudice. With religious controversy we have nothing to do here. Our interests are centred on the practical and moral improvement of the black races rather than on the purely religious or sectarian side of the question.

On one occasion, after delivering a lecture in which just tribute was paid to the excellent work done by a certain mission, a gentleman of the audience expressed to me the pleasure my remarks had afforded him, adding, "Your views are happily so different from those we too often hear on the platform and elsewhere."

To this I added my regret that there are black sheep in the mission fold as in other communities, and to these I ascribed the responsibility for much of the hostile comment to which we are accustomed.

"I do not agree with you," was the rejoinder. "All missionaries are good men." By this I supposed it was meant that their intentions are good; but even assuming this liberal qualification, I seemed to see in the assertion a blind prejudice that would not bear investigation.

On the other hand, we hear criticisms similarly unjustifiable from those who are equally without practical experience or who are able to point to regrettable conduct on the part of one missionary or more. The truth lies between the two extremes. In this world of ours every order of creation is categorically subdivided in quality — good, bad, and indifferent — and missionaries are no exception to the rule, nor is it easy to imagine the possibility of any large body of mankind

being exempt from conditions natural to all. Within my experience I have come in contact with a brilliant minority of exceptional men whose whole heart is in their work and whose influence, conscious and unconscious, is ever exerted for the good of the world at large and the people amongst whom they move in particular. To such I have heard tributes of the highest order paid by men who have not a scrap of religion in their constitution. Were men of this order in the majority we should hear little or nothing of virulent abuse by those who dwell in glass houses, and still less of conscientious criticism by those who long to see the world grow better. But there is another minority, an even smaller one, I am glad to think, composed of men who never were fitted for the high calling they disgrace, and in whom it is impossible to trace even the elements of religious feeling. These deserve all the opprobrium they bring on their profession at large, and until some means are found to weed out such tares they will continue to choke much of the wheat. The reader must not infer that it is intended to convey the impression that the wilful impostor is otherwise than rare, but that he exists is only too true.

Between these two extremes there is a large majority — the majority of mediocrity. Here we find men of good motive who act largely up to their lights, who are not perhaps endowed with the natural power of exerting a strong influence over their fellow-men, who in some instances lack energy, judgment, or charity in its highest aspect, but who live moral, respectable, and often unselfish lives. When climatic influence, occasional hardship, and everlasting discouragements are taken into consideration, these deserve praise and recognition for the good they do, and not exaggerated abuse for one or other of the many imperfections to which man is heir.

If then — after making all allowances — the personnel is as good as the average man, after analysing his own character, has a right to expect, the only point bearing on the desirability of missionary enterprise, looking at it from a purely worldly point of view, is that contained in the question so often put — “Why Christianise the native when in the majority of cases the process leaves him morally inferior to his pagan brethren?” On the surface this would appear a sound argument, for — notably on the frontiers of civilisation — the “Christian” native is more vicious and less trustworthy than the raw savage. But is this degeneration the direct outcome of the educational movement? Is it not rather due to the presence in their midst of the very

class of white man who is as lax in his morals as he is censorious in his criticisms? When my mind goes back to the very apparent improvement in the uncontaminated country within the scope of M. Coillard's Upper Zambezi mission — and here I contend that few laymen have a better right to criticise than myself — this contact with "civilisation" elsewhere appears to me to account for all the evil that cannot be put down to defects of system and the idea contained in the oft-proved proverb — "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

To deal successfully with any community or class, the conditions under which it exists and the moral and intellectual characteristics of those concerned should be carefully weighed. When both parents are black, the enthusiast who expects the birth of a white child will be rudely disillusioned on the appearance of the infant. From African stock even accident will not produce the skull of a European. But ethnologists have proved conclusively that generations under altered conditions bring about a corresponding evolution in both these respects. So far as colour is concerned the change is obvious to any traveller. The hill country native, even where two sections of one tribe are concerned, is a shade lighter than his brethren of the plain. So also with character and intellectual capacity. We can all point to families which have been dominated by certain characteristics and qualities for generations and still retain them. The transport rider who would inspan a team of wild buffaloes is doomed to disappointment, but as in India so in Africa, a few generations of domestic breeding would no doubt produce in the descendants of those wild cattle an invaluable draught animal. Who, then, after tracing the evolutionary stages through which man and beast have passed and do pass, will deny the effect of heredity?

Surely the African can be no exception to this rule. Why should he be? What is his history? For hundreds of generations he is known to have lived in primitive barbarism. Self and his senses have alone claimed his attention. He is appallingly deficient in any feeling of sympathy with others or in any of those higher sentiments to which fifty generations of improvement have contributed in our case. How then can a single generation of teaching be expected to lift him to the level of the superior races? It is true there have been one or two remarkable exceptions to this rule, but so were there in our own early history.

To impregnate in his constitution the higher moral virtues will be the work of many generations of wise endeavour. It is true he is not without intellectual power of a certain order. His past conditions have called for the use of brain up to a point, but he is better described as shrewd than intellectual, and in driving a bargain he has few superiors. In this connection again we find interesting food for comment on the influence of heredity. I have been told by more than one missionary that, generally speaking, so far as elementary education is concerned the young African is particularly apt and would put most white children to shame, but here he finds his limit; for as soon as he enters on a higher standard progress is slow and irksome and usually impossible. The seeds which thrive in soil crudely prepared have borne fruit, but the more delicate plants, unable to find the richer nutriment necessary to their development, refuse to prosper; the majority wither while a few struggle on to mediocrity.

Such are the arguments on which I base my ideas in this matter, and on which I build what in my judgment is the only system under which the best result can be assured. I fail to see how the work of African regeneration can be otherwise than slow. For some time to come the missionary must be satisfied with small results or he will be disappointed and, in cases, discouraged. Nor must supporters of African missions at home blame those who bear the burden and heat of the day, nor yet blind themselves to the bare facts of the case and expect a miracle in a single generation to upset the natural consequences of thousands of years of unprogressive barbarism. The difficulties that have been met and overcome in many instances reflect the highest credit on the spiritual character of those who have put their hands to the plough, while the influence and confidence established have almost everywhere prepared the way for that marvellous expansion of empire which in the history of coming centuries will do more to paint the Victorian era in letters of gold than even the extraordinary progress in science and commercial development.

It has always appeared to me that with few exceptions missionaries begin, so to speak, at the wrong end of the stick. They give all their attention to theoretical education and neglect the inculcation of practical civilisation. Theory is an interesting study in all circumstances, but unless given practical application it is very ethereal in substance. If from reading, writing, or even a knowledge of the Bible the native

is to derive any advantage, he must be grounded in such a manner as to be capable of applying his newly acquired knowledge and sentiments to the advantage of his race and the community at large ; otherwise we have not heard the last of the cry so common in South Africa, and I believe in America, that education has merely taught the native to be a rogue.

The very first thing the newly arrived missionary should do is to select a healthy, desirable site for his station. Even where native centres compel the presence of a missionary in an unhealthy district, there are usually, though not always, comparatively healthy positions available. And yet for the trifling advantage of being within fifty yards of water or to avoid the labour of sinking a well a station is often reared on the poisonous alluvial bank of a river, where five hundred yards away there is room on high ground for a score of missions. In due course disease, debility, and death creep in, and the faithful marvel that the Almighty should visit His servants with death while others exist in comparative health !

The site once selected, the station should be built on comfortable lines ; an air of neatness should surround it, flowers, vegetables, fruit, and eucalyptus trees should be planted, and these for two reasons — first, because such garden produce is indispensable to the health of Europeans in tropical countries, and secondly, in order to demonstrate to the native mind the value of a higher standard of comfort, and to breed in him an inclination to do likewise. The argument that the African is so unprogressive that he will not attempt to follow the lead does not hold good, for in one or two instances I have seen it otherwise.

The next step should be the establishment of workshops. Boys should be taught to work and girls to sew. Not only in respect of his dwelling and method of living should the teacher place himself on the higher level, instead of coming down to that of the primitive people amongst whom his lot is cast, but in conversation and attitude he should mingle dignity and self-respect with kindness. "Familiarity breeds contempt" was never so true as where the relations of white man to black are concerned.

Of all the systems coming within my experience, that employed by the Roman Catholics alone reaches the standard I advocate. Their houses and churches are build of kiln-burnt bricks and are always well situated, their gardens are model and productive

nurseries, there is an air of movement, cleanliness, and respect for superiority among their flock, and their establishments are almost self-supporting. The argument, therefore, that it cannot be done is as futile in this case as when applied to other walks of life.

This discussion would be incomplete were another side of the question omitted. I suppose there are no other communities between which charitable feeling is so conspicuous by its absence than between different religious sects. There is room for all and more than all in Africa. Why then should one sect declare war on another? Such illiberal pettifogginess certainly does not help on the work of either, it merely demonstrates to the native mind the deep gulf yawning between the actions of professing Christians and the precepts they propound. In Uganda this state of things was very noticeable. The Church Missionary Society would build a school in a village and immediately the Jesuits would establish an opposition school. Then the "fathers" would complain that one of their flock, having married a Protestant native, had been proselytised—and so forth.





## APPENDIX IV

Administrative systems — Experience of many African colonies — Portugal — Oldest European colonists — Her early start — Slaves and ivory alone exploited — Inevitable result — Unprogressive — The “prazo” system — No lesson of positive character to be learned from Portugal — Continued existence of slave trade — Old-world system too deeply rooted for reform — The Congo State — Enterprise in direction of rail, river, and telegraph communication much to be admired — King Leopold’s real motive in founding state — The note of freedom and philanthropy necessary at first — High ideals not persisted in — Unpopularity of Congo administration in Europe — Out of one pocket, in at the other — Freedom of trade — Stokes and Rabinek — Improvement in status of African native more than doubtful — Out of the frying-pan into the fire — The causes of trouble — Encouragement given to missionaries — Religion and politics — Extenuating circumstances — Causes of bloodshed and oppression — Two methods of establishing influence — The wrong one alone possible in King Leopold’s case — The size of Belgium — Dearth of suitable class of official — The power for evil of a junior official — Germany — Excellence of German colonist — Too much bureaucracy in German colonies — The British system — A comparison — Liberality and tolerance pay — Promotes contentment — British fairness — A foreigner’s test — Enterprise required — Rhodesia and Egypt — Object lessons — The effect of the “freehand” system — A plea for partial decentralisation



## APPENDIX IV

### ADMINISTRATIVE SYSTEMS

As in the mission field so in administrative Africa, the same end is aspired to by means of a variety of methods. An experience which has taken me through many of our own African colonies as well as several districts under foreign control has driven me to the conclusion that however omnigenous administrative systems may be, the spirit of administration obtaining in different spheres is still more at variance—and the result is invariably more in keeping with the spirit than the letter of government.

Portugal is the oldest European colonising power in Africa, and might well have been the wealthiest. For many generations she occupied an unrivalled position. Her settlements well-nigh drew a cordon along the coast from Cape Verde to Mombasa. Every trade outlet of importance was in her hands. She had a glorious opportunity, but neglect allowed it to slip by. Her traders, in quest of slaves and ivory, penetrated far into the dark interior. They unwittingly trampled the great gold-fields of the south and west. The ancient workings and ruined fortresses of a colony long since dead either conveyed no hint of latent wealth, or did not appeal to the agents of a lucrative, inhumane, and impolitic traffic. And so the life-blood of the continent drained from century to century, slaves went west and ivory went north, but nothing came back. As a man sows so shall he reap, and thus, as would be expected, the Portuguese colonies of to-day are in a more unsatisfactory state than all others. Like the elephant and the baobab tree, they seem to belong to an earlier epoch in the world's history. Except that the restless energy of the early navigators is absent, the mind is carried back to the Middle Ages. For revenue the Portuguese rely on customs and local taxation. Of the former it is unnecessary to say more than that the tariffs are high and consequently detrimental to internal industrial enterprise, but still more suicidal is the system of local

taxation. The country is divided into districts or "prazos," the taxable value of which is determined by public auction, the government being in the position of vender. The right to farm each "prazo" falls to the highest bidder, who becomes responsible to the government for the market value. He forthwith squeezes as much as he can out of the native population, the balance going into his own pocket. We know this system was not very popular in Palestine 1900 years ago!

Officials are badly and irregularly paid, the lower grades being recruited from the Goanese and half-caste population. As is natural in such conditions they have at times to provide for their livelihood as best they can. The result is obvious. In Portuguese Africa it is difficult to discover anything of a positive character from which a useful object-lesson can be derived. The system in Africa and the spirit in which it is administered would appear to be too deeply rooted to allow of effect being given to any progressive conception. The central government disclaims all sympathy with the slave-trade and openly repudiates complicity, but the slave-trade is no sinecure in Portuguese Africa, the shackle still exists, the hapless victims are still roped together in fours, the bones of the dead still bleach by the roadside. This is all matter of experience, and no disclaimer can gainsay facts. Here again the old-world system seems to defy interference, and it can only be assumed that the right hand knoweth not what the left hand doeth. Ivory as a lucrative trade is dead, and in certain circumstances the slave-trade in Portuguese West Africa will receive its death-blow within twelve months. In any circumstance it cannot survive the control of the routes to the interior by Great Britain. It is sincerely to be hoped that the introduction of a more liberal policy will be followed by an era of progress in Portuguese Africa. It is not the wish of Great Britain that insurmountable obstacles should arise before Portugal in Africa, nor is it in our interests. We do not want all Africa, but we prefer to see countries contiguous to our own in friendly hands, and Portugal has proved herself friendly to us at a time when in Europe unreasonable malice combined with excusable envy to misrepresent and slander an honourable and inevitable policy.

In the Congo State, however much we may deprecate some of the methods employed, we find much to admire in the outlined scheme of occupation—the policy of opening out the country by

means of the railroad, the river-steamer, and the telegraph, and in the restless energy that has characterised the African officials. Since the true motives which prompted the king of the Belgians to form this "international" state have become evident, the credit due to successful diplomacy must be conceded, if nothing more. King Leopold seems to have realised the crowning importance of acquiring a colony as a trade outlet. It is more than probable that had the Belgian king not gone outside the sphere of pure materialism, Europe would have withheld her assent to a scheme which, on the face of it, had for its object the reservation of nearly a million square miles as a protected field for Belgian commerce. He read Europe aright when in bringing forward his scheme for the foundation of an international independent state he sounded the note of freedom and philanthropy. His unselfish scheme and noble aspirations for a time placed him on a lofty pinnacle, on which an earlier death might have left him surrounded by a halo of glory down to the remotest ages of posterity. In this great civilising state self-interest was in the background; he would dip deeply into his private fortune, missionary enterprise under the auspices of any Christian sect whatsoever would be fostered and encouraged, trade would be free to all the world alike, and the true interests of the natives would be the special care of the great philanthropist. The lapse of a quarter of a century has witnessed the realisation of King Leopold's ambitions—at least in so far as territorial acquisition is concerned—but unfortunately the lofty ideals which popularised the movement before theory gave place to practice do not seem to have played a very active part in the process of development. The result is that to-day even Turkey's rule in Europe is scarcely less popular than that of the Congo State in Africa.

We are reminded that the state balance sheet shows a large deficit, and that the king being the chief guarantor, the winding up of the enterprise would leave him a heavy loser; but on the other hand it is insinuated that the numerous public companies in which his Majesty retains a substantial interest have put more into one pocket than ever went out of the other. It is true that professions are made even to-day that trade facilities are open equally to Belgian and other nationalities; but the cases of Stokes and Rabinek—the only two foreigners who have attempted to open trade from the East—discounts any such suggestion, even if such evidence as that with which the state trade regulations bristle could be explained away.

To say that the status and lot of the native population have been in any way improved by the Belgian occupation seems to me more than doubtful. The Arab traders have been exterminated, and Western civilisation has been substituted for that of the East; but by how much has the change benefited the natives? Certainly it has resulted in their subjugation to the yoke of "civilisation," that is to say, it has reduced once homogeneous communities to countless impotent groups from which taxes, just or unjust, can be conveniently squeezed with the alternative of a punitive expedition to enforce the law — and we all know what that means where native soldiery under a certain type of white man is employed. Under Arab influence the freedom of organised native communities was not interfered with. These people came to trade — to give and take, not to take only. Morally speaking, I will content myself here with the bare assertion that the natives are not the gainers by the Belgian occupation, and wrapped up with this question lies the root of much of the trouble with which the authorities in Brussels have had to contend. Another great source of trouble is to be found in the too free use of the "sjambok." I am no sentimental humanitarian, and go so far as to say that in my opinion a flogging is on occasions a right and proper sequel to certain offences; but seventy-five or one hundred lashes for a mere accident, where there has been no intent to do wrong, is not "playing the game" — it is cowardly and reprehensible. And yet I have witnessed such treatment on more occasions than one.

On the other hand, so far as I was able to judge, missionaries of all sects seem to meet with every reasonable encouragement and consideration from the state officials, in spite of the fact that the former are rather too much inclined to meddle in politics. I do not deny the right or duty of a missionary to watch over the true interests of the natives with a jealous eye, to report instances of abuse of power to the proper authorities, or even, if necessary, to appeal to the arbitrament of public opinion as a last resort; but his political activity should be limited by good taste to matters admittedly within his duty, and more especially so when the missionary is alien to the governing power. Those same politico-religious aspirations which have made Roman Catholicism impossible in this country, even among many who have no objection to ultra ritualism, are equally calculated to prejudice the prospects of any other religious body in any country whatsoever. Men, in general, treat religious enterprise

with tolerance ; it meets with active opposition almost entirely at the hands of those who profess much religion, but whose opinions differ where matters of secondary importance are concerned. Once give any particular form of religion a political colouring and it will be combated with political weapons—and rightly so, for it has sacrificed its birthright.

“What do you think of the Congo State ?” is one of two or three stock questions which has been put to me scores of times. My impression is that there is much to be said on both sides—favourably and otherwise. There are circumstances connected with the development of the state with which we English have not in the same degree been called upon to contend, and which to my mind may reasonably be put forward as extenuating circumstances in favour of the central government. Cases of bloodshed and acts of oppression so often mooted in the press have been the direct and indirect outcome, first, of the conditions of primary occupation, and, secondly, of the inexperience and unfitness of many of the officials. There are two methods by which European influence may be established over native states and tribes. Amicable trade relations may be entered into, concessions negotiated and protectorates peacefully established with the full assent and even at the request of native chiefs, as in the case of Khama and Lewanika, or the end may be forced by compulsory occupation. There is no doubt that the one is legitimate, fair, and the less troublesome, and that the other is unjust and fruitful of much evil. For the adoption of this system of conquest King Leopold has this excuse—that in the circumstances it was the only one open to him if he were to realise his ambition. The great partition of Africa was in full movement. Germany, France, Great Britain, and Portugal were all in the field, and to a certainty delay must mean a considerable curtailment of the coveted basin. Occupation was the only argument to be relied on, and in the circumstances there was no time to parley with a hundred native chiefs about their rights. Numerous expeditions were sent into the interior to establish rights by occupation at strategical points, and with these expeditions began the trouble which has been going on for twenty-five years, and is not yet dead. With the appearance of these armed forces the suspicions of the natives were not unnaturally aroused ; peremptory orders to submit were either answered by sullen submission, or they brought about a little “war,” to participate

in which, the officers concerned were usually very anxious, for it added to their laurels in the little country where "la guerre" is happily but a theory. There is no doubt that during this period of conquest atrocities of the most revolting character were by no means uncommon, and that since those days officials have on occasions disgraced their flag and discredited the government under which they serve. But even if the proportion of such is unduly large, it should not be forgotten that there are among the state officials many men whose conception of duty and standard of honour are beyond question, and who would be ornaments to any service. It is on this question of "personnel" that every unsavoury incident hinges, — for personally I am convinced that the central administration is genuinely anxious to check excesses.

Consider for a moment the size of the country that is called upon to supply a military and administrative staff spread over eight hundred thousand square miles of forcibly acquired territory. Small as our island home is, Belgium is a mere county by comparison — barely twice the size of Yorkshire. She is without that surplus of sport-loving, well-educated young men, which has done so much and so well for the British Empire. The younger sons of the Belgian country gentry do not go out into the world in the same sense of the word as do young Englishmen. The result is that the European personnel in Congo-land is of necessity drawn largely from the non-commissioned officer class and from the youth of other states. Were I asked to name the two Congolese officers whose qualifications impressed me most, I could do so without hesitation, — one of them was appointed from the ranks of the Belgian army, the other was a foreigner. Still it cannot be expected that either of these sources will supply the most desirable class of officers for the purposes of African regeneration, when it is considered that the *chef de poste* is frequently planted in a station scores of miles from the control of any one more responsible than himself, where he can go his own sweet way with little fear of detection. Although it must be confessed there are Lothaires among those who should possess a higher conception of humanity, it is admittedly to the promoted "under-officer" that the finger is usually pointed when outrages are discussed, and it is to be feared that until some change takes place in the personnel of the officials of the state, Europe will not hear the last of Congolese maladministration, even though the desires and motives of the higher officials be most hon-



ourable and the theory of administration most sound. A study of Congoland should emphasise the importance of a very careful selection of officials for work in young colonies ; it should also demonstrate the wisdom of looking to the frontiers as early as practicable, instead of delaying occupation of strategical positions until complications have arisen with foreign competitors.

Turning to Germany, we marvel why her colonising schemes do not meet with greater success. The German colonist is hard-working and thrifty. Thousands of families emigrate from the fatherland every year, yet almost to a man they settle in the United States of America or in one British colony or another. Probably for organisation and careful study of detail, no system is equal to that of the Germans. A considerable section of the German public professes a keen interest in colonial development, and dreams of the idea of a German empire beyond the seas, while German manufacturers and exporters show an unrivalled capacity for gauging the needs and demands of distant markets. It would appear that there exists in Germany every condition essential to successful progress in this direction, yet her African possessions remain almost at a standstill, burdens to the exchequer, expensive toys. Why should this be ? The answer would seem to be centred in the single word "bureaucracy." German officialism represents a caste intolerant of classes inferior to itself, and out of sympathy with the trading and industrial community. Therefore the German trader, the planter, and the son of the soil prefer to settle where they meet with toleration and encouragement abroad, rather than to live forever under the bureaucratic patronage of the Imperial eagle. Of French colonisation I have no experience, though the general impression, gathered from those who have, leads one to suppose that the methods of the Frenchman are not unlike those of the Belgian in principle, though inferior in matters concerning trade and industrial effort.

In leading up to a few remarks on recent British colonial development, I purpose drawing a comparison in one or two respects between our progress and that of the Congo State. First, because in spite of all shortcomings, this state alone can claim to have progressed in anything approaching a corresponding proportion to our own African colonies either in point of territorial expansion or material development, and secondly, in order to emphasise the contention that the natural and more liberal methods we have employed are not only

obviously right in principle but are preferable and more efficacious in point of result.

The Congo State was founded in '76 and has thus in one form or another been in existence for twenty-seven years. It comprises an area of some eight hundred thousand square miles. Exclusive of the extensive acquisitions made recently by Great Britain in West Africa, territory more than half as large again as the whole of Congo-land has been acquired in the southern part of the continent and the Lakes districts—and that within the last thirteen years. Of this, Rhodesia, the Batawana country, the northern Kalahari and the British Central African Protectorate represent a solid block of about one million square miles—all of which, except the latter protectorate, would in all likelihood have fallen into other hands had it not been for the timely interference of Cecil Rhodes. The white population of the Congo State is about two thousand, of which a large proportion is official. In Rhodesia the whites are probably underestimated at fifteen thousand. Both the Congo State government and the British South Africa Chartered Company have alike shown unusual foresight in the adoption of a progressive policy in matters concerning railway and telegraphic development; but the latter has far outstripped the former, and this in spite of a combination of difficulties quite exceptional in the annals of colonisation, for the young colony of Southern Rhodesia in its earliest infancy was visited by rinderpest, famine, rebellion, and drought in quick succession, to be in their turn followed by the check consequent on the unrest preceding the South African crisis and the war itself. The Congo State was built up by a series of acts of aggression followed by conquest piecemeal—a policy sanctioned by European usage where the African is concerned. The result is that there is no sympathy between the two races, rebellion is an ever recurring evil, and a large and expensive force of soldiery has of necessity to be kept up. Five-sixths of Rhodesia and three-fourths of the Uganda Protectorate were acquired by means of peaceful compact; in consequence, black men and white live in the same country in mutual confidence, arms for purposes of self-defence are unnecessary, and from the Shashi to the Congo-Zambezi watershed a police force one thousand strong is a sufficient precaution against any possible emergency. Thus the administrative expenses in the British sphere amount to half a million less than in the foreign state of equal size. It is true that in 1902,

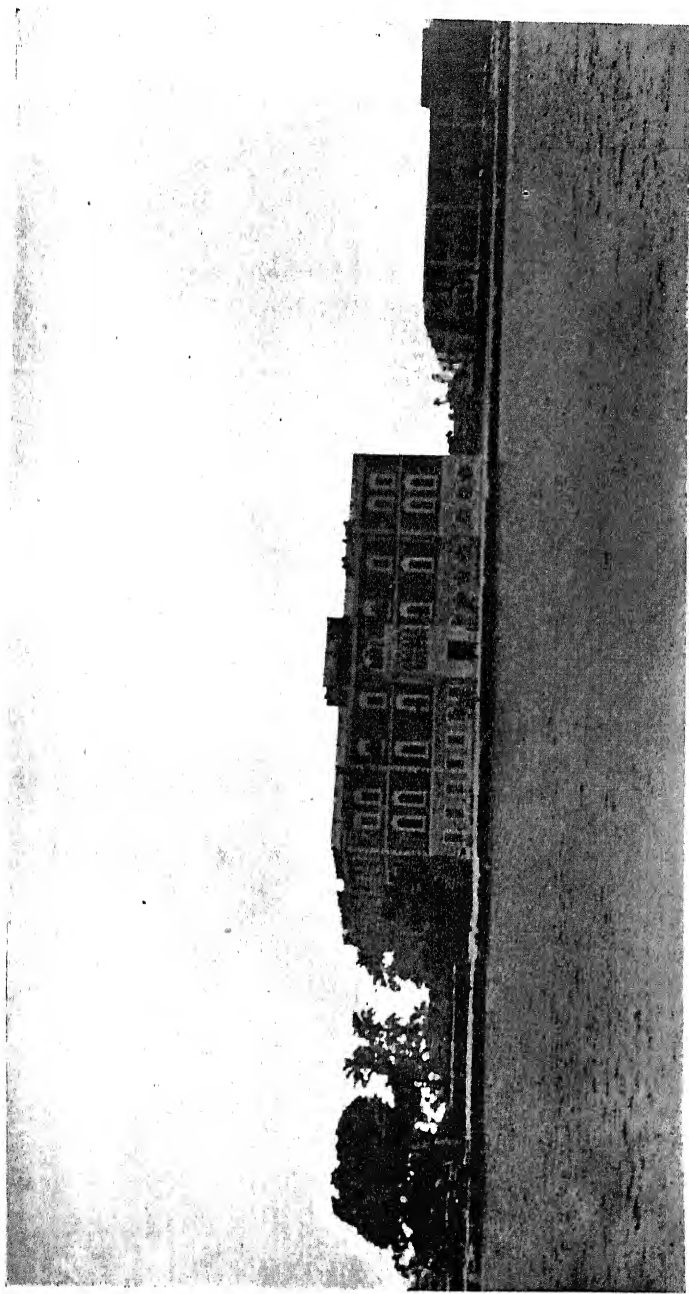
after twenty-six years of growth, the revenue of the latter showed a small surplus over the expenditure, whereas in the case of the British Company there was a deficit of £270,000; but it should be remembered that the latter, recognising native rights of ownership, subsidises those chiefs from whom it obtained concessions, and with the exception of a modest hut tax in southern Rhodesia derives no revenue from native taxation, whereas the foreign government claims a monopoly in rubber and ivory for itself and for those to whom it has sold the right to trade in these products, and also imposes heavy taxation in rubber districts. It is probable that were the Chartered Company likewise to trade on their own account and to jeopardise the future prospects of the country by imposing excessive taxation, their annual report would have declared a dividend even at this early stage of its career. Just as the folly of bleeding young countries has been painfully demonstrated in the case of the Portuguese possessions, so the wisdom of the nursing and educating policy will become more than ever apparent before the close of the present decade.

In one direction our British system of ruling primitive communities far excels customary usage. Where other nations break down and annihilate the natural system under which the people have lived from time immemorial, we retain what is good in it for purposes of government, only eliminating the cruder and more brutal practices and the power of the chiefs to inflict capital punishment on their subjects. This policy has many advantages. It promotes contentment among both chiefs and people, for the former retain the position of superiority to which they have been accustomed, and the latter, while controlled by a power the methods of which they well understand, are exempt from the harsher attributes of black rule; it provides security from rebellion and excessive crime, for the chiefs are sufficiently alive to their own interests to avoid the risk of losing their privileged position, and through their subordinate head-men can bring the meanest delinquent to justice with a degree of certainty not easily acquired by white magistrates and their police; it also relieves the administration of the expense and trouble entailed by a considerable increase in the magisterial and police staff. Apart from these advantages, this liberal system has a great civilising effect, and this in the most desirable sense of the term, for it educates the people to that sense of responsibility which alone can raise them to a higher and consequently more useful state. In the case of Khama,

Lewanika, Sekome of the Batawana, and some lesser chiefs, the righteousness of this system has been most conclusively proved, and it is to be hoped the policy will be adopted wherever feasible. I have often thought that had the leading Matabele chiefs been called together immediately after the '93 war and invested with such powers over their own people, the country would have been spared the rebellion of '96.

It would of course be absurd to state either that the British system of government in Africa is perfect or that the administrative personnel is not capable of improvement, but speaking generally I unhesitatingly assert that no one with an all-round experience of our young African colonies can fail to be struck with both the spirit in which our administrative system has been framed and the practical qualifications of those who give it effect. In both cases there is evident proof of considerate liberality toward the weaker race, and an absence of that narrow, clumsy selfishness which is too often noticeable elsewhere — a selfishness which would seem to have for its object the total subordination of alien rights and interests to those of the controlling colonising power, but which it is contended, if we may judge by results, largely reacts on those it is intended to benefit. The English official is taught from his school days onward that fair play is a jewel. I know of an instance of a dispute between an Englishman and a Frenchman, newly arrived in British Central Africa. "Why do you not take the case into court?" asked a friend of the latter, also a foreigner. "I would do so if I were a British subject, but I am a Frenchman, and it would be useless," was the reply. "Tut! that makes no difference here. Right is right and wrong is wrong under the British flag," was the foreign settler's answer. The dispute was taken before the magistrate and the Frenchman won his case. And so it is that in spite of blunders and occasional errors of judgment the Old Country always seems to come out top, as it is so often put, and if we search for the reason of this, it will probably be traced to the conscientious liberality and integrity of purpose governing the actions both of the local government officials as a body and the departments under which they serve.

Now, in spite of the general progress noticeable in young British Africa, some colonies do not seem to advance as quickly as their natural resources would lead one to suppose possible. This fact



The Sirdar's Palace at Khartum



seems to suggest room for improvement in some respect. Obviously the end aspired to in each case should be the early conversion of the young possession into a self-supporting unit. It is not contended that development should be "forced," but it is suggested that the exploitation of resources should be in every reasonable manner "facilitated." The policy is not commercially sound that retains a colony as a burden to the exchequer for an indefinite period, when by a reasonable increase in the annual expenditure it can be placed on a financially independent basis within a limited term of years. There are many ways in which government enterprise can facilitate development. Notably by improving the lines of communication—to connect two waterways by means of a light railway or to tap some productive district by similar means. This end can at times be achieved with very little pecuniary risk to government. For instance, if a group of capitalists offer to negotiate a railway loan subject to a three per cent guarantee, it may be taken for granted that the enterprise is likely to be of material and not of sentimental value. So also the encouragement of immigration, and even assistance to settlers by secured loans, are in cases worthy of consideration, though each individual case of course should be taken on its merits. The interests of a young colony, too, are at times prejudiced by delay in settling matters not only of great but often of strictly local importance, and sometimes with serious and lasting results. This evil should certainly be remedied.

The closing years of the nineteenth century witnessed two astounding administrative successes in Africa which so far surpass all others as to set one a-thinking on the cause of the extraordinary progress effected in Rhodesia and Egypt. It at once occurs to the mind that of all administrations, each of these has been dominated by the influence of a strong man on the spot, thoroughly conversant with every local condition affecting the country he administers; and it is then remembered that Lord Cromer in Egypt and Mr. Rhodes in the south virtually held a free hand, and I think I am not far wrong when I suggest that all the strength of these two strong men would have been of little avail had their hands been tied and the full exercise of their discretion denied them.

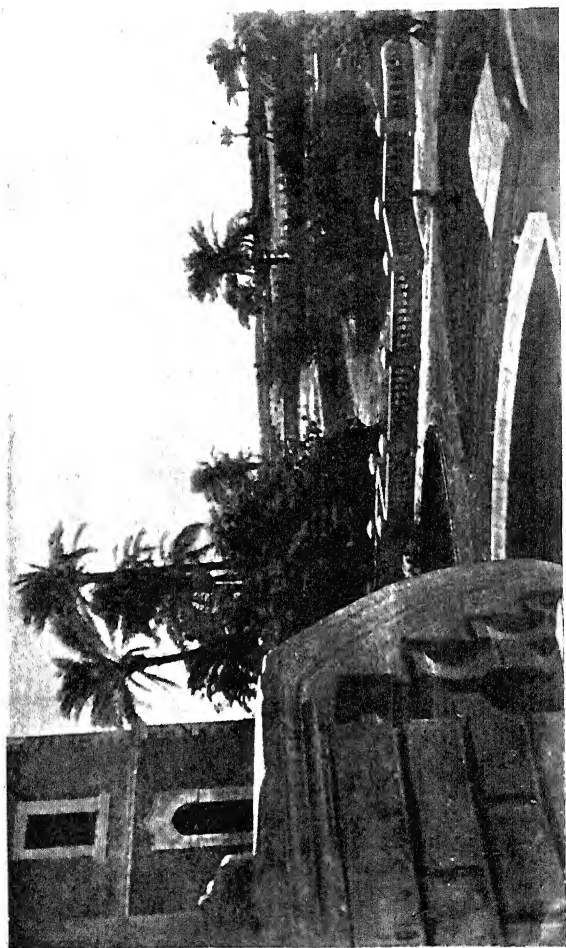
All this seems to point to the desirability of partial decentralisation as the only alternative to largely increasing the staff in London. The empire has increased prodigiously of late years, its growth has

been out of all proportion to the expansion of the machinery by which it is controlled.

So long as everything runs smoothly, business at the centre may perhaps move on regular lines, but let us consider the strain put on the staff of the Colonial or Foreign Office by a Jameson Raid, a South African war, or strained relations with a foreign power *à propos* of some frontier or other question. Few people can imagine the volumes of correspondence and the mass of detail such crises necessarily evolve. No staff of men, be they ever so able, can get through more than a certain amount of work in a day. As a consequence in such emergencies matters of urgency must perforce be settled at the expense of questions less seriously affected by procrastination. In such circumstances an over-centralised form of government metes out hardship to the local administrator, whose hands may be tied indefinitely, before giving effect to a necessary or urgent reform, to the overworked headquarter staff, which becomes liable to censure in matters beyond its control, and to the empire at large, which here and there receives checks calculated to depreciate its competitive value in the struggle for commercial supremacy—and thus again a case is made out in favour of decentralisation.

It may be argued that no matter how high a character an official may have earned for himself in a subordinate position, his capacity as a responsible administrator can be gauged only in the light of his career as such, that the acquisition of discretionary power will develop force of character in one man but lead another to shirk responsibility or to vacillate. It is not, however, necessary that each administrator should be given these extra-discretionary powers. Geographical position admits of our young African colonies and protectorates being conveniently divided into three groups—Uganda, East Africa, Somaliland, Zanzibar in the east; Lagos, Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Northern and Southern Nigeria in the west; and British Central Africa, North Eastern and North Western Rhodesia in the south centre. For each of these groups one governor-general would be necessary, and it would seem to imply a libel on the dozen or so governors and commissioners in Africa to suggest that out of their number there cannot be found three men who, with the advice of the administrators under them, are competent to settle all but the most important questions without reference to London.





The Palace Grounds



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